



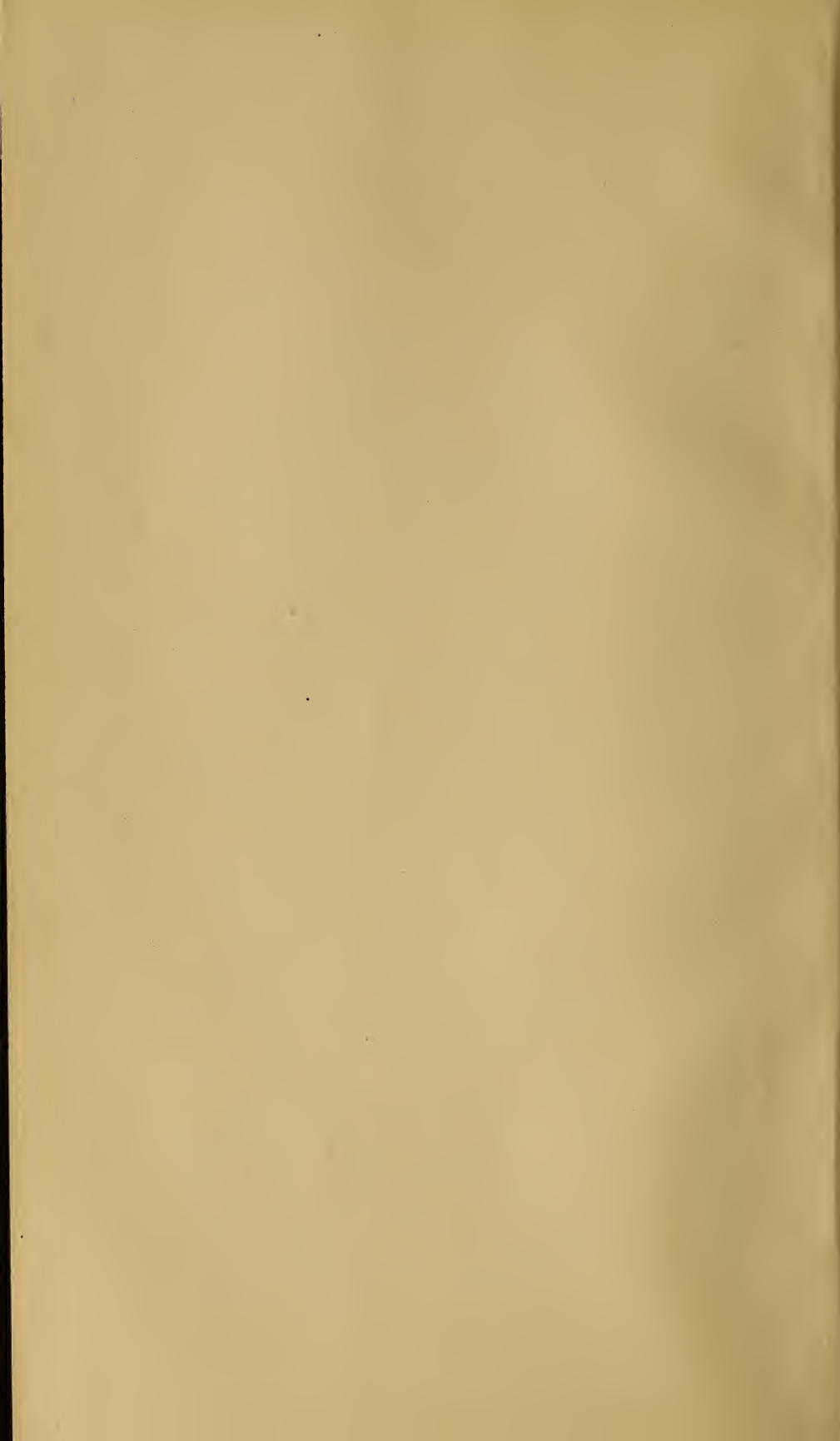
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THE

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ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH PROSE,

AS LITERALLY AS THE

DIFFERENT IDIOMS OF THE GREEK AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES

WILL ALLOW;

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

BY A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

FIRST AMERICAN,

FROM THE FOURTH LONDON EDITION,

THOROUGHLY REVISED AND CORRECTED: WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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PREFACE.

IT has been remarked by an able writer in our language, that it is the business of a translator to convey the general meaning of his author, rather than to give an exact interpretation of every word and phrase in the original. This maxim, when applied to books of science, and even to history and poetry, is, in general, certainly correct. No science can be taught without the use of technical terms to a greater or less extent, and there are no two languages, whether living or dead, that will admit of those terms being literally translated from the one into the other. This of itself will necessarily occasion a certain degree of freedom in the translation; but, independent of this, it will be found utterly impossible to give, at once, a translation, perfectly literal, of even the common expressions employed by a scientific writer, and, at the same time, to convey any thing like his general meaning to the mind of the reader. Let us take for example any of the treatises of Aristotle—his *Ethics*, or his *Rhetoric*. Can any man suppose himself competent to give a literal, and, at the same time, a fair translation of either of these works? If he does, he will find himself mistaken. To the person who understands Greek, the translation would be infinitely more difficult to be understood than the original; whereas to the mere English reader, it would either be unintelligible, or express a meaning very different from that which was intended by the author.

In history, again, although there is not the same absolute necessity, for a freedom of translation, still it is generally useful, and always ornamental. No man would sit down to translate such books as the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus for the mere purpose of assisting the student in Greek. He would write for the instruction and amusement of society at large, particularly of that portion of it which is unacquainted with the learned languages; and his object would be more completely attained by a free, than by a literal translation;—by making the author express himself in such terms, as, from the nature of his Greek style, we have reason to infer that he would have employed, had the language of the translation been his vernacular tongue.

It is equally impossible, by literal translations, to convey to the mere English or French reader a correct feeling of the beauties of Greek or Roman poetry; and very difficult to do so by any translation, however free and however spirited. To accomplish this object, it would not be sufficient to make the ancient poet express himself in such a manner as we may suppose he would have done had he been an Englishman or Frenchman of the present age. It would be necessary to employ that phraseology which we have reason to suppose such a poet would have employed, had he been an Englishman or Frenchman of the age, which, in the progress of modern society and literature, we consider as analogous to the age in which he lived, in the progress of Greek or Roman society and literature. If for instance, we consider the present age of English literature as analogous to that of Plato and Xenophon in Greece, to give a correct view of Homer's poetry, it will be necessary to exhibit it in a more antique phraseology than that of Pope, or even of Dryden.

By these reflections it is not intended to throw a greater

odium on literal translations than that which is already attached to them; for they may be made for other purposes than to teach mere modern scholars ancient history, ancient science, or the beauties and expression of ancient poetry. They may be made to assist the student in the acquisition of ancient languages; and in their defence, when this is their object, a few observations shall now be offered, on the fairness or unfairness of which the candid reader must decide.

There is nothing more common, among a certain class of scholars, than to cry out with vehemence against every literal translation. It induces young men, say they, to be idle; they trust entirely to the labours of another; they get up a book by rote; and their advancement in learning is consequently injured. But to such men a few circumstances may be stated, to which, though it is hardly to be supposed that they have never thought of them, they cannot have paid sufficient attention. In the first place, no young man who *is capable of being injured by a translation*, will be injured by it. The youth of aspiring mind and good talents, who looks forward to the period when he may take a lofty station in the republic of letters, will never deign to be altogether dependent upon another. Even with the translation before him he will never *trust* to it, but reserve it as something to be applied to, when the intricacy of arrangement, or some other cause, renders his Lexicon and Grammar insufficient to extricate him from a difficulty. As he advances in his knowledge of the language, the translation will cease to be at all useful to him, and the danger which was so greatly dreaded, will be found to have been a mere phantom of the imagination. In the next place, the youth whose talents are such as to render every foreign aid acceptable in assisting him in the acquisition of as much learning as may serve an immediate purpose, may be benefited, but cannot be injured by a

literal translation. Such a youth will not toil, cannot indeed be expected to toil, day after day, and week after week, in the vain attempt to understand what appears to him to be utterly incomprehensible. If possessed of money sufficient for the purpose, he will undoubtedly apply to a private tutor, possessed of patience sufficient to read the lesson over and over till something like a shadow of its meaning be left upon the pupil's memory. And of what importance is it whether such a youth be instructed by a dead, or by a living tutor? In many cases the youth is perhaps poor, and cannot afford to pay for private tuition. His future prospects in life may depend upon his being able to scrape together as much knowledge of Greek and Latin as will enable him to take a degree; and is a translation to be condemned because it has been useful in the attainment of this object? Let those who exclaim most loudly against literal translations reflect upon these things, and they will find, that the youth of good talents cannot be injured by such translations; whilst the youth of moderate talents may be greatly assisted by them.

It was with a full conviction of the truth of this reasoning, that the following translation of Homer's Iliad was written. To translate the poetry of one language into the prose of another, is, to say the least of it, an irksome task, and necessarily obliges the translator to lay aside every idea of elegance in his composition. With respect to Homer, in particular, these objections are peculiarly strong. Although certainly as simple as a poet can be, Homer delights in numerous and compound epithets; expressions which, though in the Greek poem they are extremely beautiful, become in an English prose translation almost ridiculous. To make the translation at all what it was intended to be, however, those epithets must be fairly and liter-

ally given, the consequence of which is, that the style is always pompous, and not unfrequently bombastic. It would be quite needless to offer an apology for a fault which there is no possibility of avoiding; and for the general correctness of the translation it is humbly hoped that no apology is required. The utmost care has been bestowed upon it, and no error has been caused by indifference or inattention. Not that it is vainly believed to be altogether free from mistakes. Such there may be, and such no doubt there are; but it is pretty confidently affirmed, that no meaning has been attached to the Greek words which those words are wholly incapable of bearing. There are, to be sure, some particles scattered in great profusion throughout the poem, which are almost universally admitted to be incapable of translation; such as $\mu\acute{\epsilon}\nu$, $\delta\acute{\epsilon}$, $\gamma\acute{\alpha}$, and such like. All these, no doubt, add greatly to the precision of the expression, and, among the Greeks, possessed each some definite meaning. But though we are well aware of this, and see plainly that they add in no small degree to the beauty as well as strength of the language, we are, from the mere want of similar terms in our own, obliged either to pass them by entirely, or to compress two or three of them into one word. Wherever it is possible, they have each received a distinct translation in the following work.

That the translation of Homer's Iliad, now given to the public, can possibly do harm, is not feared; and if it be of the smallest use in furthering the views or prospects of any individual, the labour of the translator will be amply rewarded.

Considerable pains have been taken in the present edition, throughout, to mark the meaning of Homer more specifically than before, both by corrections in the text, and by occasional

notes—with a still more sedulous regard to the literalness of the version. Universally, indeed, every change has been made with the sole view of conveying more strictly and closely the construction, as well as the sense, of the noble original.

H. P.

Sandwich, Feb. 1841.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Account of a pestilence in the Grecian camp, and cause of it. A council called. Fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. Achilles renounces the field. Agamemnon demands Briseïs. Achilles resigns her. He complains to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jove. She pleads it, and prevails. What passed in heaven on that occasion.

SING, Goddess, the destructive wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus, which brought myriad¹ disasters upon the Achæans, and sent many gallant souls of heroes to Hades, and made themselves² a prey to dogs and all birds of prey (for so the counsel of Jove was fulfilled), from the time when, first, Atrides, king of 5 men, and the godlike Achilles, quarrelling with each other, separated.

Which then of the gods set them together to battle in the strife of words²? It was the son of Latona and of Jove; for, being indignant with the king, he sent a fatal sickness³ upon the army, and the people perished; because Atrides had insulted 10 Chryses, his priest. For he, *Chryses*, came to the swift ships of the Achæans to redeem his daughter, bringing a boundless⁴ ransom, and bearing in his hands a chaplet of the far-darting Apollo upon a golden rod⁵; and he supplicated all the Achæans, 15 but especially the two sons of Atreus, the commanders of the troops⁶.

¹ *i. e.* Very many.

² Their carcasses.

³ Plague or pestilence.

⁴ Very large.

⁵ Or wand—gold-stick.

⁶ *Lit.* λαοί, peoples—in the plural usually expressive of an army—soldiers.

“Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved⁷ Achæans, may the Gods, who possess Olympian mansions, grant you to 20 destroy the city of Priam, and return happily home. But release my beloved daughter, and accept her ransom, reverencing the son of Jove, the far-darting Apollo.”

Then all the other Achæans attested their readiness⁸ to respect the priest and to accept the rich ransom. But it pleased 25 not the soul of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus; but⁹ he dismissed him roughly, and added *this* threatening speech:

“Let me not find thee, old man, either lingering at the hollow¹ ships now, or hereafter coming again, lest the rod and chap- 30 let of the God protect thee not. For I will not set her free—even old age shall come upon her first, plying the loom, and tending² my bed, in my house at Argos, far from her native land. But, begone; irritate me not, that thou mayst return the safer.”

Thus he spoke, and the old man was afraid, and obeyed the order. And he walked in silence along the sands of the loud- 35 roaring sea, and then after going some distance, the old man prayed much³ to king Apollo, whom the fair-haired Latona bore:

“Hear me, God of the silver-bow, thou who protectest Chrysa⁴ and the glorious Cilla, and mightily dost govern Tenedos: O Smintheus⁵, if ever I hung thy beautiful temple *with garlands*, 40 or if ever I burnt, *in honour of* thee, the fat legs⁶ of bulls or of goats, accomplish this my prayer. May the Danaans suffer for my tears by thine arrows.”

Thus he spoke, praying; and Phœbus Apollo heard him. And he came down from the summits of Olympus, angry at heart, bearing upon his shoulders, his bow, and closed⁷ quiver. 45 And the arrows too rattled upon the shoulders of the angry God, as he moved along; and he advanced like night⁸. Then he sat down at some distance from the ships, and sent forth an arrow; and terrible was the clang of the silver bow. At first he at- 50 tacked mules, and swift dogs, and next, aiming the deadly bolt at the *men* themselves, he struck them; and numerous pyres of

⁷ Their legs well defended with *greaves*, *i. e.* well-armed or mailed—part put for the whole.

⁸ *i. e.* By words or gestures.

⁹ *Sc. for.*

¹ *Sc. capacious.*

² *i. e.* As a slave.

³ Many things, much, earnestly.

⁴ A town of Troy—Cilla also: Tenedos, the island of that name.

⁵ A frequent epithet of Apollo, fantastically derived from *mice*—rat-catcher.

⁶ See line 460 of this book.

⁷ *i. e.* Closed at both ends—the quiver had a lid.

⁸ *i. e.* Like a dark cloud threatening storms.

the dead were ever burning. Nine days did the arrows of the God make their way through the army; and on the tenth, Achilles called the people to council. The white-armed Goddess Juno had put *this resolve* into his mind; for she was grieved 55 for the Achæans, because she beheld them perishing. When, therefore, they collected, and were assembled together, the swift-footed Achilles, standing up among them, thus spoke:

“Atrides, I judge we must now turn back and go home again, if at least we would escape death; since war and pestilence at 60 once press upon the Achæans. But come, let us consult some prophet, or priest, or even interpreter of dreams (for a dream also is from Jove), who may say, why Phœbus Apollo is thus angry with us. If he be offended on account of some vow or hec- 65 atomb *unperformed*, perhaps, obtaining from us the scent⁹ of choice lambs and kids, he will avert from us the plague.”

And having thus spoken, he then sat down; and Calchas, the son of Thestor arose, the best of augurs, a man who knew the present, the future, and the past, and who had guided the ships 70 of the Achæans to Ilium, by that power of prophecy which Phœbus Apollo gave him. With wisdom¹ he thus addressed them, and said:

“Archilles, beloved of Jove; thou chargest me to explain the *cause* of the anger of Apollo, the far-darting king. Therefore 75 will I tell it; but do thou observe, and swear to me, that thou wilt promptly by words and hands protect me. For I fear that I shall irritate the man, who is of all the Argives most powerful, and whom the Achæans obey. For a king, when he is an- 80 gry with an inferior man, will be too strong for him; for, even if at the moment he suppress his rage, he yet thereafter retains resentment, till he can wreak it, in his breast. Say then, if thou wilt protect me.”

And him, the swift-footed Achilles, answering, said: “In full confidence², tell whatever oracle of the God³ thou knowest. 85 For, by Apollo, beloved of Jove,—through whom *it is* that, by praying to him, thou disclorest to the Danaans his oracles,—no one, of all the Danaans, at the hollow ships, while I live and look upon the earth, shall lay violent hands upon thee; no, not 90

⁹ Steam or scent of roast-lamb, &c.

¹ Prudently—with a just regard for his own safety.—*Lit.* ΕΥΦΡΟΝΕΩΝ is a participle—being possessed of good brains—a faculty of thinking well, acutely, or prudently, for one's own interests, or kindly towards others.

² Having great confidence, declare, &c.

³ *i. e.* His sentiments or views—whatever thou knowest of them, however acquired.

even if thou shouldst name Agamemnon, who now boasts to be much the best of Achæans.

Then at last the good prophet took courage, and said: “Neither then for *vow* is he angry; nor hecatomb, but on ac-
95 count of his priest, whom Agamemnon insulted, and set not his daughter at liberty, nor accepted her ransom. For this reason then has the Far-darter sent *these* woes upon us, and will send them still; neither will he withhold his heavy hands from *af-*
100 *fecting us* with pestilence until Agamemnon restore the beautiful⁴ maid, unredeemed, unransomed, to her beloved father; and take a sacred hecatomb to Chrysa; then, thus propitiating we may, perchance, appease him.

And having thus spoken, he then sat down. And then the hero, the son of Atreus, the far-ruling Agamemnon rose, indignant; and much was his dark breast filled with rage, and his
105 eyes resembled flashing fire. First looking sternly at Calchas, he thus addressed him:

“Prophet of evils⁵, never yet hast thou spoken what was pleasant to me; but ever agreeable is it to thy soul to prophesy evils; and never yet hast thou spoken one good word, or brought it to effect. And now, divining, in the presence of the Danaans
110 thou tellest them that for this forsooth, the Far-darter sends dis-asters upon them, because I was not willing to accept the rich ransom for the young daughter of Chryses; seeing that I much wish to have her at home; and indeed I prefer her even to Clytemestra my wife⁶, for she is not inferior to her, in figure or
115 stature, in mind or accomplishments⁷. Yet even so, I am willing to restore her, if that is better; for I wish my people to be safe rather than to perish. But forthwith prepare *another* reward⁸ for me, that I may not be the only one of the Argives unrewarded; since that would not be fitting. For this reward
120 of mine you see, that is going elsewhere.”

Him, then, the swift-footed godlike Achilles answered: “Illustrious Atrides—insatiable⁹—for how shall the noble Achæans

⁴ The specific sense of ἐλίκωψ is not known. It is applied to men (line 389 of this book) as well as women, and seems to be expressive of some admirable personal qualities. *Black-eyed* is an interpretation of remote tradition, though surely not always applicable.

⁵ Announcer; *i. e.* through his prophetic or divining qualities. Prophesying in Homer is, generally, announcing, or declaring the will of the Gods.

⁶ Κουρίδιος ἀλοχου—my wife; one who had never been married before—in opposition to a mistress.

⁷ Works.

⁸ Or prize.

⁹ Fond of accumulating all things—most so—most of all men.

give thee *another* reward? We know of no many things laid up in common¹⁰. But what things we have plundered from 125 towns, those have been divided; and it would ill become the army to collect them together again. But do thou now give this *maiden* up to the God, and we Achæans will reward thee three-fold or four-fold, if Jove shall ever grant us to spoil the well-fortified city of Troy.”

And him answering, king Agamemnon said: “Do not thus, 130 clever though thou be, god-like Achilles, attempt to practise upon me¹; since thou wilt not overreach me, nor persuade me. What, dost thou wish, that thou thyself shouldst keep thy prize, and that I should sit down thus² in want of one? And dost thou bid me to restore her? Well, if the brave Achæans 135 will give me *another* prize, adapting it to my mind, *I will do so*; only *let them take care* that it be an equivalent one. But if they will not give me one, then I myself will go and seize one,—thy prize, or that of Ajax, or of Ulysses, I will seize and take away; and he to whom I come may be enraged, *if he will*. But, however, these matters we will talk over again hereafter. 140 And now, come, we will launch a black ship into the divine sea³; and collect rowers in sufficient number, and put on board an hecatomb, and embark the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses; 145 and let some one *chieftain* be its commander, Ajax, or Idomeneus, or the god-like Ulysses; or thyself, son of Peleus, most tremendous⁴ of men, that thou mayst propitiate for us the Fardarter, by offering sacrifice.”

And the swift-footed Achilles, looking sternly at him, said, “Ha! shameless⁵ and rapacious! how can any of the Achæans cheerfully obey thy orders, either to undertake an expedition⁶, 150 or bravely to fight with men? I came not here to fight on account of the warlike Trojans; for to me they have done no wrong. They never drove away my cattle nor my horses; nor ever destroyed my crops in fertile and populous Phthia; for 155

¹⁰ From which another reward might be selected for thee.

¹ Κλεπτει νομ—*i. e.* steal or filch with the *mind*, in opposition to the *hands*. The force of the phrase is, obviously,—Do not attempt to juggle, or play your tricks upon me.

² Αύτως. The sense is supplied by gesticulation, to sit down *thus*—inactively without stirring to maintain my rights.

³ *i. e.* Vast—any thing large or immense is *divine*.

⁴ Εκπαλοτατε—ironically, of course.

⁵ Clothed or covered with impudence.

⁶ An ambuscade, or a foray—to intercept caravans, or seize upon cattle. Ασχονδεις ναυι, line 226 of this book, is an equivalent phrase.

very many shadowing mountains and resounding seas are between us. But thee, most shameless man, do we accompany, to pleasure thee; exacting from the Trojans satisfaction for Menelaus, and for thee, insolent; these things thou regardest
 160 not, nor valuest them at all. And now thou threatenest thou wilt thyself deprive me of my reward, for which I have laboured hard⁷, and which the sons of the Achæans have given me. Never have I a reward equal to thine, when the Achæans lay
 165 waste a well-peopled town of the Trojans; although my hands execute most of the labours of harassing battle; but, whenever a division of *the spoil* comes, to thee falls the greater prize, while I, with a small and grateful one⁸, return to the ships,
 170 when I am exhausted with fighting. But now I will go to Phthia, since it is much better to return home with my high-beaked⁹ ships; nor am I disposed, thus insulted here, to gather spoils and wealth for thee.”

To him, then, the king of men, Agamemnon, replied: “Fly by all means, if thy soul prompts thee; nor will I intreat thee, for my sake, to remain: with me are others who will honour
 175 me, and, above all, counselling Jove. And most hateful to me art thou of heaven-protected kings, for strife is always agreeable to thee, and wars, and battles. Though thou be valiant, God doubtless gave thee that. Returning home with thy ships and
 180 thy comrades, lord it over the Myrmidons; for I regard thee not, nor care for thy being angry. But this will I assure thee. As Phœbus Apollo takes from me the daughter of Chryses, her will I send in my own ship, and with my own comrades; but, com-
 185 ing to thy tent, I will myself bear off thy prize, the fair-cheeked Briseïs; that thou mayst well know how much more powerful I am than thou, and that another may be afraid to profess himself my equal, or compare with me¹.”

Thus he spoke, and to the son of Peleus there was pain, and in his rough breast his heart was torn two ways; whether,
 190 plucking the sharp sword from his thigh, he should stir up the rest², and slay Atrides, or suppress his rage, and check his desire. While he was revolving these things in his heart and soul, and

⁷ Many things—much.

⁸ *i. e.* Though small, yet welcome—in the absence of a better.

⁹ *κορωνισι*, *i. e.* ships, both whose prow and stern rose high and curved—like the horns of an ox. The same epithet is applied to oxen by Theocrit. Idyll. xxv. 151.

¹ To be compared, *αυτην*, in opposition to me.

² Perhaps overturn or remove them—those who stood between himself and Agamemnon.

was drawing his mighty sword from the sheath, Minerva came from heaven; for the white-armed goddess Juno had sent her forth, alike loving and regarding both; and she stood behind him, and pulled the son of Peleus by the yellow hair,—apparent to him alone, and no one of the rest beheld her. And Achilles was amazed, and turned round, and immediately recognized Pallas Minerva, for awful appeared her eyes. And addressing her, he spoke winged³ words to her:

“Why, again, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, comest thou? Is it that thou mayst behold the insult of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus? But I declare to thee, and I think it will be accomplished, that he will soon lose his life by his insolence.” 205

And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva said to him in return: “I came to allay thy wrath, if thou wilt obey, from heaven: for the white-armed goddess Juno sent me forth, alike loving and concerned at heart for both of you. Come then, cease from the strife, nor draw the sword with thy hand. Upbraid him, nevertheless, in words, as thou wilt—but *no violence*; for thus I declare, and it shall be fulfilled—rich gifts of even three times the value shall be thine, for this insult. But do thou restrain thyself, and be obedient to us.” 210

And the swift-footed Achilles answering her, said: “It becomes me to observe your joint⁴ commands, although very much enraged at heart; for so it is better. To the man, who obeys the gods, they most readily listen.” 215

He said, and pressed his heavy hand upon the silver hilt, and thrust back the mighty sword into its sheath, nor disobeyed the command of Minerva; and she went to Olympus, to the mansions of ægis-bearing Jove, among the other divinities. But Achilles again addressed Atrides with passionate words, nor yet ceased from his anger: 220

“O drunkard, with the eyes of a dog, and the heart of a deer, never hast thou the courage⁵ to arm thyself for war with the people, nor to go ambuscading with the chiefs of the Achæans; for that seems to be death to thee. To be sure, it is much better, in the broad army of the Achæans, to strip of his rewards whoever may at all contradict thee⁶. O king, devourer of thy people—a *coward people*—for thou reignest over dastards; otherwise, Atrides, thou wouldest now have been insolent for the last time. But I will tell thee, and I will swear a mighty oath. 230

³ Words rapidly, hastily expressed.

⁴ The commands of you two especially

⁵ Thou hast never dared in thy mind.

⁶ Whoever may say any thing in opposition.

235 even by this sceptre, which shall never bear leaves and shoots, from the time it left its trunk⁷ among the mountains, nor bud again for, in fact, the axe stripped it all round, of both leaves and bark; and now the sons of the Achæans bear it in their hands, the magistrates, those who administer the laws *derived* from Jove—and this oath will be a great one—that the desire
240 of Achilles will surely one day come upon all the sons of the Achæans, and thou, though much grieved, wilt be unable to assist them, when many fall dying by the hand of Hector, slayer of men. Then shalt thou tear thy soul within, enraged with thyself that thou didst honour nothing⁸ the mightiest of Achæans.”

X
245 Thus spoke the son of Peleus; and cast upon the earth his sceptre adorned with golden studs, and himself sat down. And on the other hand, the son of Atreus grew warm; but soft-speaking Nestor rose, the persuasive orator of the Pylians, from whose tongue flowed words sweeter than honey, and under him
250 already two generations of articulate-speaking⁹ men had perished—who with him were born and bred in sacred Pylus, and he was reigning over the third. He, a wise man, harangued them, and said:

“Alas, great misery is come upon the Achæan land. Surely
255 Priam will rejoice, and the sons of Priam, and the rest of the Trojans, be gladdened in their souls, if they hear of you two, who are above *other* Danaans in council and in valour¹, quarrelling about all these matters. Be persuaded then; for you are
260 both younger than I. For long ago I associated with men even more mighty than you, and they never disregarded me. Never, indeed, have I seen, nor shall I see such men as Peirithous, and Dryas, shepherd of people², and Cæneus, and Exadius, and divine
265 Polyphemus, and Theseus the son of Ægeus, one resembling the immortals. The bravest of earthly men were they bred; the bravest were they, and they fought with the bravest, the mountain-Centaurs, and fearfully slew them. Even with these
270 had I intercourse, when I went from Pylus far from the Apian³ land; for themselves invited me. And I fought with all my might⁴; but with those *Centaurs* none of these men, who are now upon⁵ the earth, could have fought. Yet they (Peirithous,

⁷ *i. e.* The tree from which it was cut.

⁸ *i. e.* Didst insult.

⁹ In opposition to animals, who do not *articulate* sounds, or express their feelings by words.

¹ In fighting.

² Commander of men—armies, troops.

³ The ancient name of the Peloponnesus.

⁴ Κατ' ἐμ' αὐτον.

⁵ Men on the earth.

&c.) hearkened to my counsels, and obeyed my words. And be ye also persuaded, since it is better to obey. Do not thou, Agamemnon, powerful though thou be, take away the maid 275 from him, but leave her, as to him the sons of the Achæans first gave the prize; nor do thou, Peleides, seek to strive hostilely with the king; for never did sceptered king, to whom Jove has given glory, possess authority equal to his. And if thou art 280 more valiant, and a goddess was⁶ thy mother; still he is mightier than thou, since he rules over more. Son of Atreus, repress thy rage; and I myself implore thee to give up thy resentment against Achilles, who is the great bulwark against evil war to all Achæans.”

And king Agamemnon answering, said: “Truly thou hast 285 said all this, old man, in a manner which becomes thee. But this man is desirous to be above all other men; he wishes to rule and reign over all, and command all⁷, which I am not disposed to submit to⁸. For if the everlasting Gods have made 290 him a warrior, do they for that permit him to utter insults?”

And then the godlike Achilles interruptingly replied: “Then may I be called a coward and a nobody, if ever I comply again as to any thing that thou sayest. Impose these things on oth- 295 ers, but command not me; for I resolve⁹ I will no longer obey thee. And I will tell thee something else, and do thou cast it¹ in thy mind. With hands² I will by no means fight, on account of the maid, with thee, or any other, since ye who gave her, take her away. But of the rest of the spoils which are with 300 me, in my swift black ship, of them nothing shalt thou take and carry off, without my consent. But, if *thou art disposed to do so*, come make the trial, that these too may learn *the consequence*—soon shall thy black blood flow around *my spear*.”

Having thus fought with hostile words, they both arose; and 305 they broke up the assembly at the ships of the Achæans. The son of Peleus then repaired to his tents and well-built³ ships, along with Patroclus and his comrades; and Atrides put to sea⁴ a swift ship, and selected twenty rowers, and embarked a heca-

⁶ A goddess-mother bore thee.

⁷ And to give signals to all.

⁸ Which I do not think he will persuade me to let him do.

⁹ I do not think—*i. e.* I am not disposed—I am resolved no longer to obey.

¹ Let it sink into your mind.

² In opposition to words.

³ Εἰστας—*i. e.* equal—which perhaps refers to the symmetry of the parts.

⁴ Προεγυσσειν—dragged down, *i. e.* to the water. The vessels, when not wanted, were drawn up on the shore—kept in a sort of dry dock.

310 tomb for the God; and led the fair daughter of Chryses on board; and the wise Ulysses went as commander. They then, embarking, sailed upon the watery paths; and Agamemnon ordered the people to purify themselves⁵. Then they purified
315 themselves, and cast the sordes (or suds) into the sea; and they sacrificed to Apollo choice hecatombs of bulls and goats, on the shore of the unfruitful ocean; and the odour, curling with the smoke, ascended up to heaven.

Thus did they employ themselves throughout the army; but Agamemnon did not desist from the contest with which he first
320 threatened Achilles⁶. For he thus addressed Talthybius and Eurybates, who were his heralds, and zealous attendants:

“Go to the tent of Achilles, the son of Peleus, and having taken by the hand the fair Briseïs, bring her away; and if he
325 do not resign her, then will I myself seize her, coming with greater numbers,—which will be even worse for him.”

So saying, he dismissed them, and enforced the hard commission. And they, reluctant, along the shore of the barren sea proceeded, and arrived at the tents and ships of the Myrmidons.
330 And him they found sitting beside his tent, and his black ship; nor was Achilles pleased at seeing them. And they, fearing and reverencing the king, stood still; neither did they address him, nor speak a word; but he knew *their business*, in his mind, and said:

335 “Welcome, heralds, messengers of Jove and of men, come near; ye are not blameable⁷, but Agamemnon, who sends you for the maid Briseïs. Go then, noble Patroclus, bring forth the maid, and give her to them to take her away; but be they themselves witnesses before the immortal Gods, and before mortal
340 men, and before the cruel king, *of this insult*. And if ever again there be need of me to ward off destructive pestilence from the rest⁸—for he is driven on by destructive counsels, nor knows he how to observe at all, the future and the past⁹, that
345 the Achæans safe may fight at their ships.”

Thus he spake. And Patroclus obeyed his dear friend, and led the fair-cheeked Briseïs from the tent, and gave her to them

⁵ *i. e.* With water.

⁶ *i. e.* He did not desist from executing the threat.

⁷ *i. e.* You are guiltless of the injury you are come to inflict on me.

⁸ In his rage, Achilles refuses to assist not merely Agamemnon, but the *whole* army. Supply—I will not lend my services, and he cannot supply my absence. for, &c.

⁹ *What is* before and *what is* behind—*i. e.* to compare them—to judge of one by the other.

to take away; and they returned to the ships of the Achæans. And unwillingly along with them the lady went. Bût Achilles, weeping, forthwith sat down, going apart from his companions, on the shore of the foaming sea, gazing upon the dark deep. 350 And much to his dear mother prayed he, stretching out his hands:

“Mother, as thou hast borne me, though to be short-lived, high thundering Olympian Jove ought surely to have bestowed honour upon me; and now has he not honoured me the least, *but the contrary*¹, for the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, has in fact insulted me; he has taken from me my prize,—himself depriving me of it.” 355

Thus spake he, weeping. And him his revered mother heard, as she sat in the depths of the ocean beside her aged father. And she rose in haste from the surging sea, like a mist; and then she sat beside him, as he wept, and took him by the hand², 360 and addressed³ him, and called him by his name.

“Son, why weepest thou? and what sorrow has touched thy breast? Declare it, nor hide it in thy soul, that we both may know it.”

And, sighing deeply, the swift-footed Achilles replied to her: “Thou knowest; why should I tell these matters to thee, acquainted with them all? We marched against Thebe, Eëtion’s sacred⁴ city, and we plundered it, and brought all *the spoils* hither. And these divided well among themselves the sons of the Achæans; and they selected for Agamemnon the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses. But Chryses, the priest of the far-darting Apollo, came afterwards to the swift ships of the brazen-mailed Achæans⁵, to redeem his daughter, bringing a boundless ransom, and bearing in his hand a chaplet of the far-darting Apollo, upon a golden rod. And he supplicated all the Achæans, but especially the two sons of Atreus, the commanders 375 of the troops. Then all the other Achæans attested their readiness to respect the priest, and accept the rich ransom. But it pleased not the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus; for he dismissed him harshly, and added a severe threat. And the old man departed indignant: and Apollo heard him, *while* praying, 380 for he was very dear to him. And he shot a destructive arrow among the Argives; and the people now died, one after another,

¹ *i. e.* So far from consulting for my honour, he permits Agamemnon to insult me.

² Caressed him.

³ Spoke a word to him, and called him by his name.

⁴ Great or noble. *ἱερός*, like *θεῖος* and *δῖος*, is used for any thing *superior*.

⁵ Brazen-coated.

and the weapons of the God went *still* in all directions through-
 385 out the wide army of the Achæans. And now a skillful prophet
 explained the divine will⁶ of Apollo. Forthwith I was the first
 to advise them to appease the God; and then rage seized
 Atrides; and, instantly rising, he uttered a threat, which has
 390 now been accomplished. For the noble Achæans send her to
 Chrysa in a swift ship, and carry offerings to the kind (*Apollo*):
 and the heralds have just quitted my tent, taking with them the
 maid Briseïs, whom the sons of the Achæans gave to me. But
 do thou, for thou canst, protect thy son. Going to Olympus,
 395 intreat *Jove to assist me*, if ever thou didst gratify the heart of
 Jove, by word or deed. For I have heard thee often boast in
 the halls of my father, when thou saidst that thou alone, among
 the immortals, did ward off from the cloud-collecting son of
 Saturn unworthy defeat, when the other inhabitants of Olympus,
 400 Juno, Neptune, and Pallas Minerva, wished to bind him in chains.
 But thou, O Goddess, coming, freed him from his bonds by
 quickly calling to high Olympus, him of the hundred hands,
 whom the Gods call Briareus, and all men, Ægeon; for he was
 405 stronger than his father⁷. He then sat beside the son of Saturn,
 exulting in glory⁸;—and him the blessed Gods dreaded, and
 attempted no longer to bind *Jupiter*. Reminding him of these
 things now, sit down by him and take him by the knees⁹, *and*
ask if he will some way or other give assistance to the Trojans,
 and drive the Achæans slaughtered to their ships, and the sea,
 410 that they may all have the full benefit of their king, and that
 the son of Atreus, the far-ruling Agamemnon, may know his
 folly, when he honoured nothing the mightiest of Achæans.”

Then Thetis, shedding tears, replied, “Alas! my son, why
 did I bring thee up—unhappily giving thee birth? Would
 415 that thou couldst have remained by thy ships, free from tears
 and troubles, since indeed short is thy fate—not very long.
 And now both short-lived and miserable art thou above all; and
 therefore with an ill omen, I brought thee forth in our halls. I
 will, however, myself go to snowy Olympus, and deliver this
 420 message to Jove, who delights in thunder, *and see* if he can be
 persuaded. And do thou now, sitting beside the swift ships,

⁶ Θεοπροπιας—not strictly “oracles,” for none were given. The priest is supposed to have had private communication with the deity; or to have known how to interpret the will of the gods from express tokens, or natural phenomena.

⁷ “Because he was better than his father in strength.” He was the son of Neptune.

⁸ *i. e.* Of having rescued Jupiter.

⁹ *i. e.* In that attitude of supplication, ask him, if, &c.

nurse thy wrath against the Achæans, and abstain altogether from war. For Jupiter went yesterday to Oceanus, to the blameless Ethiopians, to a feast, and all the gods accompanied him. But on the twelfth day he will come again to Olympus, 425 and then will I certainly repair to the brazen mansion of Jove, and embrace his knees; and I trust he will be prevailed upon."

Having thus spoken she departed; and left him there, indignant in his soul on account of the lovely maid¹, whom they had 430 taken from him against his will.

And Ulysses came to Chrysa, conducting the sacred hecatomb. And when at length they arrived within the deep harbour, they furled the sails, and stowed them in the black ship; and let down the mast to its receptacle², lowering it quickly by 435 the braces. But the vessel they impelled to her station with oars, and cast out the anchors, and made fast the cable; and the crew landed upon the shore of the sea, and disembarked the hecatomb for the far-darting Apollo. And the daughter of Chryses also landed from the sea-crossing ship. Then wise 440 Ulysses, leading her to the altar, gave her into the hands of her beloved father, and thus addressed him:

"O Chryses; Agamemnon, king of men, has sent me to bring thee back thy daughter, and to offer on the part of the Danaans a sacred hecatomb to Phœbus, that we may appease the king (Apollo), who has now sent grievous troubles upon the Argives." 445

Thus, having spoken, he gave her into his hands; and Chryses received his dear daughter, delighted; whilst the others speedily arranged around the well-built altar the noble hecatomb for the god; and then they washed their hands and took up the salt and barley. And Chryses prayed for them with a loud voice, 450 lifting up his hands:

"Hear me, God of the silver bow, thou who dost protect Chrysa and the glorious Cilla, and dost by thy power govern Tenedos; thou didst once before hear me when I prayed to thee. Thou hast honoured me, and done much mischief to the people of the Achæans. And again now too fulfil for me this prayer. 455 Put away now from the Danaans this foul pestilence."

Thus spake he, praying: and Phœbus Apollo heard him. And then after they had prayed, and cast down the salt and barley³.

¹ With a beautiful waist—a swelling bosom.

² The place in the ship where it was usually placed, when not elevated.

³ *ουλοχυται scil. κριθαι*. The *mola salsa* of the Latins. No good authority for supposing the barley was *whole*—much more likely coarsely *ground*, or *pounded*. The mixture was held over the victims, whilst the priest prayed, and, at the conclusion of the prayer, cast on the heads of the victims—which were thus consecrated.

they drew back first *the heads of the victims*, and cut their throats, and skinned them, and cut off the hind legs, and covered them with the caul, making it double⁴, and placed morsels of
 460 flesh (*cut from different parts of the victim*) upon them. Then the old man burnt them upon cleft wood, and poured ruddy wine over them; and while beside him young *men* held long forks⁵ in their hands. And when the legs were quite consumed,
 465 and they had tasted the entrails, they divided the rest into small pieces, and pierced them with spits, and cooked them carefully, and drew them all off again. And when they had accomplished the labour, and prepared the feast, they ate, nor did the appetite of any fail of a just feast⁶. And after they had removed the desire of eating and drinking, the attendants crowned goblets
 470 with wine; and with cups, beginning *from the right*, they distributed them to all. And the youths of the Achæans all day propitiated the God with singing, chanting a beautiful pæan, and celebrating the Far-darter; and he was delighted⁷ to hear them.
 475 And when the sun had set, and darkness succeeded, then slept they beside the hawsers⁸ of their ship.

And when the rosy-fingered Aurora, daughter of the morn, appeared, then they steered back towards the broad army of the
 480 Achæans. And the far-darting Apollo then sent a fair wind, and they erected their mast, and spread their white sails; and the breeze filled the middle of the sail, and the purple wave roared loud around the keel, as the ship scudded away; and she bounded along, cutting her path through the billows. And
 485 when they reached the broad army of the Achæans, they drew the black ship upon the strand, high upon the sands, and propped her up with long scantlings⁹: and themselves dispersed to their tents and ships.

Meanwhile the noble son of Peleus, swift-footed Achilles, 490 continued in anger, sitting by the quick-moving ships, nor ever went to the glorious¹ council, nor ever into war; but it fretted

⁴ They wrapt the legs, or the bones of the legs (*τα μηριαια οστεα*, Schol.) twice around with the caul.

⁵ With five prongs. The fork was used, apparently, to keep the parts of the offering together on the altar—that all might be burnt.

⁶ *i. e.* Every one had his due share.

⁷ In *φρην*—seat of sensation.

⁸ *πρυμνησια*—the cables by which the *πρυμνη*, or stern, was secured to a capstan on the shore.

⁹ Literally—and stretched under her long props.

¹ Containing illustrious men—or where men distinguish themselves.

his heart remaining there, for he longed for the shout and the battle.

And when at last the twelfth morning from that day had arrived, then also the everlasting gods went all together to Olympus, with Jove at their head²; and Thetis was not forgetful of the commands of her son, but emerged from the wave of the sea, and mounted at an early hour to the great heaven, and Olympus. And she found the far-thundering son of Saturn, apart from the rest, sitting upon the highest summit of the many-topped Olympus. And she placed herself beside him, and embraced his knees with her left hand, and taking him with her right by the beard, in a suppliant³ manner, she addressed king Jove, the son of Saturn:

“O father Jove, if ever I assisted thee among the immortals by word or deed, accomplish for me this desire. Give honour to my son,—he who is *doomed to be* the shortest-lived of all others. Him, nevertheless, has the king of men, Agamemnon, now insulted; for he has seized his prize, himself depriving him. But do thou honour him, O Olympian, all-wise Jove. Give victory to the Trojans, till the Achæans honour my son, and treat him with more respect⁴.”

Thus she spake; and the cloud-compelling Jove answered not, but sat long silent. And Thetis, as she embraced his knees, as she still clung to him⁵, besought him again a second time:

“Positively promise now and confirm it to me, or refuse—for thou canst have no fears—that, if *thou refusest*, I may well know how much, among all, I am the Goddess most dishonoured⁶.”

And her the cloud-collecting Jove, much disturbed, addressed: “It will be indeed a bad business; for thou wilt force me to quarrel with Juno, when she irritates me with opprobrious words⁷. And even as it is⁸, she is always, among the immortal gods, upbraiding me, and says that I aid the Trojans in battle. Go thou then now away again, lest Juno behold thee; and these *requests* shall be my care, that I may fulfil them. But if⁹—come, I will bow down with my head to thee, that thou mayst have reliance.

² And Jupiter went first.

³ And supplicating.

⁴ And increase him with honour; *i. e.* vindicate his honour—by avenging the wrong he has received.

⁵ Clinging to him as she was.

⁶ *i. e.* How far beyond all others, I am disregarded most.

⁷ *i. e.* because she will hear of his promise, and will abuse him for favouring the Trojans.

⁸ In this way—*i. e.* under present circumstances, and without such cause.

⁹ *s. c.* if you wish it.

525 For this from me, in particular, is the greatest pledge among immortals—for that *word* of mine, which I confirm by my head, is neither revocable, nor delusive, nor capable of non-fulfilment.”

The Son of Saturn spake, and bent with his dark brows. And the ambrosial hair of the king waved from his immortal
530 head, and he shook the vast Olympus. Thus having deliberated they parted. She then leaped down from resplendent Olympus into the deep sea; and Jupiter *repaired* to his own mansion. And all the gods at once rose from their seats, in the presence
535 of their father; nor did any dare, *sitting*, await *his* coming, but all stood up before him.

Thus he sat down there upon his throne. Nor was Juno ignorant—having seen her—that the silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the aged sea-god, had been plotting¹ with him. Immediately, therefore, she addressed Jupiter, the son of Saturn, with taunting words:

540 “Which of the gods again has been plotting with thee, juggler? It is ever thy delight, apart from me², to plan and decide clandestinely; nor willingly couldst thou ever bear to tell me a word of what thou purposest³.”

And to her then the father of gods and men replied; “Juno
545 never hope to know all my counsels, for that would be impracticable⁴ for thee, although thou art my wife. What, however, is proper for thee to hear, that shall then no one either of gods or of men know before thee; but as to what I may choose to plan apart from the gods, do not thou inquire about any such
550 matters, nor pry into them.”

And to him then the large-eyed⁵, imperial⁶ Juno answered: “Most despotic Chronides, what word is this which thou hast spoken⁷? It is long since⁸ I have either questioned thee, or pryed into thy measures; but, quite undisturbed *by me*, thou

¹ Consulting—planning measures.

² It is ever pleasant to thee, being apart from me, clandestinely **planning**, to decide.

³ εἰπὸς, ὅτι νοησεις, *i. e.* any of thy measures.

⁴ They would be difficult—*i. e.* too much for thee.

⁵ βωωπις. Etymologically, the word applies at least as much to the general countenance, or aspect, as to the eyes. βους seems, in compounds, **expressive** of any thing large—as with us, bull-head, bull-rush, &c. *Majestic*, or *noble*, may perhaps be more applicable than *ox-eyed*.

⁶ ποτνια. Venerable has become inseparably coupled with age. *August*, or imperial, seems more appropriate.

⁷ What speech is this of thine?

⁸ λιην παρος. Long before—or rather perhaps—never.

plannest what thou wilt. But now I am much afraid⁹, lest the silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the old sea-god, has seduced thee¹⁰; for early this morning she sat beside thee, and embraced thy knees: and on that account, I suspect thou hast really promised her¹, that thou wouldest give honour to Achilles, and destroy many of the Achæans at their ships.”

And the cloud-collecting Jove answered her and said: “God-⁵⁶⁰dess! thou art always suspecting, nor can I ever escape thee³. Thou wilt not, however, be able to do any thing⁴, but wilt only become more abhorrent from my heart; and that will be even worse for thee. And if that be so⁵, it will be agreeable to me. But sit down silent, and obey my command, lest not all the gods⁵⁶⁵ of Olympus can protect thee against me, on my approach⁶, when I lay upon thee my invincible hands.”

Thus he spake, and the large-eyed imperial Juno was alarmed; and she in consequence sat down in silence, bending her heart⁷; and the celestial Gods were distressed *at the sight* throughout⁵⁷⁰ the abode of Jove. And Vulcan, the skilful artist, began to address them, from affection⁸ for his dear mother, the white-armed Juno:

“This will indeed be a sad business⁹, and even intolerable, if for the sake of mortals you two quarrel in this manner, and ex-⁵⁷⁵cite tumult among the Gods; nor will there be any comfort in the good feast, when quarrels¹ prevail. But I advise my mother, though she herself knows *what is proper to do*, to give way to my dear father Jove, that he may not again chide, and disturb our feast. For if the Olympic Thunderer² choose to hurl us⁵⁸⁰

⁹ I am fearful in my heart,—φβην—the midriff, as the seat of some of the passions—of fear at least.

¹⁰ παρεπιπη—turned you from your purpose—or drawn you to her’s.

¹ κατανεύσαι εστητυμον—bend the head in confirmation—significant of an irrevocable promise.

² Δαίμονι—with an angry emphasis.

³ Do any thing without your detecting it.

⁴ *i. e.* by such meddling and prying.

⁵ *i. e.* if you do become odious to me.

⁶ ἰονθ’ must be (if the word be correct) ἰοντα, and can only apply to Jupiter.

⁷ Forcing her heart to submission—suppressing her indignation.

⁸ Literally—bringing or doing agreeable things—gratifying—and six lines below, Vulcan exhorts his mother, in the same phrase, to gratify Jove—*i. e.* to obey.

⁹ Pestilent, or mischievous things—plaguy.

¹ χερειονα, *i. e.* the λοιγια εργα opposed to αμεινονα—βελτιονα.

² Discharger of lightning.

from our seats, *he can*; for he is far the most powerful. Do thou then appease him with gentle words, and the Olympian will then be in good humour again with us *all*."

Thus he spake; and rising, he put a double cup³ in the hands
585 of his dear mother, and thus addressed her:

"Bear with it, my mother, and support it, grieved though thou art; nor let me with these eyes behold thee, so dear to me, punished⁴; since then I shall not be able at all to aid thee, how-
590 ever grieved, for the Olympian is hard to be resisted. For once, before, seizing me by the foot, he cast me—endeavouring to assist thee—from the celestial threshold. And all day I was borne along, and at sun-set I fell in Lemnos—and little was the breath still in me—where falling the Sintiens forthwith took me up⁵."

605 Thus he spake, and the white-armed Goddess Juno smiled; and smiling, she took the cup from the hand of her son. And beginning on the right, he poured out wine for all the other Gods, drawing sweet nectar from the bowl. Then loud laughter⁶
600 rose among the blessed Gods when they beheld Vulcan ministering⁷ to them through the halls.

Thus then they feasted all day until sun-set, nor was the appetite ungratified with a full feast, or with the beautiful lyre which Apollo held⁸, or with the Muses who sang alternating with delightful voice.

605 And when the splendid light of the sun had set, they each went home to rest, where for each the renowned Vulcan, lame in both feet, had built with good skill an apartment.

And Jove, the Olympic Thunderer, went to his couch, where he was before wont to recline, when sweet sleep came upon him.
610 And ascending it, he there slept; and beside him Juno, Goddess of the golden throne.

³ *Ἀμφικυπελλον*. Strictly a vessel with a cup at each end, for mutual pledges at drinking parties.

⁴ Beaten.

⁵ Took care of me—brought me to life again.

⁶ Unextinguishable.

⁷ Playing the waiter—possibly pledging each—the whole circle—which might be the occasion of the laughter.

⁸ And playing of course.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians, in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is, that the army should go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

THE other Gods and warriors¹ slept all night; but sweet repose came not upon Jove; for he in fact was revolving in his mind how he might do honour to Achilles, and destroy many of the Achæans at their ships. And this plan appeared best to his mind, to send a delusive² dream to Agamemnon, son of Atreus.

Having called him, therefore, he uttered these winged words: "Away, delusive Dream, to the swift ships of the Achæans. Go to the tent³ of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and repeat all things very carefully⁴ as I charge thee. Bid him arm the long-haired Achæans in full force; for now he may take the broad-streeted city of the Trojans; since the immortals, who possess the mansions of Olympus, no longer consult two ways⁵, for Juno, having entreated them, has bent⁶ them all; and evils impend over the Trojans."

¹ Ἰπποκορυσταί—those who fought, armed, in war-cars.

² And through *delusion* destructive.

³ Going to the tent, take care to tell him, &c.

⁴ ἀτρεκέως—*i. e.* in the same words—expressly.

⁵ *i. e.* Differ in opinion—think or plan dividedly.

⁶ ἤσασκεν—brought them to *one*.

Thus he spake, and then the Dream departed as soon as he had heard the order. Forthwith he came to the swift ships of the Achæans, and then repaired to the tent of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. Him he found reposing in his tent, and around him
 20 was shed ambrosial sleep. And then he stood over his head, resembling Nestor, the son of Neleus, whom⁷ Agamemnon honoured most of the old men. Having made himself like Nestor⁸, the divine Dream addressed him:

“Sleepest thou, son of brave Atreus, the tamer of horses⁹?”
 25 It becomes not a chief¹, to whose charge nations are committed, and who has so many cares upon him, to sleep all night. Now, therefore, attend to me quickly; for I am a messenger to thee from Jove, who, though far distant, is very anxious about thee, and pities thee. He orders thee to arm the long-haired Achæans in full force, for now mayst thou take the broad-streeted city of
 30 the Trojans; since the immortals who possess the mansions of Olympus no longer differ in opinion; for Juno has conciliated all by her intreaties; and evils from Jove impend over the Trojans. Keep then these things in thy mind, nor let forgetfulness seize upon thee, when sweet sleep has left thee.”

35 Then, having thus spoken, he departed, and left him there meditating in his mind on things which, however, were not to be accomplished. For he thought², like a fool, that he should take the city of Priam, on that day; and knew not what deeds
 40 Jove was planning: for he was going to inflict more labours and sorrows on the Achæans and Trojans through hard-fought battles. And Agamemnon started from his sleep, while the divine voice was yet floating around him. And he sat upright³, and put on his soft tunic, beautiful and new; and next threw his large cloak about him. And he bound his beautiful sandals beneath his clean feet, and then about his shoulders hung the
 45 silver-studded sword. And he took his paternal sceptre, ever imperishable⁴, with which he walked to the ships of the brass-mailed Achæans.

Meanwhile, the goddess Morn ascended high Olympus to

⁷ τον ῥα—he, that is, whom, &c.; indicating the reason why he was selected.

⁸ Having made himself like to him.

⁹ ἵπποδαμοιο—a warrior, one especially who fought or drove in war-cars—not on foot.

¹ βουλευφορον ἀνδρα—counsellor—one who shares in the counsels of the state, or army—or directs them.

² φη—said to himself.

³ Being raised upright, he sat in that position.

⁴ As being hereditary—an heir-loom.

report to Jove and the other immortals the approach of light; and Agamemnon ordered the loud-tongued heralds to call to assembly the long-haired⁵ Achæans. And they proclaimed the meeting, and the *people* very speedily assembled. But first a council sat of noble old men, at the ship of Nestor the Pylian-born king⁶; these having called together, he *with them* a prudent plan arranged. 55

“Hear me, my friends. A divine⁷ Dream came to me, while I slept, during the ambrosial night; and he resembled, most particularly, the noble Nestor, in appearance, in stature, and in person. And he stood over my head, and reported his commission to me. Sleepest thou, son of brave Atreus, tamer of horses? It becomes not a chief, to whom nations are entrusted, and who has so many cares upon him, to sleep all night. Now therefore attend to me quickly; for I am a messenger to thee from Jove, who, though far distant, is very anxious about thee, and pities thee. He orders thee to arm the long-haired Achæans in full force, for now thou mayst take the wide-streeted city of the Trojans; since the immortals who possess the mansions of Olympus are no longer of different opinions, for Juno conciliates them all with her intreaties; and evils from Jove impend over the Trojans. Keep then these things in thy mind. Thus having spoken, he went away, flying from *me*; and sweet sleep left me. Come then, *let us consult* how we shall arm the sons of the Achæans. I will first, as usual⁸, try them with a speech⁹; and will advise them to fly with their ships of many benches¹; and do you one in one place, and another in another, endeavour to restrain them by your words².” 60 65 70 75

Having thus spoken, he then sat down: and Nestor, he who was king of sandy Pylus, rose, and harangued them with prudence, and said:

“My friends, leaders and chiefs of the Argives, if any other of the Achæans had told this dream, we should have pronounced it to be false, and have been revolted rather³. But now he has 80

⁵ Having hair on their heads—worn long.

⁶ At the Nestorean ship of the king, born at Pylus.

⁷ φειος—as being a divinity—or as dispatched by Jove.

⁸ ἢ φεμὶς ἐστὶ. It was the business of the king to state to the general assembly the object of the meeting.

⁹ *i. e.* find out how they are disposed—by proposing flight rather than battle, which was his real purpose.

¹ πολυκλήρι. Therefore—large ships.

² From the flight, which I shall affect to urge.

³ μάλλον—but rather have turned away from it—than have been persuaded by it.

seen it, who *justly* boasts to be the very greatest in the army⁴. Therefore come, *let us see* if we can arm the sons of the Achæans.”

Thus having spoken, he began to depart from the council ;
 85 and the sceptered kings arose next, and obeyed the shepherd of the people. And the troops thronged together—as swarms of crowding⁵ bees, which come ever in fresh⁶ numbers from the hollow rock, and fly in clusters over the vernal flowers, and
 90 thickly some fly in this direction, and some in that ; so of the people did many nations from the ships and tents march in companies along the vast shore to the place of assembly. And in the midst of them, Rumour, the messenger of Jove, raged, urging them to proceed⁷ ; and they were now collected. And the as-
 95 sembly was in commotion, and the earth groaned under them, as the people were taking their seats, and there was a loud clamour ; but nine heralds exclaiming, restrained them, in order that they might⁸ cease from their noise, and listen to the heaven-protected kings. And *at last* with difficulty the people sat down, and were kept in their seats, desisting from their clamour⁹ ; and king Agamemnon arose, holding *in his hand* the sceptre which Vulcan had toiled to form¹. Vulcan had given it to king Jove, the son of Saturn, and Jupiter next bestowed it upon his messenger the slayer of Argus ; and king Mercury presented it to the noble Pelops² ; and Pelops again gave it to Atreus,
 105 shepherd of the people. And Atreus, at his death, left it to Thyestes, rich in cattle ; and Thyestes again bequeathed it to be borne by Agamemnon, that *with it* he might govern many islands, and the whole of Argos. Leaning upon this, he spake *these words* to the Argives.

110 “ My friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars ! Jove, the son of Saturn, has involved me in a very heavy calamity. Cruel God, who formerly promised, and confirmed that promise with a nod, that I should return home, having destroyed well-fortified

⁴ And of course a person entitled to credit.

⁵ Or *humming*—the original word is as frequently expressive of *sounds* as numbers.

⁶ Ever newly.

⁷ *i. e.* the report spread rapidly through the army of a general meeting.

⁸ εἰπότες—in order that they might, &c.

⁹ Having made themselves stop from—ceasing—*i. e.* the noise and tumult being quelled.

¹ Which Vulcan had toiled forming.

² πλῆξίππος—horse-pricker—as a warrior who fought in war-cars—and celebrated for his coachmanship.

Ilium³. And now he planned a sad deception⁴, and orders me, inglorious, to return to Argos, after I have lost many of my 115 people. Thus it seems⁵, somehow or other (*πov*), agreeable to almighty Jove, who has already overthrown the heights of many states⁶, and will still overthrow more, for his power is very great. For⁷ it will be disgraceful even for *our* posterity to learn that such and so great an army of Achæans vainly waged a fruitless 120 war, and fought with men less numerous than themselves; and that no *good* result appeared. For if we, Achæans and Trojans, should, making a truce⁸, both be numbered, and the Trojans, as 125 many as are natives, should assemble, and we Achæans be drawn up in decades, and we should choose one man of the Trojans to pour out wine for each, many decades would be without a cup-bearer⁹. So much I affirm the Achæans are more in number 130 than the Trojans who inhabit the city. But there are allies from many states, warlike men¹, who greatly baffle, and prevent² me from destroying, as I wish, the well-peopled town of Ilium. Nine years of mighty Jove³ have now gone by, and now the 135 timbers of our ships are rotten, and the cordage is decayed. Our wives and our young children sit in our halls expecting us; and our work, for which we came hither, remains thus unfinished. Come then, let us all obey as I advise; let us fly with the ships 140 to our beloved native land, for never shall we take wide-streeted Troy.”

Thus he spake, and agitated the hearts of all throughout the multitude, as many as had not heard his plan⁴. And the assembly was shaken like the huge billows of the Icarian sea, which Eurys and Notus have raised, rushing on them from the 145 clouds of father Jove; or, as when Zephyrus, coming furious, waves a field of high standing corn, rushing over it, and the corn bends under it⁵; thus was all the assembly of *Achæans*

³ That I should not return home till I had destroyed, &c.

⁴ He planned a deception—*i. e.* his promise was delusive.

⁵ *μsλλει*—it seems—as, apparently, is often the meaning of the term.

⁶ *Καρηνα*—“the summits”—the Acropolis, or citadel.

⁷ *γαρ*—referring to *δυσκλεσα* (line 115).

⁸ Having struck sacred victims—*i. e.* to sanction a truce.

⁹ Without a pouter out of wine.

¹ *εγγεσπαλοι*—men who brandish spears.

² Suffer me not.

³ *i. e.* *εκ Διοσ*—compare *Od. Ξ. 93*.

⁴ *i. e.* the measure decided upon in the council—all were excited, except those who were in the secret—who had been present at the council of the chiefs.

⁵ *ημυει—ληιον*—is the nom. case. The standing corn bends with the ears to the ground.

150 moved. Some rushed with a shout to the ships, and the excited dust rose from beneath their feet; and others exhorted one another to seize the ships, and drag them to the mighty ocean; and cleared out the channels. The shout of these, eager⁶ for home, ascended to heaven, and they took the prows⁷ from beneath the ships.

155 Then would a return have been effected by the Argives, in spite of fate, had not Juno addressed herself to Minerva:

“Oh! unconquered daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, shall the Argives thus at last fly home to their loved native land, over the broad backs of the sea⁸? and leave, as a triumph to Priam, and
160 to the Trojans, Argive Helen, for whose sake many of the Achæans have perished at Troy, far from their dear native land? Go then down at once to the army of the brazen-mailed Achæans, and restrain each man with thy persuasive words, nor suffer
165 them to drag to the sea their double-oared ships⁹.”

Thus she spake, nor was the blue-eyed goddess Minerva disobedient. For she descended from the summits of Olympus rushing, and quickly reached the swift ships of the Achæans. Then she found Ulysses, a man equal to Jupiter in counsel,
170 standing¹,—he was not laying hold of his good² black ship, for sorrow had come upon his heart and soul. And blue-eyed Minerva stood near him, and said:

“Noble son of Laertes, Ulysses, man of many counsels³, so at last will ye fly home to your loved native land, embarking in
175 your ships of many benches⁴? And would ye leave, as a triumph to Priam and the Trojans, Argive Helen, for whose sake many of the Achæans have fallen at Troy, far from their dear native land? Go then forthwith to the army of the Achæans,
180 and hesitate not; but restrain each man with thy persuasive words, nor suffer them to drag to the sea their double-oared ships.”

Thus she spake, and he knew the voice of the goddess who addressed him. And he set out to run⁵, and threw from him

⁶ The shout of those who were hastening to the ships.

⁷ ἔρματα, frames or stocks, on which the vessels were kept dry—or mere prows.

⁸ νῶτα—backs—while our poets speak of the bosom of the waters.

⁹ Having oars on both sides.

¹ *i. e.* not hastening, like others, to the ships, but deliberating whether he should assist in carrying Agamemnon's plan into execution.

² With good benches—*i. e.* well equipped.

³ As if never at a loss for expedients.

⁴ *i. e.* large.

⁵ Began to run—set off in haste.

his cloak; and the herald Eurybates, of Ithaca, who followed him, took it up. And meeting⁶ Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, 185 he received from him the ancestral sceptre, ever-imperishable, with which he went down to the ships of the brazen-mailed Achæans.

And whatever king or chief he overtook—standing beside him, he stopt with him with gentle words:

“It does not become thee, friend⁷, to be thus alarmed, like a 190 coward. Sit down thyself, and make the rest of the men sit, for thou knowest not clearly yet what the intention of Atrides is. He is now proving you, and will quickly scourge the sons of the Achæans. We have not all heard what he said in the council⁸. *Therefore beware*, lest in his anger he do some mischief to the sons of the Achæans. For the anger of the heaven-protected king is mighty; and his authority is from Jove, and wise 195 Jupiter loves him.”

But, on the other hand, whatever man of the common people he saw, and found shouting, he struck him with the sceptre, and reproved him in these words:

“Sirrah! be quiet, and listen to the commands of others, 200 who are thy superiors; for thou art unwarlike and weak, and never worthy to be numbered in battle or in council. We Achæans cannot all be kings here. The government of many is not good; let there be one chief only, one king—he to whom 205 the son of crafty Saturn gives a sceptre, and laws⁹ to reign over the *people*¹.”

Thus he, commanding, directed the army. And they again rushed from the ships and tents to assembly with a shout—as when the waves of the roaring sea break upon the mighty shore, 210 and the deep rebellows.

The rest then sat down, and were kept *quiet* in their seats. And the prating Thersites was the only one who still babbled, a man who disorderly, and much was wont² to upbraid the chiefs—idly, and not with propriety, but with whatever seemed likely 215 to produce laughter³ among the Argives. He was the most

⁶ And coming opposite to.

⁷ Δαίμονιε. The force of the word, it may be supposed, depended mainly on the tone of the speaker. Compare line 200 below.

⁸ Only certain γέροντες, (line 53) were there—Ulysses of course was one.

⁹ Periphrasis for sovereign power. ¹ σφίσι—the word has no reference.

² Who knew in his mind—was familiar with coarse expressions—knew how to use them in contentions with the chiefs, and, by implication, was in the habit of using them.

³ Seemed to be laughable.

miserable looking man⁴ who came to Ilium. He was bandy-legged⁵, and lame of one foot; his shoulders were round, and drawn together over his breast; and his head was sharp towards
 220 the top, and a few straggling hairs grew upon it. To Achilles and Ulysses he was particularly offensive, for he was wont to abuse them. And now again he railed⁶ at the noble Agamemnon, screaming sharp; and the Achæans were exceedingly angry with Agamemnon, and with one mind indignant. Loudly bawling, therefore, he reviled Agamemnon⁷:

225 “Of what again dost thou complain, son of Atreus, or what dost thou desire? Thy tents are full of brass⁸, and many choice dames are in thy tents, which we Achæans bestow upon thee before all others⁹, whenever we capture a town. Or dost thou
 230 still want gold, which one of the Trojans, tamers of horses, shall bring from Troy, as a ransom for his son, whom I or some other of the Achæans have brought a captive¹? Or a young woman, that thou mayest enjoy the pleasures of love, and whom thou mayest thyself possess—apart from others². It becomes not the man who is chief in command, to bring calamities upon the sons
 235 of the Achæans. O wretches, miserable cowards! Achæan women, no longer Achæan men, let us return home with the ships; and let us leave this *man* here to enjoy his honours in Troy, that he may know, whether it is really we who protect him or not—He who has now insulted Achilles, a man much
 240 more valiant than himself, for he has seized his prize, himself depriving him³. And certainly there is no gall in the soul of Achilles, but he is very forgiving;—otherwise, son of Atreus, thou wouldst for the last time have wronged him.”

Thus spake Thersites, reviling Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people. But the godlike Ulysses stood speedily beside him,
 245 and looking sternly at him, with a rough speech reproved him.

“Thersites, brainless babler⁴—sonorous orator though thou

⁴ αἰσχιστος.

⁵ If the Latin *valgus* be, as is probable enough, a softened form of φολκος, there can be no doubt of this sense. The word occurs nowhere else; and to take it for *squinting* seems mere guess-work.

⁶ Uttered insults or reproaches.

⁷ With words, *i. e.* abused, or scolded him.

⁸ *i. e.* vessels, armour, &c. of this metal—brass, or more correctly perhaps, copper.

⁹ Πρωτιστω.

¹ Literally—bound.

² With allusion to Briseis.

³ *i. e.* for himself.

⁴ ἀκριτομυθε—*i. e.* a man of much speech without judgment—without knowing where to leave off—an eternal babler.

beest⁵, cease, nor be the only one who desires to strive with kings; for I affirm that there is not a man⁶ more base than thou of all who came with the sons of Atreus to Ilium. Thou, therefore, shouldst not prate about kings⁷, nor offer insults to them, nor be upon the watch for return⁸. As yet, indeed, we know not clearly how these matters will be—whether, well or ill, we sons of Achæans shall return⁹. Yet¹ now sittest thou, reviling the son of Atreus, Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, because the Danaan heroes gave him very many things²; and jeering²⁵⁵ haranguer. But I tell thee³, plainly, and that shall be accomplished too—If ever again I shall catch thee playing the fool as thou art here doing now, may his head rest no longer upon the shoulders of Ulysses, and may I no longer be called the father of²⁶⁰ 'Telemachus, if I do not seize thee⁴, and strip off thy clothes, thy cloak, and thy tunic, and what covers thy nakedness, and drive thyself, weeping, to the swift ships, after beating thee with disgraceful blows, from the assembly.”

Thus he spake, and struck him with the sceptre upon the²⁶⁵ back and shoulders; and he writhed, and many tears fell from him, and a bloody tumour rose upon his back, from *the blow* of the golden sceptre. And he sat down and trembled; but, in pain and looking silly⁵, wiped away his tears. And the rest, although sullen⁶, laughed heartily at him; and thus, looking to²⁷⁰ his neighbour, one said to another:

“Oh, doubtless, myriads of good deeds has Ulysses done before, both in originating plans, and directing; but now this is far the best thing he has ever done among the Argives—stopped⁷ this abusive slanderer's harangues. Surely his bold spirit⁸ will not²⁷⁵ again for a long time urge him to insult kings with *such* scurrilous language.”

Thus spake the crowd; and Ulysses, destroyer of cities, arose,

⁵ Although being a loud or sonorous orator—ironically.

⁶ Another.

⁷ Thou, therefore, having kings in thy mouth, shouldst not harangue.

⁸ *i. e.* as too good an occasion for abuse to be lost.

⁹ *i. e.* we can only judge by the event—or, we know not all his motives; and yet you revile the king, as if he was known to be indisputably wrong.

¹ τω—in this case—under these circumstances.

² Reward him liberally—honour him highly.

³ εκ ερεω—tell out, *i. e.* plainly.

⁴ Seizing thee, strip off thy clothes, &c.

⁵ Chop-fallen, abashed:—or coupling αχρειον with δακρυ—seeing his tears to be useless, he wiped them away.

⁶ *i. e.* displeased with Agamemnon.

⁷ ος—who has stopped, &c.

⁸ Ironically—for θυμος αγηνωρ are constantly used in a *good* sense.

280 holding the sceptre; and beside him blue-eyed Minerva, assuming the likeness of an herald, bade the people be silent, that both the first and the last⁹ sons of the Achæans might together hear his speech, and understand the plan. He then prudently addressed them, and said:

“Atrides, now would the Achæans make thee, King, most
285 contemptible *in the eyes* of all men¹; nor perform they the promise which they gave thee², *on* coming hither from fertile³ Argos,—that thou shouldst⁴ return after destroying well-fortified Ilium. For, like young children, or widowed women, they are
290 weeping with one another to go home again. To be sure it is a desirable thing⁵ to go home again, when a man is wearied *with long absence*. For one who is absent from his wife, even for a single month, laments beside his many-benched ship, which
295 wintry winds and a stormy sea detain; whereas the ninth year is rolling over us, *and we are still* remaining here. Therefore I am not offended that the Achæans lament beside their high-beaked ships; still *will it be* disgraceful both to remain here so long, and to return empty⁶. Have patience, my friends, and
300 stay yet awhile, that we may know whether Calchas prophesies with truth or not; for well, indeed, this we already know, and you are all witnesses, whom deadly⁷ fate has not of late⁸ carried off⁹, that, when the ships of the Achæans were collected at
305 Aulis, to bring evils upon Priam and the Trojans, and when we, around the fountain at the sacred altars, were offering perfect¹ hecatombs to the immortals, beneath a beautiful plane-tree, whence flowed limpid water, there a great prodigy was seen. A terrible serpent, spotted upon the back, one² which the Olympian himself had sent into light, springing from beneath
310 the altar, rushed straight towards the plane-tree. And there were there young ones of a sparrow, a callow brood³, concealed among the leaves, on the highest branch, eight of them, and the

⁹ *i. e.* the nearest and most remote.

¹ *μεροπεσσι*. See A. 250.

² Which they undertook—stood under.

³ Horse-feeding—with good pastures for horses.

⁴ *i. e.* not return till thou hadst destroyed.

⁵ *Ἡ μὴν καὶ πόνος*—it is worth any pains or labour. Ulysses allows long absence from home is a good reason for wishing to return.

⁶ *i. e.* without effecting our purpose.

⁷ *κήρες θανάτου*.

⁸ *χθὲρ τε καὶ πρόχθερ*—yesterday and the day before—proverbial for lately; and alluding to the recent pestilence.

⁹ *εἰβαν φερούσαι*—gone, taking with them.

¹ Full in number, or consummate in quality.

² *τον ῥα*.

³ *νηπια τέκνα*.

mother who hatched the brood, made⁴ the ninth. There he devoured them, shrieking piteously; and the mother fluttered about, mourning over her beloved young; and then twisting 315 herself round, he seized her, screaming, by the wing. And when he had devoured the young sparrows and the *mother* herself, the God, who gave him to light⁵, made him an object of wonder; for the son of wily Saturn made him a stone⁶; and we, standing there, were amazed at what was done. Such mighty 320 portents of the gods then befel⁷ the hecatombs; and then, on the spot, Calchas, interpreting the will of the God, said: ‘Why are ye *struck* dumb, long-haired Achæans? It is the all-wise Jove⁸ who has sent this prodigy, distant, and late of accomplishment⁹, *but* the glory of which shall never perish. As this *serpent* has 325 devoured the young sparrows, and herself—eight, and the mother which hatched the brood made the ninth; so shall we for a like number of years wage a war there (in Troy), and in the tenth we shall take the wide-streeted city.’ In this manner did he 330 harangue; and all will now at last be now fulfilled. Come, then, well-armed Greeks, remain all of you here, until we capture the great city of Priam.”

Thus he spake, and the Greeks shouted loud, and the ships around echoed fearfully, as the Greeks shouted—applauding the 335 speech of divine Ulysses. Then Nestor, the Gerenian¹ chief² also addressed them:

“Oh, surely now like young children, to whom the works of war are no concern, are ye talking. What will become of our promises and oaths³? In the fire⁴ will they be—the plans and 340 counsels of men, and the libations of undiluted wine, and the right hands⁵ in which we trusted? To no purpose⁶ do we thus debate; we can discover no expedient⁷, although we have been

⁴ Was.

⁵ Who showed him.

⁶ *i. e.* changed him into a stone.

⁷ Literally, *enter into*—*i. e.* occurred at the time.

⁸ *μεγα μητιστα Ζεϋς.*

⁹ *σερας οψιμον*, &c.—a token indicative of the event of the expedition, which, though remote, it promised, would be glorious.

¹ *Γεργηνιος*—from Gerena, in Messenia, where he is said to have taken refuge, when Hercules sacked Pylos.

² *ιπποτα*—one who fought in cars—indicative of high-birth, or station.

³ Literally—where shall your agreements and oaths go?

⁴ *i. e.* burnt with the victims, which were sacrificed to procure the sanction of the gods—sarcastically.

⁵ Symbols of fidelity and adherence.

⁶ Dispute with words.

⁷ *i. e.* for terminating the war.

here so long³. But do thou still, son of Atreus, as before, main-
 345 taining thy plan unshaken, lead forth the Argives to hard bat-
 tles; and leave them to rot, the one or two, who are planning,
 apart from *the body* of Achæans—but there will be no fulfilment
 of their plans—to return to Argos, before we know whether the
 promise of ægis-bearing Jove be false or not⁹. For I affirm,
 350 that the almighty son of Saturn did promise¹ on that day, when
 the Argives embarked in their swift² ships, bearing death and
 destruction to the Trojans—by lightning upon the right,—show-
 ing propitious signs. Let none, therefore, hasten to return
 355 home, before each have slept with a Trojan wife³, and avenged
 the seizure and sorrows of Helen. And if any one long so ar-
 dently to return home, let him lay hold of his black ship, well-
 supplied with benches, that he may meet with death and his fate⁴
 360 before the rest of us. But deliberate well thyself, O king, and
 be persuaded by another— not to be despised will be the word
 I now speak⁵. Divide the troops, Agamemnon, into companies
 and squadrons, that squadron may support squadron, and com-
 365 pany support company. For if thou wilt do thus, and the
 Achæans obey, then wilt thou know which of the leaders, and
 which of the soldiers is a coward, and which of them is brave;
 for they will fight by themselves. And then wilt thou learn
 also if it be by divine interposition thou sackest not the city, or
 by the cowardice of men, and their unskilfulness in war.”

And the king, Agamemnon, answered him, and said: “ Again,
 370 truly, old man, dost thou excel the sons of the Achæans in coun-
 cil. Oh! father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, would that there
 were to me of the Achæans ten such counsellors⁶. Then would
 the city of Priam quickly fall to the earth, captured by our hands,
 375 and destroyed. But ægis-bearing Jove, the son of Saturn, has
 sent troubles on me, who casts me upon idle quarrels and con-
 tentions. For I and Achilles have contended with hostile words
 about a girl, and I was the first to grow angry⁷. But if ever we
 380 be reconciled⁸, then shall the Trojans not have respite from evil;
 no, not a moment. Now then go to breakfast, that we may begin

³ Though being here so long—perhaps, here in the assembly.

⁹ Before we know of ægis-bearing Jove, whether his promise be a falsehood or not.

¹ Nodded.

² Quick-going.

³ A wife of the Trojans.

⁴ That he may overtake death and fate before others.

⁵ *i. e.* The advice I give.

⁶ Literally—fellow-counsellors—men who consult with me.

⁷ *i. e.* I began the quarrel.

⁸ ες μίαν, *scil.* βούλην—have but one opinion.

the battle. Let each man sharpen well his spear, and make ready his shield⁹. Let him give a good feed to his swift-footed horses, and, examining his car on all sides prepare for war; for we shall contend all day in fearful battle. And there shall be 385 no cessation, not even a moment, till night coming on separate the ardour of men¹. The strap of each man's protecting shield shall sweat on his breast, and his hand shall be weary with the spear²; and each man's horse shall sweat with dragging the good³ car. And whomsoever I shall observe wishing to idle at 390 the high-beaked ships, he will not⁴ be able afterwards to escape the dogs and birds."

Thus he spake; and the Argives shouted loud, as a wave upon a steep shore, when the south-wind, coming, shall dash it against 395 a projecting rock, which the billows never quit, whatever winds *blow*⁵,—when they are here or there. And getting up, they rushed *from the assembly*, dispersing to the ships; and they lighted fires at their tents, and took their meal. And each sacrificed to some one of the immortal Gods⁶, praying that he 400 might escape death, and the conflict of Mars⁷. And king Agamemnon offered up a fat ox, a five-year old, to the almighty son of Saturn; and invited the elder chiefs⁸ of all the Achæans. Nestor first and king Idomeneus, next the two Ajaxes, and the 405 son of Tydeus, and sixth, Ulysses, equal in counsel to Jove. And the gallant⁹ Menalaus came of his own accord, for he well knew his brother was very busy¹. Then they stood round the ox, and lifted the salt and meal, and Agamemnon praying, in the 410 midst of them, said:

"Jove, most glorious, most great, enshrouded in dark clouds,

⁹ *i. e.* clean it, &c.

¹ *i. e.* ends the battle.

² The thong of the man-protecting shield of each shall sweat upon his breast, and he shall be wearied as to his hand round the sword.

³ Well-built. or smoothed and planed—workmanlike.

⁴ *οὐκ ἀρχιον*—he will not be able—there will be no means of escaping.

⁵ Winds of all kinds—blowing from every quarter.

⁶ And one sacrificed to one of the everlasting Gods, and another to another.

⁷ *i. e.* the peril of battle.

⁸ *γεροντας ἀριστηνας*—the princes—those, apparently, who had been of the council (line 53).

⁹ Literally—good in the shout,—or the battle.

¹ For he knew in his mind his brother, how much he was engaged—*i. e.* in preparing the sacrifice; and therefore did not wait for the formality of an invitation. Or rather, perhaps—he knew how anxious he was—with a reference to Agamemnon's difficult position. implying great delicacy of feeling.

and dwelling in the air, let not the sun set, nor darkness come upon the earth, before I cast headlong the palace of Priam
 415 burning, and consume its gates with hostile fire; and cleave Hector's coat of mail upon his breast, pierced with my sword; and O, may many of his comrades round him, prone in the dust, bite the dust²."

Thus he spake; and the son of Saturn did not at all assent to
 420 *his prayer*³; but he accepted the offering, and mightily increased the toil. And when they had prayed, and cast the salt and barley, they drew back first the *head of the victim*, and cut its throat, and skinned it. Next they cut off the hind-legs, and covered them with the fat, making it double, and placed morsels
 425 of flesh upon them⁴. And these they then burnt with cleft wood without leaves⁵. Then taking up the viscera with the forks⁶, they held them over the fire. And when the legs were quite burnt, they tasted the viscera; and then they divided the rest into small pieces, and pierced them with spits, and dressed
 430 them carefully, and drew them all off again. Then when they had accomplished their labour, and prepared the feast, they ate, nor were their appetites without a full feast. And when they had removed the desire of eating and drinking, Nestor, the Gerenian chief, began to address them:

"Most noble son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, no
 435 longer now let us loiter here, nor longer put off the work, which God will forthwith put into our hands. But come, let the heralds of the brazen-mailed Achæans, summoning *them*, assemble the people at the ships; and we will ourselves together go
 440 through the wide army of the Achæans, that we may the quicker rouse the keen fight⁷."

Thus he spake, nor did the king of men, Agamemnon, decline.⁸ Immediately he ordered the loud-tongued heralds to summon the long-haired Achæans to battle. These gave the summons,
 445 and the *people* speedily assembled; and the heaven-protected kings, along with Atrides⁹, hastened to arrange them. And blue-eyed Minerva was among them, holding the precious Ægis, which was exempt from age and death.¹ A hundred golden fringes hung round it, all well-wreathed, and each of the value
 450 of an hecatomb. With this she—flashing in every direction—

² ὀδαῖς—seize the earth with the teeth.

³ *i. e.* to take Troy *that day*.

⁴ Compare A. 466, &c.

⁵ *i. e.* dry sticks.

⁶ ἀμπεριπαντες. See A. 463.

⁷ Awake—rouse up sharp Mars—*sharp*, from the weapons of war.

⁸ Nor was disobedient.

⁹ οἱ ἀμφι, &c. *i. e.* Atrides and the kings.

¹ Not subject to old age, and immortal.—*i. e.* imperishable.

stirred up the Achæans, urging them to advance; and in the heart of each she infused courage to war and fight indomitably. And in them, instantly, fighting² became more agreeable to them than returning, in their hollow ships, to their loved native land.

As a raging fire consumes a huge forest upon the summits of 455 a mountain, and the flame is seen from afar; so, as they advanced, the glittering splendour of their beautiful armour ascended through the air to heaven.

And of these—as many flocks of flying birds, geese, or cranes, 460 or long-necked swans, in Asiatic meadows, on the streams of Caystros, fly from all quarters³, flapping with their wings, while alighting⁴, with screams the meadow rings; so of the Achæans did many nations, from the ships and tents, rush⁵ into the plain of Scamander. And the earth echoed fearfully under the feet 465 of themselves and their horses; and upon the flowery vale of Scamander, stood myriads, numerous as are flowers and leaves in spring.

As many as are the swarms of crowding flies, which hover round the shepherd's fold in the season of spring, and when 470 the milk-pails are full of milk; so numerous stood the long-haired Achæans upon the plain against the Trojans, eager to destroy them.

And these,—as goatherds easily separate large flocks of goats, when they have mixed in the pasture, so did the commanders 475 every where arrange⁶ them to march to battle; and in the midst stood king Agamemnon, in eye and head like thundering Jove, with a belt⁷ like Mars, and a breast like Neptune.

As the bull in a herd is most conspicuous of all⁸, for he sur- 480 passes the collected cattle; such on that day did Jove make Agamemnon, distinguished and conspicuous among many heroes:

Tell me now, ye Muses, who dwell in mansions of Olympus, (for ye are goddesses, are *ever* present, and know all; whilst we 485 hear rumours only, and know nothing *with certainty*,) who were the leaders and chiefs of the Danaans. For I could not describe nor name the mass, not if I had⁹ ten tongues, ten mouths, a voice 490 indomitable¹, and a brazen heart within me; did not the Olympic

² πολέμος.

³ ενθα και ενθα.

⁴ Alighting—rushing forward, or rather downward, to alight.

⁵ Were poured,—or poured themselves.

⁶ διακοσμεον ενθα και ενθα—drew up, some here, some there—in order, or battle array.

⁷ *i. e.* what the belt encircled—the frame—or its strength and vigour.

⁸ *i. e.* of all the cattle in that herd.

⁹ *Lit.*—were to me.

¹ Not to be broken—that would never fail, or become hoarse.

Muses, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, remind me of as many as² came to Ilium. Therefore I will now rehearse the commanders of the ships, and all the vessels.

Peneleus and Leïtus, Arcesilaus, Prothoënor and Clonius,
 495 commanded the BÆOTIANS; and those who dwelt at Hyria, and the rocky Aulis, and Schœnus, and Scolus, and the hilly Eteon, Thespeia, and Græa, and the spacious Mycalessus; and those who inhabited Harma³, Ilesium, and Erythræ; and those who
 500 possessed Eleon, and Hyla, and Peteon, Ocalæa, and Medion, a well-built town, Copæ, and Eutrësis, and Thisbe, abounding in doves; and those who held Coroneia, and grassy Haliartus⁴, and those who occupied Plataæ, and those who lived in Glissas, and
 505 those who held Hypothebæ, a well-built town; and Onchestus, a beautiful grove, sacred to Neptune⁵. Those likewise who possessed Arne, abounding in vines, and Mideia, and glorious Nissa, and the farthest⁶ Anthëdon. Belonging to these went fifty
 510 ships, and in each embarked one hundred and twenty Bœotian youths.

And those who inhabited ASPLEDON, and the Minyeian Orchoménus, Ascaläpus and Ialménus commanded, sons of Mars, whom
 515 Astyoche bare in the mansion of Actor, son of Azeus,—once a chaste maiden⁷—entering the women's apartments⁸, bore to brave Mars; for he had by stealth slept with her. Of these, thirty hollow ships went in their ranks.

And Schedius and Epistrophus, sons of Iphïtus, the brave son of Nauböles, commanded the PHOCEANS—those who possessed
 520 Cyparissus, and rocky Python, and beautiful Crissa, and Daulis, and Panopeus, and those who inhabited the *country* round Anemoreaia and Hyampolis; and those who dwelt by the noble river of Cephissus, and who possessed Lilæa, at the source of the Cephissus. With these came⁹ forty black ships. These (Schedius and Epistrophus), commanding, drew up the ranks of
 525 Phoceans, and placed them¹ next to the Bœotians, upon the left.

And swift Ajax, *son* of Oileus, commanded the LOCRIANS. He was a smaller man, not so large as the Telamonian Ajax, but much less. Little he was, with a corslet of linen; but in the

² All. ³ Those who live about Harma—*i. e.* Harma and its neighbourhood.

⁴ *i. e.* with good or abundant pastures.

⁵ Sacred spot, Neptunian, a beautiful grove—*scil. τεμενος*. Compare I. 696.

⁶ *i. e.* at the extremity of the territory of the Bœotians.

⁷ A chaste maiden—that is, before her connexion with Mars.

⁸ Ascending to the upper rooms—*i. e.* at her father's in the apartments allotted to the females of the family.

⁹ Followed.

¹ Armed.

use of the spear he excelled all the Hellenes and Achæans². 530
He commanded those who inhabited Cynus, and Opoeis, and Calliærum, and Bessa, and Scarpha, and Pleasant Augeiæ, and Tarpha, and Thronium, on the streams of Boagrius. And with him came thirty black ships of the Locrians, who dwell beyond sacred Eubœa³. 535

And the brave⁴ ABANTES, who possessed Eubœa, and Chalcis, and Eretria, and Histiaæa, abundant in vines, and Cerinthus, on the sea-coast, and the hill-town of Dios, and those who possessed Carystus, and those who inhabited Styra—these next Elephênor 540
 led, branch of Mars⁵, the son of Chalcōdon, the chief of the brave Abantes. With him came the active Abantes, with their hair hanging down upon their backs⁶, warriors⁷ trained with ashen spears, to break the corslets of the enemy on their breasts; and forty black ships accompanied him. 545

And next those who inhabited ATHENS, a well-built town, the people of the great Erechtheus, whom of old Minerva, daughter of Jove, brought up, (but the bountiful Earth produced him,) and placed him also at Athens, in her own rich temple—there⁸ the Athenian youth, as the years revolve⁹, propitiate him with 550
 bulls and rams—These (*i. e.* the Athenians) next, Menestheus, son of Peteus, led. No mortal¹⁰ man ever equalled him in the arraying of war-cars¹ and armed men². Nestor alone could contend with him—for he was older³. And fifty black ships ac- 555
 companied him.

And Ajax brought from SALAMIS twelve ships, and he led, and placed them⁴, where stood the lines of the Athenians.

And those who possessed ARGOS, and the walled-town of

² *i. e.* all the army—which consisted of Hellenes (from Thessaly), Achæans and Argives.

³ Which seems to indicate that the poet lived to the eastward of Eubœa; *i. e.* somewhere in the isles, or on the Asiatic coast.

⁴ *Lit.*—Breathing strength.

⁵ *i. e.* of the stock of Mars—a descendant.

⁶ Hairy behind—with hair on the *back* of the head only—contrasted with the rest of the Achæans. ⁷ Spear-men.

⁸ As was the case with other heroes—Palamon, for instance, in Neptune's temple at Corinth.

⁹ *i. e.* once a year—at the end of every year.

¹⁰ To him never was a man of those upon earth equal to arrange.

¹ ἵππους—there were no *cavalry*, in the modern sense.

² Men with shields—the infantry.

³ And so, *i. e.* of more experience.

⁴ And leading, he posted them.

560 Tiryns, Hermoine, and Asine, which stand within a deep bay⁵; Trœzen, and Eionæ, and Epidaurus, abounding in vines; and the Achæan youth, who occupied Ægina, and Mases—these, next, brave⁶ Diomedes commanded, and Sthenelus, the beloved
565 son of illustrious Capaneus. And with them a *third in command*, went Euryalus, a godlike man, a son of Mecisteus, and grandson of king Talauus. But the warrior Diomedes commanded the whole⁷, and with him came eighty black ships.

And those who possessed MYCENÆ, a well-built town, and
570 wealthy Corinth, and well-built Cleonæ; and those who inhabited Orneia, and pleasant Aræthræa and Sicyon, the place⁸ where Adrastus first reigned; and those who occupied Hyperesia, and lofty Gonoessa, and Pellæna; and those who dwelt round Ægium,
575 and along all the coast⁹, and by the broad Helice¹—these in a hundred ships, King Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, commanded. With him indeed came far the most numerous and the best troops; and he buckled on his shining mail, exulting that he
580 surpassed all the heroes; for he was the mightiest, and led the most numerous forces.

And those who possessed the vast vale² of LACEDÆMON, and those who inhabited Phare, and Sparta, and Messa, abounding with doves, and Bryseia, and the delightful Augeia; and those
585 also who held Amyclæ, and Helos, a town on the coast; and those who possessed Laas, and dwelt around CËtylus—these his brother, the brave Menelaus, commanded, with sixty ships; but they were kept apart *from Agamemnon's*³. And he himself went confiding in his own energies⁴, urging them to war; for
590 he was especially eager to avenge the seizure and the sorrows of Helen.

And those who inhabited Pylus, and those who dwelt in the pleasant Arene, and Thryus, a ford⁵ of the Alphæus, and well-built Æpy, and Cyparissæis, and Amphigeneia, and Ptelius, and Helos, and Dorion—where the Muses meeting Thamyris, the
595 Thracian, as he came from Cæchalia, and from Eurÿtus, the

⁵ Having a deep bay, *i. e.* in the Sinus Argolicus.

⁶ *βον αγαθος*—good at the shout, or battle.

⁷ *i. e.* he was commander-in-chief of the *Argives*, specifically so styled.

⁸ *ἰθ' ἀχα.*

⁹ *i. e.* the coast of Achaia.

¹ A river apparently.

² The vast hollow Lacedæmon. *κητωεσσαυ* from *κητος*, which seems to indicate whatever is of great magnitude.

³ Armed, or equipped, apart.

⁴ *i. e.* ardent, and full of confidence.

⁵ Where the river was fordable—or where a regular ferry was established.

Œchalian⁶, silenced his singing⁷; for he had, boasting, affirmed, that if the Muses themselves, the daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, should sing *against him*, he would excel them: and they, indignant, made him blind, and deprived him of his divine power of song⁸, and made him forget the use of the lyre—these next, 600 Nestor, the Gerenian chief, commanded, and ninety hollow ships went in their lines with him.

And those who occupied ARCADIA, at the foot of the lofty mountain of Cyllēne, beside the tomb of Æpŷtus, where the men fight hand to hand⁹; and those who dwelt at Pheneus and 605 occupied Orchomenus, abundant in flocks, and Rhipe, and Stratia, and windy¹ Enispe, and Tegēa, and those who possessed pleasant Mantinea, and Stymphēlus, and lived in Parrhasia—these king Agapēnor, the son of Ancæus, commanded, with sixty ships; 610 and in each vessel went many Arcadian men, skilful in war. Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, king of men, had himself supplied them with ships, well fitted with benches, that they might cross the dark² sea; for they themselves paid no attention to sea matters³.

Next were those who inhabited BUPRASIMUM and noble ELIS, 615 as much as Hyrmīna and distant⁴ Myrsīnus, and the Olenian rock, and Alisium, comprise within them. Of these there were four commanders; and ten swift ships followed each man, and many Epeians were on board⁵. The *first and second divisions* Amphimachus and Thalpius led, the one⁶ the son of Cteatus, 620 and the other of Eurytus, son of Actor; brave Diōres, the son of Amarynceus, led the *third*; and the *fourth division* godlike Polyxenus, son of Agasthenes, and grandson of king Augeias, commanded.

And those from DULICHIMUM, and the sacred islands, the 625 Echīnæ, which are situated⁷ across the sea, opposite to Elis—these next Meges, the son of Phyleus, equal to Mars, commanded; whose father⁸, beloved of Jove, was the noble⁹ Phyleus, who had migrated to Dulichium, being angry with his father; and forty 630 black ships accompanied him.

⁶ Or son of Œchaleus.

⁷ Caused his singing to cease.

⁸ Took away his divine song.

⁹ Equivalent to ἀσπίδιωται—*i. e.* men who fought with shield and spear—not archers.

¹ *i. e.* exposed to the winds—high.

² Of the appearance, or colour of wine.

³ For maritime affairs were not a care to them.

⁴ On the confines.

⁵ *i. e.* of each vessel.

⁶ Sons, the one of.

⁷ ναυσί.

⁸ Whom Phyleus begot.

⁹ ἱπποτα.

And Ulysses led the brave CEPHALLENEANS—those who possessed Ithaca, and Neritus, full of woods¹, and those who inhabited Crocyleia, and rugged Ægilips, and those who held Zacynthus; 635 and those who dwelt at Samos; and those who occupied Epeirus, and dwelt upon the opposite shores. These Ulysses, equal to Jove in counsel, commanded, and with him came twelve ships, with their prows painted red.

And Thoas, a son of Andræmon, commanded the ÆTOLIANS—those who inhabited Pleuro, and Olēnos, and Pylēne, and Chalcis, 640 on the sea coast, and rocky Calydon. For the sons of brave Œneus no longer survived, nor was he himself still alive, and the handsome² Meleager was dead. To him (Thoas), therefore, full powers were given³ to command the Ætolians; and with him came forty black ships.

And the famous⁴ Idomeneus led the CRETANS—those who possessed Cnossus, and Gortys, girt with walls. Lyctus, and Miletus, and white⁵ Lycastus, and Phæstus, and Rhytius, well-peopled cities, and others who dwelt in Crete, an *island* of an 650 hundred cities. These then the famous Idomeneus commanded, and Meriones, equal to man-slaying Mars. And with them came eighty black ships.

And Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules, handsome and tall⁶, led from RHODES nine ships with bold Rhodians—those who in- 655 habited Rhodes, settled in three districts, at Lindus, Ielyssus, and white Cameirus. Their leader was the famous Tlepolemus, the son of mighty Hercules⁷ by Astyocheia, whom he brought from Ephÿre, from the river Selleeis, after having laid waste 660 many towns of noble chiefs. But Tlepolemus, after he had grown up in the well-built house, very soon⁸ killed the loved uncle of his mother, the aged Lycimnius, a branch of Mars. In haste he built ships, and having collected a large force, fled⁹ across the 665 sea; for the other sons and grandsons of the mighty Hercules threatened him. And he came to Rhodes, after roaming long, and suffering hardships. And they (*i. e.* Tlepolemus, and his 670 people) were placed in three divisions¹, and were beloved by

¹ Neritus, where leaves are shaken.

² Yellow; *i. e.* as to his hair—unless a sun-burnt complexion is indicated.

³ To him, therefore, was it in all things entrusted.

⁴ Distinguished in the use of the spear—an epithet applied to the most eminent men of the army.

⁵ From the chalk—built on chalk-hills.

⁶ ἦς τε μέγας τε.

⁷ To Herculean might—Hercules himself.

⁸ *i. e.* in his first manhood—killed by accident.

⁹ He went fleeing over the sea.

¹ Triply—in tribes, or castes.

Jove, who governs gods and men; and the son of Saturn poured much wealth upon them².

And next Nireus led from SYMA three good³ ships—Nireus, the son of Aglaia, and of king Charops—Nireus, who was the handsomest man of all the Danaans who came to Ilium, next to 675 the noble Achilles. But he was feeble⁴, and a small force followed him.

And next were those who possessed NISYRUS, and Crapathus, and Casus, and Cos, a town belonging to Eurypylus, and the Calydynean Isles. These then Phidippus and Antiphus commanded, two sons of king Thessalus, the son of Hercules; and 680 thirty hollow ships of theirs went with the fleet.⁵

Now, as to all⁶ who dwelt in PELASCIC ARGOS, and those who inhabited Alus, and Alope, and Trechis, and those who occupied Phthia and Hellas, famed for beautiful women, and who were called Myrmidons, and Hellenes, and Achæans; of these, in fifty 685 ships, Achilles was the commander. But these took no heed of dire-sounding war; for there was no one to lead them to the ranks; for swift-footed Achilles lay at his ships, indignant on account of the young fair-haired Briseis, whom he had chosen out of Lyrnessus⁷, after having endured many toils, and laid 690 waste Lyrnessus, and the walls of Thebe. Then likewise he smote Mynes and Epistrophus, the warriors, sons of king Euenus, the son of king Selepias. For her sake he lay sighing⁸, but was soon to rise again.

And those who possessed PHYLACE, and flowery Pyrrhæsus, a 695 region sacred to Ceres⁹, and Iton, mother¹ of flocks, and Antron, on the sea coast, and grassy Pteleus; these the warlike Protesilæus, commanded while he lived; but now the dark earth contained him². And his afflicted³ spouse had been left at Phylæce, 700 and his mansion half-finished; for a Dardan slew him, as, first of the Achæans, he was leaping from his ship⁴. But, though they mourned for their chief, they were not without a commander;

² Divine wealth, *i. e.* as usual, *great*.

³ εἴσας—on both quarters—symmetrically, or well built.

⁴ ἀλαπαδνος—referring rather to political than personal deficiency.

⁵ Went in order, or in the line.

⁶ Νυν αὐ τοῦς, ὅσσοι, &c.

⁷ *i. e.* whom he had received as his share of the spoils of Lyrnessus.

⁸ *i. e.* sullen and brooding revenge.

⁹ Δημητρός τεμενος. Compare 506.

¹ *i. e.* with good pastures.

² Held him under.

³ Her cheeks both torn—through grief.

⁴ A Dardan man slew him, leaping from his ship, far the first of the Greeks.

for Podarces, a branch of Mars, commanded them, the son of
 705 Iphiclus, son of Phylacus, rich in flocks, own brother of brave
 Protesilaus, *but* younger by birth. The warlike hero Protesilaus was both older and more valiant; yet the people were in no want of a leader, though they regretted the loss of him who was
 710 brave. With him then came forty black ships.

And those who dwelt at PHERÆ, by the Rœbēan lake, at Bebe, and Glaphyre, and well-built Ialochus—these, in eleven ships, Eumēlus, and the loved son of Admētus, commanded, whom
 715 Alcestis, loveliest of women⁵, fairest⁶ of the daughters of Peleus, bore to Admetus.

Next were those who inhabited METHONE and Thaumacia, and possessed Melibœa, and rugged Olizon—these, in seven ships, Philoctetes, skilful⁷ in the bow commanded; and fifty rowers embarked in each, skilled in the bow *so as* men trained to fight
 720 bravely. But he lay, suffering great pain, in the beautiful island of Lemnos, where the sons of the Achæans had left him, afflicted with a bad ulcer, *from the bite* of a deadly snake. There he lay in pain, but the Argives, at the ships of king Philoctetes, were
 725 soon to remember him. Neither were his people without a leader, although they regretted⁸ their chief; for Medon, a bastard son of Oileus, commanded them—he whom Rhene bore to Oileus, destroyer of cities.

And those who possessed TRICCA, and mountainous Ithōme, and those who held Œchalia, the city of Eurytus, the Œchalian⁹
 730 —these, next, two sons of Æsculapius, skilful surgeons, Podaleirius and Machāon commanded; and with them went thirty hollow ships in the fleet¹.

And those who occupied ORMENIUM, and the fountain Hype-
 735 reia, and those who possessed Asterium and the white summits of Titānos—these Eurypylus, the noble son of Evæmon, commanded; and with him came forty black ships.

And those who held ARGISSA, and inhabited Gyrtōne, Orthe, and Elōne, and the white town of Oloösön—these, next, the
 740 brave² Polypætes led, the son of Pirithōüs, whose father was immortal Jove—he whom the illustrious Hippodameia bore to Pirithōüs on that day, in which he took revenge on the shaggy centaurs; for³ he expelled them from Pelion, and drove them to

⁵ δια γυναικων.

⁶ εἶδος ἀριστή.

⁷ Bows—pl. *i. e.* bows and arrows.

⁸ *i. e.* his absence.

⁹ Or, a son of Œchalius, line 596.

¹ In lines—or in the line.

² μέγαστρολεμος—stout or stalwart, capable of sustaining the heat of battle.

³ δὲ supplying the place of γάρ—often.

Æthicæ. He (Polypœtes) was not the sole *commander*, for with 745
him was Leonteus, a branch of Mars, the son of the noble
Corōnus, son of Cæneus; and with them came forty black ships.

And Guneus led two-and-twenty ships from CYPHUS; and
with him came the Enienes, and the brave⁴ Peræbi; those who
had fixed their abodes around cold Dodōne, and those who culti- 750
vated the fields on both sides of the agreeable Titaresius, which
pours its fair-flowing waters into the Peneius. Yet it mixes not
with the silver waves of Peneius, but flows a-top of it, like oil; 755
for it is a branch of the Stygean water, the awful oath.

And Prothoüs, son of Tenthredon, commanded the MAGNATES,
—those who dwelt by the banks of Peneius, and the dense for-
ests⁵ of Pelion. These the swift Prothoüs led, and with him
came forty black ships.

These then were the leaders and chiefs of the Danaans. But 760
tell me, O muse, which of these was the best, both of warriors⁶
and of horses, who accompanied the sons of Atreus? By far
the best steeds were the mares of Pheretiades, which Eumelus
drove, fleet—like birds—of the same colour, the same age, and 765
the same height⁷. Apollo, of the silver bow, bred them in Pieria,
both mares, and fit for the battle-field⁸. But of the warriors,
Telamonian Ajax was by far the mightiest, as long as Achilles
was in anger; for he (*Achilles*) was the most valiant, and the
horses which bore the glorious son of Peleus *were the best*. 770
But he lay in his curved sea-crossing ships, enraged against the
son of Atreus, Agamemnon, shepherd of the people; and his
men, by the shore of the sea, amused themselves with hurling
quoits, and javelins, and arrows; and the horses stood each 775
beside their cars, feeding upon lotus, and fen-parsley⁹; and the
cars, carefully covered, stood in the tents of their masters. And
the men wandered about the army every where, regretting¹ *the*
inactivity of their warlike chief, and joined not in the fight².

And then the *troops* advanced, as if the whole country was 780
devoured with fire³, and the earth groaned beneath them, as
when the thunderer Jove, enraged, struck the ground close to
Typhoeus, at Arima, where, they say, is the bed of Typhoeus.

⁴ *μενεπτολεμος*—stout or stalwart, capable of sustaining the heat of battle.

⁵ *εινοσιφυλλον*—whose leaves, or forests, wave.

⁶ Of themselves.

⁷ And equal at the back by the plumb-line.

⁸ Bearing the terror of Mars—*i. e.* so as to make the enemy fly.

⁹ What grows in fens.

¹ Longing for their chief—*i. e.* to lead them to battle.

² And did not fight.

³ *i. e.* like a spreading fire—as rapid as fire spreads over fields of dry herbage or corn.

Thus heavily, then, did the earth groan beneath their feet, as
785 they marched⁴; and they crossed, with great speed, the plain.

And now to the Trojans came Iris, swift as the wind⁵, a messenger from ægis-bearing Jove, with the sad intelligence. And they were, young and old, all assembled, talking together,
790 at the gates of Priam. Standing near them, the swift-footed Iris spoke; and made her voice like that of Polites, the son of Priam, who trusting to his speed, sat upon the highest point of aged Esyētes' tomb, as a sentinel for the Trojans, watching⁶
795 when the Achæans should advance from their ships. Taking his likeness upon her, swift-footed Iris said:

“Endless words are ever agreeable to thee, old man, as if it were a *time* of peace: though an inevitable battle is at hand⁷. Many a battle before⁸ have I witnessed; but such and so great
800 an army I have never seen; for, in *numbers*⁹ like leaves or the sands, they advance across the plain, to fight round the city. Therefore, Hector, I enjoin thee earnestly, and do thou thus act—
for at Priam's great city there are many allies, and their languages differ¹—let each man give orders to his own people, and
805 let him lead them, taking the command² of his own townsmen.”

Thus she spake, and Hector did not disregard³ the advice of the goddess, but forthwith broke up the assembly; and they
810 rushed to arms. Then all the gates were thrown open, and the people, horse and foot, rushed out, and a mighty tumult arose.

In front of the city, on the plain, apart, there is a rising mound, accessible on all sides⁴, which men indeed call Baticia, but the immortals, the tomb of the fleet Myrinna⁵. There the
815 Trojans and their allies were marshalled⁶.

The mighty⁷ and impetuous⁸ Hector, son of Priam, commanded the TROJANS—with him, indeed, marched⁹ the most numerous and bravest troops, skilful with the spear.

⁴ Of them marching.

⁵ Equal in her feet to wind.

⁶ *δέγμενος*—observing—on the look-out.

⁷ Or arises.

⁸ Certainly before, very often, battles of men have I gone into.

⁹ *λίην*.

¹ Other is the language of other men—of many seeds—*i. e.* the language of one differs from that of another—of men of different nations.

² Arranging.

³ Was not ignorant of.

⁴ That may be run round on this side and on that.

⁵ An Amazon—allusive of her own speed or that of her horses.

⁶ Divided.

⁷ *μεγας*—as to stature.

⁸ *κορυθαιολος*—etymologically—a man whose helmet, *i. e.* the crest of it, is shaken, or in rapid motion; and indicates the activity and energy of the wearer. The epithet is applied, among mortals, only to Hector. Mars, among the gods, has the same distinction.

⁹ Were armed.

The DARDANS next, Æneas, the handsome son of Anchises, commanded—he whom divine Venus bore to Anchises on the heights of Ida; a goddess, who slept with a mortal. He was not the sole *commander*, for with him were two sons of Antenor, Archilochus and Acamas, both skilful in every fight¹. 820

And the Trojans who inhabited ZELEIA, at the lowest foot of Ida, opulent men, who drink the dark waters of the Æsepus—these next, Pandarus, the noble son of Lycæon, led, to whom Apollo himself had given a bow. 825

And those who possessed ADRASTA, and the district of Apæsus, and held Pyteia, and the lofty mountain of Tereia—them Adrastus commanded, and Amphius, whose corselet was of linen, the two sons of Percosian Merops, who was skilled above all² in the prophetic art, and had refused³ his consent to his sons to go to deadly war. But they would not be persuaded; for their fate⁴ led them on. 830

Next those who inhabited PERCOTE and Practium, and possessed Sestus, and Abÿdos, and beautiful Arisba—these Asius Hyrtacides, their chief, commanded—Asius Hyrtacides, whom fiery⁵ and mighty steeds brought from Arisba, from the river Sellæeis. 835

And Hippothoos led the bands of those Pelasgians, skilled in the use of the spear, who inhabited fertile LARISSA. These Hippothoos commanded, and Pylæus, a branch of Mars, the two sons of Lethus, the Pelasgian, son of Teutamis. 840

Next Acamas, and the hero Peiroos, led all the THRACIANS⁶, whom the rapid⁷ Hellespont encloses. 845

And Euphenes, a son of Træzenus, son of Jove-supported Ceas, was commander of the warlike CICONES.

Next Pyræchmes led the PÆONIANS, armed with bent bows, from Amydon, far off, from the wide-flowing AXIUS—Axius, whose beautiful waters spread⁸ the fairest upon the earth. 850

And the bold heart of Pylæmenes led the PAPHLAGONIANS, who were of the Eneti, (from whose country comes a breed of forest⁹ mules)—those who possessed Cytorus, and dwelt at Sesamus, and inhabited, noble mansions by the river Parthenius, and Cromna, and Ægialus, and the Erythine hills. 855

¹ *i. e.* in every mode of fighting.

² He knew above all.

³ Did not suffer.

⁴ The fate of black death.

⁵ Unless the word indicates the colour or appearance.

⁶ Meaning those of the Thracian Chersonesus, of which the Hellespont forms the southern boundary.

⁷ *i. e.* with a strong current.

⁸ *i. e.* apparently long and broad.

⁹ Or wild.

Next Odius and Epistrophus led the HALIZONIANS from Alybe, far off, where is a silver mine¹.

And Chromis commanded the MYSIANS, and Ennomus, the augur. Yet he did not by his auguries escape black death, but
 S60 was drowned by the hands of the swift-footed Æacides in the river, where indeed he (*Achilles*) slew also other Trojans.

Next Phorcys led the PHRYGIANS, along with the godlike Ascanius, from Ascania, far off; and they burned for the combat².

Next Mesthles and Antipus, sons of Takæmenes, to whom the
 S65 Gygæan lake gave birth³, commanded the MÆONIANS. These also led the Mæonians, who were natives⁴ of Tmolus.

Next Nastes commanded the CARIANS, of barbarous tongue—those who possessed Miletus, and the wooded hill of Phthiræ, and the streams of Mæander, and the lofty summits of Mycæe. These, then, Amphimachus and Nastes led—Nastes and Amphimachus, the noble sons of Nomion, who foolishly went to war,
 S70 covered with gold⁵, like a girl. But it did not save him from cruel fate, for he was drowned in the river by the hands of the
 S75 swift-footed Achilles; and Achilles, skilled in war, plundered the gold.

And Sarpedon and the good Glaucus led the LYCIANS, from Lycia, far off, from the deep Xanthus⁶.

¹ Whence is the beginning or birth of silver.

² And they were eager to fight in battle.

³ *i. e.* who were born and brought up on the shores of the Gygæan lake, near Sardis.

⁴ Born at the foot of Tmolus.

⁵ Having gold—*i. e.* with gold chains and ornaments about him.

⁶ With waves, implying a large body of water.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The armies meet. Paris challenges the Grecian princes. Menelaus accepts the challenge. The terms of the combat are adjusted by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on that of Troy. The combat. Paris vanquished, but rescued by Venus. Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the contract.

Now when *the armies* were marshalled, each along with their respective leaders, the Trojans advanced, with a clamour and a shout, like birds—as is the scream of cranes up through the sky—those which, when they fly from the winter and excessive rains, wing their way, with a scream over the floods of Oceanus, carrying death and destruction to the Pigmies¹: and these, early, bear onward dire strife². But the Achæans marched on in silence, breathing forth valour; and resolute³ to support each other.

As the south wind spreads⁴ a mist upon the brow of a mountain, by no means agreeable to the shepherd, but to the robber better than night, *in which* a man sees as far *only* as he can cast a stone;—so rose the troubled dust under their feet, as they advanced; and they crossed the plain very rapidly.

And when now they were close, coming upon one another, the god-like Alexander⁵ advanced in front⁶ of the Trojans, with the skin of a panther on his shoulders, and with a bent bow, and a

¹ Pygmæan men.

² *i. e.* Upon the pigmies—while the Trojans do so upon the Achæans.

³ εν θυμῷ μεμῶπτες.

⁴ Poured down.

⁵ Paris.

⁶ προμαχίζεν, was fighting in the van.

20 sword. And, shaking two brazen-pointed⁷ spears, he challenged all the bravest of the Argives to fight him⁸ front to front in deadly combat.

And when Menelaus, beloved of Mars, perceived him advancing with long strides⁹ before the army, he rejoiced like a lion who lights¹ upon a huge carcase, finding either a horned stag or
25 a wild goat—hungry, for he greedily devours it, although swift dogs and vigorous youths pursue him; thus rejoiced Menelaus when he beheld the god-like Alexander², for he said he should now have his revenge on the offender; and immediately he leaped with his armour from his car to the ground.

30 And when the godlike Alexander observed him appearing in the van, he was dismayed³, and retired back into the lines⁴ of his comrades to avoid death⁵. And as when one seeing a serpent in the forests of a mountain, recoiling, starts back; and a trembling seizes his limbs, and he retreats, and paleness over-
35 spreads his countenance⁶;—thus godlike Alexander retired into the ranks of the bold Trojans, fearing the son of Atreus.

And Hector, seeing this, reproved him with rough⁷ words: “Miserable⁸ Paris, most fair in form⁹, women-mad, women-se-
40 ducer¹, would that thou hadst never been born, or had died unmarried. I should have preferred it, and it would have been much more advantageous, than that thou shouldst thus be a disgrace and scandal to others. Well may the long-haired Achæans laugh, expecting thee to be a prime champion, because thy per-
45 son was handsome—but there is no strength nor courage in thy heart. What, being such a coward, traversing the deep in sea-crossing² ships, with thy loved comrades³, and mingling with foreigners, didst thou carry off the fair woman from the Apian land, the relative⁴ of warlike men—to be a great calamity to
50 thy father, and the city, and the whole people—a glory to the enemy, and a disgrace to thyself? Couldst thou not await the

⁷ Pointed with brass.

⁸ αὐτιβιον.

⁹ Striding along.

¹ Having lighted upon.

² When he saw with his eyes Alexander of the godlike form.

³ He was dismayed in his loved, *i. e.* his own heart.

⁴ εὐνος ἑταιρων.

⁵ Avoiding death.

⁶ Paleness has taken him on the cheeks.

⁷ αἰσχροῖς—words calculated to shame him.

⁸ δὺσπαρις.

⁹ *i. e.* in form only.

¹ A deceiver.

² Meaning large and strong vessels, capable of sustaining distant voyages.

³ Collecting or taking with thee, thy loved comrades.

⁴ υἱον—strictly, a son's wife; but more loosely, any female connected by marriage; or, as here, probably one who had been sought in marriage by many.

warlike Menelaus, and learn how brave is the man, whose blooming spouse thou hast? The lyre would not avail thee, nor the gifts of Venus, thy hair, nor thy beauty, when thou wert mingled in the dust. The Trojans are indeed poor-spirited, or thou wouldst before this have worn a stone-coat⁵, on account of the evils thou hast wrought.”

Then the godlike Alexander in reply said: “Hector, *I will not defend myself*, for thou reprovest me as I deserve, and not unjustly. *But judge not of me by thyself*. Thy heart is ever indomitable⁶, like an axe, which penetrates wood by the guidance of a man—by him who skilfully cuts down ship-timber⁷—and it aids the man’s strength. Such an invincible spirit hast thou in thy breast. Upbraid me not for the loved gifts of golden Venus. For by no means are the glorious gifts of the Gods to be rejected, which themselves bestow, and which none can assume at pleasure⁸. But now, on the other hand, if thou desirest that I should fight⁹, make all the rest of the Trojans and the Achæans sit down, and bring together myself and warlike Menelaus between *the armies*, that we may combat for Helen and all her wealth; and whichever may conquer and be victorious, let him by all means¹ take the riches and the dame, and carry them home. And do you, the rest of you, striking peace and faithful compacts², dwell in fertile Troy; and let them return to equestrian³ Argos, and Achæis, the land of beautiful women.” Thus he spake, and Hector was greatly delighted at hearing his speech. And advancing, therefore, between the armies, he checked the ranks of the Trojans, holding his spear by the middle: and they all stood quiet. But the long-haired Achæans were bending their bows at him, and taking aim, were hurling their arrows and stones; and the king of men, Agamemnon, shouted aloud: “Stop, ye Argives; hurl not, Achæan youth; for brave Hector looks as if he wished to parley⁴.”

Thus he spake, and they abstained from the fight, and immediately were silent; and Hector addressed both the armies: 85

⁵ Been stoned to death.

⁶ *i. e.* thy heart is one of iron.

⁷ Who by art cleaves naval timber—or shapes what is already cut down for ship-building. ⁸ ἔκων. ⁹ Fight and contend.

¹ Let him taking well all the riches—εὖ—well and good, as we say.

² Striking an alliance, and faithful victims—ἄρπια, *scil. ἱερέσια*—*i. e.* victims which were struck, or sacrificed on such occasions, to secure the sanction, or at least the evidence of the gods. The words here plainly express the covenants thus sanctioned by oaths.

³ Fit for feeding horses.

⁴ Is preparing, or proposing to speak a word.

“Hear from me, Trojans, and well-armed Achæans, the proposal of Alexander, on account of whom the war first began. He proposes, that all the other Trojans and Achæans lay down
90 their bright arms upon the fruitful earth, and that himself and warlike Menelaus, between *the armies*, should fight in single combat for Helen and all her wealth. And whichever conquers and is victorious, let him by all means take the riches and the dame, and carry them home; and let the rest of us strike an alliance and faithful compacts.”

95 Thus he spake, and all kept silence⁵; but the gallant Menelaus thus addressed them:

“Now hear me also. Very painful is it to my feelings⁶;—but I trust that all will now be settled between the Achæans and
100 Trojans—that you have suffered many evils on account of my quarrel, and of Alexander the source of *it*. But for whichever of us death and fate be prepared, let him die; and the rest of you settle your quarrel forthwith⁷. And now shall you, Trojans, bring two lambs, one a white male, and the other a black
105 female, for the Earth and the Sun, and we will bring a male for Jove; and you shall conduct hither mighty Priam⁸, that he may himself strike the compact⁹, (for his sons are reckless¹ and faithless,) that none by transgression may violate the compact of Jove. For the minds of young men are ever fickle; but where
110 an old man is present, he looks at once to the past and the future, that the matter may be best for both parties².”

Thus he spake; and the Achæans and Trojans rejoiced, hoping they should cease from toilsome war. And they accordingly drew back their cars to the ranks, and themselves alighted, and threw off their armour, and laid it near each other on the
115 ground; and there was a small space between them.

And Hector sent two heralds to the city with all haste to bring the lambs, and to summon Priam; and king Agamemnon dispatched Talthybius to the hollow ships³, and ordered him to
120 fetch a lamb; and he did not disobey the noble Agamemnon.

In the mean time came Iris, a messenger to the white-armed

⁵ And all were mutely in silence.

⁶ Very greatly comes pain to my feelings.

⁷ Separate—*i. e.* make peace and go home.

⁸ *βῆν Πριάμου*—the force of Priam—*i. e.* Priam himself.

⁹ Strike the victims, or take the oaths.

¹ Violators of oaths sworn over a libation.

² For, on what affairs an old man is present, he looks before and behind, that they (the affairs) may be best for both parties—*i. e.* it is best for both when an old man presides.

³ To go to the hollow ships.

Helen, in the likeness⁴ of her sister-in-law, the wife of Antenor's son, Laodice, fairest⁵ of the daughters of Priam, whom king⁶ Helicaon, son of Antenor, possessed. And her she found in the palace; and she was weaving a large web, a double⁷ and 125 splendid one, and was working⁸ upon it the many toils of the Trojan chiefs and brazen-mailed Achæans, which for her sake they had suffered at the hands of Mars. And standing near her, the swift-footed Iris said:

"Come hither, dear girl, that thou mayst behold the strange 130 deeds of the Trojan chiefs and brazen-mailed Achæans—they who just now were bearing fearful war against each other on the plain, eager for destructive battle, now sit in silence, (for the war has ceased,) leaning upon their shields, and their long 135 spears are stuck *in the ground* beside them. And Alexander and the warlike Menelaus are going to fight for thee with long spears, and thou art to be called the dear spouse of the conquerer⁹."

Thus having spoken, the goddess infused into her soul a soft desire for her former husband, her city, and her parents; and 140 immediately wrapping herself in a white veil, she hastened from the chamber, shedding the tender tear; not alone, for with her went two attendants, Æthre, the daughter of Pittheus, and large-eyed¹ Clymène. And soon they came where were the Scæan gates. And the elders of the people², Priam, and Pan- 145 thoüs, and Thymætēs, and Dampus, and Clytius, and Hicetaon, a branch of Mars, and Ucalegon and Antenor, both prudent men, were sitting at the Scæan gate—now on account of their age abstaining from war³. But they were still good talkers⁴, like 150 grass-hoppers, which sitting upon a tree in a forest, send forth a sweet sound. Such *were* the chiefs of the Trojans *who* sat on the tower⁵. And when they beheld Helen approaching the tower, they quickly addressed winged words one to another: 155

"No wonder⁶ that the Trojans and well-armed Achæans, for a long period, endure toils for such a woman. She resembles very much in countenance the immortal goddesses. But even

⁴ Making herself like to.

⁵ Best in appearance.

⁶ κρείων—as if it was an honorary title—not implying sovereign authority.

⁷ διπλαξα—as if, perhaps, large enough to fold twice round the person.

⁸ Interspersing—working in with a needle, probably.

⁹ To the man who conquers.

¹ βουπις.

² Δηλογοροντες in 149.

³ Or having done with war.

⁴ Sc. employed in consulting on public affairs.

⁵ i. e. over the Scæan gates.

⁶ Or rather, ground for censure—meaning, one cannot blame them.

160 thus, such though she be, let her return in the ships, and not be left a trouble to us and our sons⁷."

Thus then they spake; and Priam called to Helen⁸: "Come hither, my dear child, and sit by me, that thou mayst behold thy former husband, and relations, and friends; for thou art not in
165 fault—it is the gods who are to blame, who have sent upon me the lamentable war of the Achæans. So tell me the name of that fine looking man,—who is that handsome and noble Achæan? There are, to be sure, others taller by the head; but never with
170 *these* eyes have I seen so handsome and so majestic a man; he looks like a king."

And him Helen, loveliest of women, answered: "Thou art to me, my dear father-in-law, an object of respect and reverence.⁹ Would that dire death had been my choice¹, when I accompanied
175 thy son hither, leaving my bridal chamber, and my relations, and my only child², and the sweet society of my friends³. But those things were not, and therefore I weep and pine⁴. But that which thou askest and requirest of me I will tell. That is the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, a good king, and a gallant warrior, both. He was besides my brother-in-law,—
180 shameless woman, that I am—if indeed he ever was⁵."

Thus she spake; and the old man admired him, and said: "O blessed son of Atreus, of happy birth, and noble destiny; numerous indeed are the Achæan youth under thy command. I once went to wine-bearing Phrygia, where I beheld numerous
185 Phrygians, car-warriors, the armies of Otreus, and godlike Mygdon, which were then encamped upon the banks of the Sangarius; and I was with them, one of their allies⁶, on that day, when the masculine⁷ Amazons came against them. But even they were not so numerous as the noble Achæans⁸."

⁷ And our children after us.

⁸ Called Helen with his voice.

⁹ Thou art *to be* respected.

¹ Or, that ought to have been my choice—*sc.* rather than have done what I did, when, &c.

² Hermione—loved, or only,—*i. e.* judging by the application of the word, for its derivation is scarcely discoverable.

³ Those of my own age.

⁴ But these things were not done,—*i. e.* such was not my conduct, and therefore I am consumed weeping.

⁵ εἰ πούτ' εἶπεν γέ—*as if now she modestly doubted whether that could ever have been a fact.*

⁶ Drawn up, or arrayed with them.

⁷ ἀντιανειθαί—equal to men, in vigour or courage—capable of sustaining men in battle.

⁸ ἑλικώπεις. The word is applied by Homer only to the Achæans and the daughter of Chryses. Pindar couples it with Venus. ωψ is probably the source

Next, observing Ulysses, the old man asked: "And that one, too, my dear child; come, tell me who is he? He is less, by the head, than Agamemnon, son of Atreus; but is broader in the chest and shoulders⁹. His weapons lie on the bountiful earth; 195 but he himself, like a ram, ranges among the ranks of men. I compare him to a full-fleeced ram, which roams through a large flock of white sheep."

Then Helen, sprung from Jove, replied: "That, again, is the wise Ulysses, the son of Laertes, who was brought up in a district of Ithaca, a rocky isle,—a man ready at every stratagem, 200 and every wise expedient."

And to her the prudent Antenor replied: "Lady, certainly that is a true word you have said¹; for here, also, once the noble Ulysses came on an embassy, on thy account, along with the 205 brave Menelaus. And then I received and entertained in my house, and marked the persons of both and their wise counsels. And when they were mixed up with the assembled Trojans, Menelaus, as they stood², rose above him by the broad shoulders; 210 but when both were sitting, Ulysses was more majestic. When they addressed the people and explained their views³, Menelaus indeed spoke concisely⁴—a few words, but very agreeably, since he was neither loquacious nor rambling⁵, although the younger 215 man. But when the wise Ulysses rose, he at first stood *still*, and looked down, fixing his eyes upon the ground; and his sceptre he waved neither backwards nor forwards, but, like a stupid man, kept it motionless—you might have said he was 220 thus at once sullen, and a fool. But when at last the mighty voice burst from his breast, and words, which resembled the snow-showers of winter⁶, no other mortal would have then contended with Ulysses. Then indeed were we not so charmed at the form of Ulysses⁷."

Seeing Ajax, the old man, a third time, asked: "And who is 225

of it, and handsome or noble the sense. A Scholiast suggests the word may be derived from *κωπη*, and so *ἐλικωπες* might mean *naval*—the Achæans who came by sea.

⁹ But is broader to be seen.

¹ *i. e.* you are quite right.

² They standing.

³ But when they wove words and plans to all.

⁴ Or, rapidly—cursorily—not dwelling upon points.

⁵ Not one who does not hit the mark, or not stick to his subject. Menelaus in his speeches was short, but to the purpose.

⁶ But when he poured the mighty voice from his breast, and words like wintry snow-showers.

⁷ *i. e.* not so much as at his eloquence,—we no longer thought of his appearance noble as that was.

that other Achæan warrior, large and tall, who overtops the Argives, by the head and broad shoulders?"

And long-robed Helen, loveliest of women, replied: "That is the mighty Ajax, the bulwark of the Achæans; and Idomeneus stands on the other side among the Cretans, like a god; and round him are gathered the leaders of the Cretans. Often has the warlike Menelaus hospitably received him in our house, when he came from Crete. And now do I behold all the other noble³ Achæans, whom I could readily recognise, and tell their names; but two leaders of the people I cannot see, Castor, the driver of horses, and Pollux, the skilful boxer,—my own twin brothers, whom, with myself, the same mother bore. Did they not come from lovely Lacedæmon? Or hither came in sea-crossing barks, but now no longer will enter the battle of men, ashamed of the many scandals and reproaches which *attach* to me²."

Thus she spake; but them their mother¹ earth already enclosed there in Lacedæmon, in their loved native land.

And now the heralds were bringing through the city the sanctions of the compact², two lambs, with gladdening wine, produce of the soil, in a goat's skin; and Idæus, the herald, bore a splendid goblet and golden cups; and standing near the old man, he thus excited him with his words:

"Rise, son of Laomedon, the chiefs of the noble Trojan and brazen-mailed Achæans summon thee to descend into the plain, that thou mayst strike a solemn compact³. For Alexander and brave Menelaus are going to fight with long spears for the dame; and the dame and her riches will be the reward of the conquerer⁴. But the rest of us, under the sanction of a peace⁵, shall cultivate fruitful Troy; and they will return to fertile Argos, and Achæis, *land* of beautiful women."

Thus he spake; and the old man shuddered, but he ordered his people to put the horses to the car⁶, and they obeyed with alacrity. And then Priam mounted, and took⁷ the reins, and Antenor ascended the beautiful car beside him; and they drove the swift horses through the Scæan gates towards the plain.

And when now they reached the Trojans and Achæans, alight-

¹ ἑλικωπες. A. 98 Γ. 190.

² Which are to me.

³ φουσιζοος—that generates the necessaries of life.

⁴ ὄρκια πιστα—*scil.* the lambs, wine, &c.

⁵ ὄρκια πιστα—the compact; as three lines below, the phrase stands for the final peace.

⁶ Will follow him who conquers.

⁷ Friendship and sure victims, *i. e.* victims of faith having struck.

⁸ To yoke his horses.

⁹ Drew back, *i. e.* behind the horses.

ing from the car⁸ on the fruitful earth, they walked into the 265
open space between the Trojans and Achæans. And then forth-
 with Agamemnon, king of men, rose up, and the wise Ulysses;
 and the worthy heralds brought the victims⁹ and mingled¹ wine
 in a goblet, and poured water upon the hands of the kings. 270
 And Atrides, drawing out with his hands the knife, which always
 hung beside the great scabbard of his sword, cut off the wool
 from the heads of the lambs; and then the heralds distributed
 it among the chiefs of the Trojans and Achæans. And Atrides 275
 prayed among² them with a loud *voice*, lifting up his hands:

“Father Jove, who rulest from Ida, most glorious, most
 mighty; and thou Sun, who seest all things and hearest all
 things; and ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye who below³ pun-
 ish dead men, who break their oaths⁴, be ye witnesses, and guar- 280
 dians of⁵ this compact. If Alexander shall slay Menelaus, then
 let him keep Helen and all her wealth, and we return in our
 sea-crossing ships; but if the yellow-haired Menelaus shall kill
 Alexander, then let the Trojans restore Helen and all her wealth 285
 and pay to the Argives a fine *such* as is just—one which shall
 be memorable, even among future generations⁶. But if—should
 Alexander fall⁷—Priam and the sons of Priam will not pay the
 fine, then will I fight again for that fine, remaining here, till I 290
 finish the war⁸.”

He said, and with his pitiless knife cut the throats of the
 lambs, and he laid them, palpitating, upon the ground, deprived
 of life; for the knife had taken away their strength. Then 295
 taking wine from the flagon into their goblets, they libated,
 and prayed to the immortal gods; and thus each of the Achæ-
 ans and Trojans said:

“Jove, most glorious, most mighty, and ye other immortal

⁸ ἰπποῦς.

⁹ ὄρνια πύσσα may here mean, not only the victims, but the apparatus for the sacrifice generally.

¹ Not diluted with water—the wine brought by the Trojans was *mixed* with some produced by the Achæans.

² Perhaps *with* them.

³ τινυσθόν—a dual; and therefore Pluto and Proserpine must be meant.

⁴ May have sworn a perjury.

⁵ And guard.

⁶ Among men which are to be. The τιμή is an indemnity for the charges of the war, sufficient to protect future generations from like aggressions—or possibly, an annual tribute for ever may be meant.

⁷ Alexander having fallen.

⁸ Till I find an end for the war.

300 gods! whoever first shall violate⁹ this compact, thus may the brains both of them and of their children flow, as this wine, upon the ground; and may their wives be united with others¹.”

Thus they spake, but the son of Saturn did not at all accomplish *their desire*. And Priam, son of Dardanus, thus addressed them²:

305 “Hear me, ye Trojans and well-armed Achæans. I must now go back to windy Ilium, since I could by no means bear to see my loved son combating with brave Menelaus. Jove well knows this, and the rest of the immortal gods, to which of the two death is decreed³.”

310 The godlike man thus spake, and placed the lambs⁴ in the car. And then he mounted himself, and took the reins; and Antenor ascended the beautiful car beside him, and back then they returned to Troy.

And Hector, son of Priam, and the noble Ulysses, measured
315 first the ground; and then taking lots, they shook them in a brazen helmet, *to determine* which should first throw his brazen spear. Meanwhile the people prayed, and lifted up their hands to the gods, and thus each of the Achæans and Trojans said:

320 “O father Jove, who rulest from Ida, most glorious, most mighty, whichever was the author of this war⁵, grant that he may descend, slain, to the mansion of Hades; and that friendship and peace may again exist among us.”

Thus they spake; and the great *and* active⁶ Hector shook
325 *the helmet*, looking backwards; and immediately the lot of Paris leaped out. Then the troops⁷ sat down in their ranks, where each man's fleet horses and beautiful⁸ armour were⁹. And the noble Alexander, the husband of fair-haired Helen, put his
330 bright armour on his shoulders. First he put round his legs handsome greaves fastened with silver clasps; next he braced upon his breast the corslet of his brother Lycaon, for it fitted

⁹ Do wrong contrary to the compact.

¹ *i. e.* as captives, be at the disposal of others.

² Spoke to them a word.

³ But Jove and the other immortal gods know this, to which the end of death is fated—implying *he* did not.

⁴ In cases of this kind, the victims were not eaten, but buried in the ground, or thrown into the sea.

⁵ Whoever placed these deeds among both.

⁶ *κορυθαίολος*. See B. 816.

⁷ They.

⁸ *ποικιλά*—expressive of the ornaments or workmanship of the armour.

⁹ Where lay to each his, &c.

him; and then round his shoulders¹ he hung his brazen sword, with a silver hilt, and then his shield, large and massive; and upon his gallant head he placed a well-formed helmet, crested with horse-hair, and the crest nodded awfully from above; and he selected a strong spear, which fitted his hand. And so in the same manner the warrior Menelaus also braced on his armour. 335

And when therefore they were armed on both sides², they advanced to the mid-space³ between the Trojans and Achæans, looking fiercely; and amazement seized the gazing Trojan chiefs and well-armed Achæans. And now they stood near each other, within the measured ground, shaking their spears, and mutually enraged.⁴ And first Alexander hurled his long spear, and struck the round⁵ shield of the son of Atreus. But it pierced not the brass, for its point was bent in the strong shield. And, in his turn, Menelaus, son of Atreus, advanced with his spear,⁶ praying *first* to father Jove: 340 350

“Jove, O king, grant that I may take my revenge on the divine Alexander for the wrong which he has done me unprovoked⁷: and subdue him by my hands, that even among posterity each may shrink from wronging an host who has shown him hospitality⁸.”

He spake, and brandishing his long spear, he hurled it, and struck the round shield of the son of Priam. Through the glittering shield pierced the impetuous spear, and forced its way through the corselet of curious workmanship; and cut right through the tunic, at his flank; but he swerved aside, and escaped black death. Then the son of Atreus, drawing his silver-hilted sword, and raising it, smote the cone of his helmet; but it fell from his hand, broken into three or four pieces upon it. And the son of Atreus, looking up to the wide heaven, groaned: 355 360

“Jove, father, no other of the gods is more malicious than 365

¹ Suspended from a belt which went round the shoulder—*i. e.* the left shoulder. The shield, in like manner, was suspended by another—a cross belt—which went round the right shoulder.

² In each army.

³ To the middle of.

⁴ Enraged or inflamed against one another.

⁵ On all sides equal—*i. e.* round, or smooth, according as the word be supposed to refer to the shape or surface of the shield.

⁶ ὤρυστο χαλκῷ—rose with his brass; equivalent to the *altior insurgens* of Virgil XII. 902.

⁷ Who first did evil deeds to me.

⁸ Each of men born hereafter may shudder to do evil to the host, who has shown him friendship.

thou. I quite expected to have had my revenge on Alexander for his wrongs; and now my sword is broken in my hand, and my spear was thrown⁹ without effect, nor have I struck him.”

He said, and springing upon him, seized him by the helmet crested with horse-hair, and turning round, dragged him towards
 370 the well-armed Achæans. And the embroidered band at his tender throat was choking him—the strap of the helmet which went¹ under his chin. And now would Menelaus have dragged him off, and obtained immense glory, had not Venus, daughter of Jove, quickly perceived it, and snapt the leathern² band;
 375 and the empty helmet followed his powerful hand. Then the hero whirling it round, tossed it among the well-armed Achæans, and his dear comrades picked it up. And back he rushed with
 380 a brazen spear, eager to kill *his enemy*; but Venus, with the greatest ease, as a goddess, carried him off; and then covered him with a thick cloud, and placed him in his fragrant-scented chamber.

Then she went herself to call Helen, and her she found upon
 385 a lofty tower, with many³ Trojan ladies round her; and taking hold of her beautiful robe with her hand, she pulled it; but she spoke to her in the likeness of an old woman, an aged dresser of wool, who beautifully dressed the white fleeces for her while she dwelt at Lacedæmon, and greatly loved her. Taking her form, the goddess Venus addressed her:

390 “Come hither; Alexander invites thee to return home; for he is in the bridal⁴ chamber, radiant in beauty and dress. You would not say that he had returned home—after combating⁵, but rather that he was going to a dance, or was sitting down, having just left off dancing.”

395 Thus she spake, and stirred her passions in her breast. As soon, however, as Helen perceived the beautiful neck of the goddess, her lovely bosom, and sparkling eyes, she was filled with amazement, and addressed her, and said⁶:

400 “Goddess, why desirest thou to deceive me thus⁷? Somewhere farther among the populous cities⁸ of Phrygia, or pleasant Mæonia, art thou going to take me—if there be there too any favourite of thine⁹? Is it because Menelaus, having now con-

⁹ Was cast from my hands.

¹ Was stretched.

² Thong made of an ox killed by violence.

³ Ladies in great number.

⁴ Chamber and bed—bed turned—shaped by turner's instruments.

⁵ That he came, having fought with a man.

⁶ And spake a word, &c. *i. e.* addressed her, and said in particular.

⁷ ταυτα.

⁸ The genitive depends on πη.

⁹ If there also be some one of articulate-speaking men dear to thee.

quered the noble Alexander, is willing to take me, hateful as I am, home again?—is it for this thou now comest here to entrap me¹? Go thyself and sit beside him, and renounce the ways of 405 gods². No longer bend thy steps towards Olympus³, but ever whimper round him and tend him, until he make thee his wife or his slave. I, at least, will not go there—it would now be disgraceful—to share his bed; all the Trojan women would 410 hereafter cry shame upon me; and I have *already* sorrows enough upon my mind.”

But the Goddess Venus, indignant, replied: “Provoke me not, perverse one, lest enraged I desert thee, and hate thee as much as now I have greatly loved thee; and lest I stir up deadly 415 enmities in both Trojans and Achæans, against thee, and thou die a miserable death.”

Thus she spake; and Helen, sprung from Jove, was frightened, and, enveloped in her white splendid veil, she went in silence, and was unobserved by all the Trojan women⁴, and the goddess 420 led the way.

And when they arrived at the beautiful abode of Alexander, her attendants⁵ turned hastily to their works⁶; and the loveliest of women ascended to the lofty bridal chamber. Then the smiling Venus, taking a seat for her, placed it opposite Alexander, the goddess herself carrying it; and there Helen, daughter 425 of the ægis-bearing Jove, sat averting her eyes, and thus up-braided her husband.

“Thou art come then from battle! Would that thou hadst there perished, slain by the brave man who was my former husband. Thou didst boast of old that thou wert superior to brave 430 Menelaus in strength, in dexterity⁷, and in the use of the spear—go, then, and challenge again brave Menelaus to fight thee. But I advise thee to desist, and not unwisely enter the lists⁸ with the yellow-haired Menelaus, and fight him, lest thou be quickly subdued by his spear.” 435

But Paris, in reply, said: “Lady, vex not my soul with bitter reproaches. For Menelaus has conquered now, by the aid of Minerva; and I, in my turn, shall vanquish him, for I also have

¹ Art thou now present laying snares for me?

² *i. e.* all intercourse with the gods—not the condition of divinity.

³ No more return to Olympus with thy feet.

⁴ She eluded the observation of all the Trojan women.

⁵ Helen's two attendants.

⁶ To their wonted duties.

⁷ In hands.

⁸ And not to fight an opposing battle with Menelaus.

440 gods on my side⁹. But come, let us turn to the dreams of love¹; for never did desire so seize my soul—no, not when first snatching thee from lovely Lacedæmon, I sailed in my sea-crossing ships, and enjoyed thy person in the isle of Cranaë, as now I
445 love thee, and the fond desire possesses me.”

He said, and moved towards² the bed, and his wife followed him; and they slept in the beautiful³ couch.

Meanwhile the son of Atreus roamed through the army like a wild beast, in pursuit of the godlike Alexander.⁴ But none
450 of the Trojans or of their noble allies was able then to point out Alexander to the warlike Menelaus; for they would not have concealed him through friendship, had any seen him, since he was hated by all of them as much as black death. And the king
455 of men, Agamemnon, addressed them:

“Hear me, ye Trojans, and Dardans, and allies. The victory of brave Menelaus is manifest; therefore restore ye Argive Helen, and her riches along with her, and pay such a fine as is just—one which shall be memcrable even among future genera-
460 tions⁵.” Thus spake Atrides, and the other Achæans approved.

⁹ For to us also there are gods by us.

¹ But come, let us, lying down, turn to love.

² And began going—led the way.

³ Pierced, or perforated—described *δινωσσισι λεχέεσσσι* in 391 of this book. State-beds—bedsteads, perhaps, as distinguished from mattresses on the floor.

⁴ If he could any where perceive.

⁵ See lines 286, 7.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

In a council of the gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for this purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam. exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon, having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

MEANWHILE the Gods, sitting by the side of Jove, were chatting¹ in the golden hall²; and, among them, the charming Hebe was pouring out nectar; and in succession they each took the golden cups, as they gazed upon the city of the Trojans. Then the 5 son of Saturn endeavoured to irritate Juno, with sarcastic words, addressing her obliquely:

“Two of the Goddesses are patrons of Menelaus, Argive Juno, and the protecting Minerva, and truly they are, sitting apart³, amusing themselves with looking on; whilst with Paris, on the contrary, smiling Venus is ever present, and defending him from 10 fate⁴, and has even now just rescued him, when expecting to die. But certainly the victory belongs to the brave Menelaus; and we must now consult how these matters shall be, whether, that 15 is, we shall again excite evil war and direful battle, or make⁵

¹ Not in consultation—as in B 788, *οἱ ἀγορᾶς ἀγορευοῦν* does not express a formal meeting on business.

² Pavement—*i. e.* hall paved with gold.

³ *i. e.* as if without any regard for him—making no attempt to aid him.

⁴ And puts away from him the fates.

⁵ Throw or put.

peace between both parties. And if this be thus agreeable and pleasant to all, then truly may the city of king Priam be *still* inhabited⁶, and Menelaus take Argive Helen home again."

20 Thus he spake; and Minerva and Juno, who were sitting together, and plotting evils against the Trojans, growled. Minerva indeed was silent, and spake not, *though* irritated with father Jove, and *though* wild rage seized her; but Juno could not restrain her indignation within her breast, but said:

25 "Most imperious son of Saturn, what words are these thou speakest? Why wouldst thou make my labour vain, and that sweat unfruitful, which I in toil have sweated? Even my horses were fatigued, whilst I assembled the army, *to bring* evils upon Priam and his sons. Do *as thou wilt*⁷, but none of the rest of us shall approve."

30 Then the cloud-collecting Jove, in great anger replied: "Goddess, what wrongs so great have Priam, and the sons of Priam done thee, that thou shouldst, so ardently, desire to lay waste the well-built town of Ilium? For if thou couldst enter
35 the gates and lofty walls, and eat up Priam raw, and the sons of Priam, and the rest of the Trojans, then mightst thou sate thine anger. Do, however, as thou wilt—let not at least this dispute, for the future, be matter of great contention between thee and
40 me⁸. But I will tell thee something else, and do thou cast it in thy heart. If ever I have a great⁹ desire to destroy a city, where there are men, dear to thee, thwart not thou my fury; but give way to me; for though I have given up *this city* to thee, of my own accord, I do it with unwilling mind. For of
45 the cities of terrestrial men, which are inhabited beneath the sun and starry heavens, beyond all others sacred Ilium¹ was honoured in my heart, and Priam, and the people of Priam, famed for his ashen spear². For never was my altar without abundant offerings, both of wine and fat³—the honour allotted us⁴ by fate."

50 And large-eyed imperial Juno then answered: "Well, there are three cities very dear to me, Argos, and Sparta, and wide-streeted Mycenæ; them destroy when they are hateful to thy

⁶ *i. e.* not be captured, but preserved.

⁷ Do—ὅπως ἐθέλεις must be understood—the words occur in line 37 below.

⁸ To thee and me, between both of us.

⁹ μεμῶως ἐθέλω—earnestly wish.

¹ ἴρη—as usual—for anything great or illustrious.

² With a good ashen spear.

³ κνίσση—fat—or the odour of it—roasted or burnt.

⁴ *i. e.* the gods—for that is the honour which *we* have obtained by allotment.

soul⁵. I will neither defend them⁶, nor trouble myself about them⁷. For indeed if I should interpose and not allow⁸ you to 55 destroy them, I should effect nothing by interposing; since thou art by much the more powerful. But it becomes thee not to render my labour fruitless; for I likewise am a divinity, and of the same origin⁹ with thyself, and I am wily Saturn's daughter, and entitled to respect¹, on two accounts—by birth, and because 60 I am² called thy wife, and thou art king over all immortals. We will, therefore, give way to each other in these matters, I to thee, and thou to me; and the other immortal Gods will follow; and do thou quickly enjoin Minerva to repair to the dire battle-field of the Trojans and Achæans, and endeavour to 65 make the Trojans be the first, contrary to the compact, to do some injury to the exulting Achæans."

Thus she spake, nor did the father of Gods and men refuse, 70 but immediately addressed Minerva with winged words:

"Away, with speed, to the army of the Trojans and Achæans, and endeavour to make the Trojans be the first to commit, contrary to the compact, some injury on the exulting Achæans."

Thus speaking, he dispatched Minerva, ready enough before 75 to go, and she descended, hastening, from the summits of Olympus. For as a star, which wily Saturn's son sends forth, to be an omen, either to sailors, or to some wide army of troops, brilliant, and one from which many sparks shoot forth—like that, did Minerva rush towards the earth, and leaped into the midst of them: and amazement seized the Trojan chiefs and well- 80 armed Achæans, on beholding her. And thus, one looking at his neighbour, said—

"Either there will be evil war and dire contest again³, or Jove, who is the arbiter of war among men, will make peace between both nations." Thus said Achæans and Trojans to one another⁴. 85

⁵ Whenever they are hateful above others in thy heart.

⁶ I neither stand before them.

⁷ *μειγαίρω* and *φειδονεω* seem in the older usage of the Greeks to have meant—
forbidding, or interposing to prevent.

⁸ *i. e.* try to prevent.

⁹ And whence the birth is to me, thence it is to thee.

¹ *πρεσβυτατην*—employed generally for *eldest-born*, but, in the present case, obviously as here rendered.

² Or styled.

³ The first *η* may be affirmative, and *μαλλον* be understood with the second—which will afford a more consistent sense—Surely there will rather be war again than peace.

⁴ *i. e.* one Achæan said to another Achæan—and one Trojan to another Trojan—indefinitely and generally.

But she (*Minerva*) entered into the army of the Trojans in likeness of a man⁵, of Laodocus, son of Antenor, a gallant warrior, seeking for the godlike Pandarus, if she could any where find
 90 him. And she found the brave and noble Pandarus standing, and round him powerful ranks of shielded men, who accompanied him from the streams of Æsepis. And standing near him, she spake these winged words:

“Wilt thou be persuaded by me, warlike son of Lycaon? Wilt thou venture to shoot a fleet arrow at Menelaus? Thou
 95 wouldst gain thanks and glory with all the Trojans, and above all, with king Alexander. From him thou wouldst surely, in particular, receive some splendid gifts, should he see warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, subdued by thy weapon, placed upon
 100 the sad funeral pile. Come then, shoot an arrow at Menelaus, elevated with glory, and vow to Apollo⁶, famed for his bow, to sacrifice a noble hecatomb of first-born lambs, upon thy return⁷ home to the city of sacred Zeleia.”

Thus spake Minerva, and persuaded the mind of the fool⁸.
 105 Immediately he drew forth⁹ his smooth bow, made from a wanton wild goat, one which, as it came out of a cave, he himself, watching for it in ambuscade, hitting it on the chest, struck to the heart; and it fell prone into the cave. Its horns grew from its
 110 head of the length of sixteen palms; and the artist, the polisher of horns, had with labour¹ prepared² them; and after smoothing every part beautifully, put upon them golden tips. And when he (*Pandarus*) had bent it³ well, he put one end on the ground, stooping; and his gallant comrades held their shield before him,
 115 lest the brave sons of the Achæans should rise⁴, before Menelaus, the brave leader of the Achæans, was struck. Then he took off the cover of his quiver, and from it selected an arrow new⁵ and feathered, the source of dark pains. And immediately he fitted the dire arrow to the string, and vowed to offer to Apollo,

⁵ Like to a man.

⁶ Λυκίηνος. The Lycian, according to the usual interpretation, which, however, would require Λυκίηνος. The son of light, or of the morn, suits alike the etymology of the word, and the attributes of Apollo.

⁷ Having returned.

⁸ And persuaded the mind to him foolish.

⁹ *i. e.* from its case.

¹ Labouring.

² *i. e.* by fastening together the roots of the two horns, which formed the centre of the bow.

³ *i. e.* when he had strung the bow, he laid it down, whilst he selected an arrow from his quiver—*stooping* to escape observation.

⁴ For they were sitting down.

⁵ Unshot—never shot before; and, of course, with its point unblunted.

famed for his bow, a noble hecatomb of first-born lambs, upon 120
his return home to the city of sacred Zeleia. Then seizing the
notch of the arrow, and the bow-string⁶ together, he drew them;
the string he brought close to his breast, and the point⁷ of the
arrow to the bow. And when he had bent the large bow into
a circle, the bow twanged, and the string sounded loud, and the
sharp-pointed arrow sprang forth, eager to rush among the 125
crowd.

Nor were the blessed immortal Gods forgetful of thee, Mene-
laus, and first, the despoiler⁸, the daughter of Jove, who standing
before thee, averted the deadly arrow. And she repelled it from 130
his body as much as when a mother drives away a fly from her
child, while he reclines in sweet sleep; and then she directed it
where the golden clasps of his belt met⁹, and the double corselet
interposed; and the dire arrow struck upon the tightened belt; 135
through the belt of curious workmanship it drove, and pierced
the beautiful corselet, and the girdle¹ which he wore, the pro-
tection of his person, a defence against darts, and which very
much protected him—even through it did it make its way; and
then the arrow grazed the skin of the man on the surface², and 140
immediately the dark blood flowed from the wound.

And as when some Mæonian or Carian maid stains a *piece of*
ivory with purple for the cheek-piece³ of horses, and it lies
in her chamber, and many horsemen are desirous to have it,
but the favour lies for a king,—for two purposes—an ornament 145
for his horse, and a glory to the driver; so, Menelaus, were thy
good thighs and legs, and fair ancles beneath, stained with blood.

Then the king of men, Agamemnon, shuddered when he saw
the black blood flowing from the wound; and the brave Mene-
laus himself also shuddered. But when he perceived the string⁴, 150
and the barbs of the arrow outside⁵, his courage was again col-
lected within his breast. And king Agamemnon, groaning
deeply among them, addressed him, holding Menelaus by the
hand; and their comrades also groaned:

“My beloved brother, *for* thy death this compact have I 155
struck, by opposing thee thus alone to fight for the Achæans
against the Trojans: so have the Trojans wounded thee, and

⁶ Οἰ-sinews.

⁷ Iron.

⁸ Ἀγέλειη—*i. e.* apparently, ληϊτίς, as she is expressly styled in K. 460.

⁹ Fastened the belt.

¹ *i. e.* the inner girdle—next his person.

² ἀκροστατον χροα—on the very outside—a scratch comparatively.

³ A blinker?

⁴ That with which the iron point was fastened to the shaft.

⁵ *i. e.* had not penetrated.

trampled on the sacred compact. Not in vain, however, can be the oath of compact, and the blood of lambs, and the unmixed
 160 libations, and the right hands in which we trusted; for although the Olympian has not at once enforced them, he will at last enforce; and they will dearly⁶ pay for it with their own heads, their wives, and their children. For this I know well in my soul⁷, that the day will come when sacred Ilium shall perish, and
 165 Priam, and the people of Priam, skilled in the ashen spear; and Jove, the son of Saturn, the ruler on high, who dwells in the air, will himself shake over all of them his stormy Ægis, indignant at this treachery: and these things will not be unaccomplished. But deep grief will be upon me on thy account, O
 170 Menelaus, if thou shouldst die, and complete the destiny of life. And I shall return to long-desired Argos, covered with infamy⁸; for the Achæans will immediately recall to mind their native land⁹, and we shall leave Argive Helen, a boast to Priam and the
 175 Trojans. And the earth will rot thy bones, as thou liest¹ in Troy, after fruitless toil; and thus will insolent Trojans say, trampling on the tomb of glorious Menelaus: 'Even thus may Agamemnon wreak his anger upon all, as now he has led hither an army of Achæans to no purpose; and has at last gone home
 180 to his own native land with empty² ships, leaving brave Menelaus behind him.' So will they speak; and then may the wide earth yawn for me."

But the yellow-haired Menelaus, cheering him, said: "Cheer up³, nor by any means alarm the people of the Achæans. The
 185 sharp weapon has not pierced to a mortal place, for the ornamented belt first resisted it, and beneath that the corselet⁴ and the girdle⁵ which armourers made⁶."

And king Agamemnon answering him said: "Oh that it may
 190 be so, dear Menelaus; but a surgeon shall probe the wound, and apply medicaments, to allay the black pains⁷."

⁶ With much, *i. e.* evil.

⁷ For this I well know in my mind and soul—as if there were two mediums, the head and the heart.

⁸ Most infamous.

⁹ *i. e.* will think of returning home.

¹ The bones of thee lying, &c.

² *i. e.* without the spoils of Troy.

³ Take courage—do not be alarmed.

⁴ Ζωμα—*i. e.* the lower part of the corselet. The whole corselet (Ζωρηξ) is in line 133 called διπλοος (double).

⁵ μισηρη—which seems to have been a brass plate—or a kind of quilting, covered with brass.

⁶ Men who work in brass.

⁷ Severe pains.

He said, and addressed Talthybius, the noble herald: "Talthybius, call hither as quick as possible, Machaon, son of the famous surgeon, Æsculapius, that he may see Menelaus, the brave leader 195 of the Achæans, whom one of the Trojans or Lycians, well skilled in the bow, by shooting an arrow at him, has wounded—for him a glory, but for us a grief."

Thus he spake, and the herald heard and did not disobey; and he went⁸ to the army of the brazen-mailed Achæans, looking 200 round for the hero Machaon; and he marked him standing, and round him were gallant ranks of shielded warriors, who accompanied him from 'Tricca, feeder-of-horses. And standing near, he addressed him in winged words:

"Up son of Æsculapius; king Agamemnon calls thee, that thou mayst look at the warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, whom 205 one of the Trojans or Lycians, well skilled in archery, by shooting an arrow at him, has wounded—for him a glory, but for us a grief."

Thus he spake, and stirred his heart within his breast; and 210 they proceeded through the ranks, along the wide army of Achæans. And when now they came where the yellow-haired Menelaus had been wounded, and where all the chiefs were⁹ gathered round him in a circle, he presented himself in the midst, a man equal to a god; and Machaon immediately plucked the arrow from the fastened belt; but in plucking it out, the sharp barbs bent back. Then he loosed the decorated belt, and 215 beneath it the corselet¹ and girdle, which armourers made. And when he saw the wound where the dire arrow fell, he squeezed out the blood, and skilfully sprinkled upon the wound soothing medicaments², which Chiron of old kindly³ gave to his father.

Whilst these were occupied around the brave Menelaus, the 220 ranks of the shielded Trojans advanced; and the Achæans again put on their armour, and prepared⁴ for battle. Then would you not see the noble Agamemnon sleeping, nor trembling, nor unwilling to fight, but very eager for glorious combat; for he left 225 his horses, and his car adorned with brass, and his attendant Eurymedon, the son of Ptolemæus, the son of Peirais, held them snorting at a little distance; whom he strongly charged to keep them near him, *to receive him* whenever weariness should seize

⁸ He went to go—set out.

⁹ As many chiefs as were.

¹ See line 177.

² Dried herbs or roots pounded to a powder—which experience had shown to have styptic powers.

³ Chiron thinking friendly things.

⁴ Were mindful of.

230 his limbs, in giving orders to many. And, on foot, he went along the ranks of heroes, and whomsoever of the Danaans, with fleet horses⁵, he perceived stirring—standing beside them, he greatly encouraged them with words:

“Argives, spare none of your bold valour; for Jove, the
235 father, will never be the protector of perjuries; but these who were the first to do injury, contrary to our compact—of these same men shall vultures surely devour the limbs⁶; and we, on the other hand, will carry off in our ships their loved wives and young children, when we have taken the town.”

240 But whomsoever, again, he saw shrinking from hateful combat, them he sharply censured with angry words:

“Miserable⁷ Argives, cowards, are ye not ashamed? Why stand ye thus paralysed⁸, like fawns? who, when they are weary *with* running over a vast plain, stand still, nor is there any
245 strength in their breasts;—so stand ye paralysed, and do not fight. Or wait ye till the Trojans come nearer—where your fair-sterned vessels are laid up⁹ upon the shore of the hoary sea—that ye may see whether the son of Saturn will hold his hand over you?”

250 Thus commanding, he reviewed the ranks of heroes, and moving along the line, he came to the Cretans. And Idomeneus and his troops¹ were arming; Idomeneus was in the van, like a
255 boar in strength, and Meriones was rousing the columns in the rear. And the king of men, Agamemnon, seeing them, was delighted, and immediately addressed Idomeneus with pleasant words:

“Idomeneus, I respect thee, above *other* Danaans with fleet horses, both in battle² and at every sort of labour, and in the
260 feast too, when the chiefs of the Argives mix in goblets the generous purple wine; for, though other long-haired Achæans drink by measure³, thy cup stands always full, like my own⁴, to

⁵ The warriors in cars.

⁶ Soft skin—that covers their limbs.

⁷ ἰομωροί—food for arrows—may possibly meet the sense, if not square with the etymology, of which there is much doubt.

⁸ Or rather—as if already spent with exertion.

¹ οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἰδομ.

² In battle I honour thee, &c. *i. e.* by rewards—in council by consulting thee, &c. But the meaning probably is—I have the highest respect for your universal superiority—you are every where most conspicuous—in battle, in foray, in council, at table, &c.

³ *i. e.* portion which is served up to them—while others helped themselves at pleasure—perhaps as a privilege, or mark of distinction.

⁴ For, as for me.

drink when the desire prompts thee. Away then to battle, *and be* such as thou of old dost boast to be."

And Idomeneus leader of the Cretans, addressed him in re- 265
turn: "Son of Atreus, certainly I shall be thy steady friend, as I at first promised and vowed. But stir up the rest of the long-haired Achæans, that we may engage as soon as possible, as the Trojans have broken the compact; and death and destruction 270 will in return overtake them⁵, for being the first to commence hostilities⁶, contrary to the compact."

Thus he spake; and the son of Atreus passed on, delighted in his heart; and moving on along the ranks of men, he came to the two Ajaxes. And they were both arming, and with them followed a cloud of infantry. And as when a goatherd from a 275 hill sees a cloud coming along the sea, *impelled* by the blast of the south-west wind; and to him, being at a distance, it black as pitch appears, while advancing along the deep, and brings a mighty whirlwind—and seeing it he shudders, and drives his flocks into a cave; so, with the Ajaxes, dense dark columns of 280 gallant youth, bristling with shields and spears, move into the fierce fight. And king Agamemnon, beholding them⁷, was delighted, and addressed them, he said *these* winged words:

"Ye Ajaxes, leaders of brazen-mailed Argives, I do not—for 285 it would be unseemly—bid you stimulate *your troops*; for you yourselves strongly urge your people to fight bravely. Jove, the father, Minerva, and Apollo! O that such courage was in every breast; then would the city of king Priam quickly fall, taken and destroyed by our hands." 290

Thus saying, he left them there, and went towards others. There he found Nestor, the eloquent orator of the Pylians, arranging his comrades, and exhorting them to fight, *namely*, Pelagon⁸, Alastor, Chromius, king Hæmon, and Bias, shepherd 295 of men⁹. The cavalry he posted, with their horses and cars, in front, and the numerous and strong infantry in the rear, to be the main support of the battle; but the cowards he drove in the middle of them, that, though unwilling, they might fight from necessity. To the cavalry he first gave his orders; and he 300 charged them to rein in their horses, and not get into disorder; neither let any one, *said he*, trusting to his driving-skill and bravery, seek, alone, in advance of others, to fight with the

⁵ Will be to them after.

⁶ Have done injuries.

⁷ τοὺς—σφραῖας, the Ajaxes; as in 311, 2. τὸν—μῦν, both refer to Nestor.

⁸ οὗς ἀμφὶ Πελαγοντα, &c. *i. e.* these chiefs and their troops.

⁹ Shepherd of peoples—*i. e.* commander of troops.

Trojans, nor let him fall back,—for, *if you do*, you will only be
 305 the feebler. And whatever warrior comes up to another car,
 from his own car let him stretch forward with his spear¹⁰—since
 thus it is much better. In this manner also the ancients laid
 waste cities and forts, keeping this purpose and resolve in their
 breasts.”

310 Thus did the old man of long experience in war¹ stimulate
 them; and king Agamemnon, seeing him, was delighted, and
 saying winged words, addressed him:

“Would, old man, that as is the spirit in thy bosom, so thy
 knees could follow, and thy strength were firm; but age, which
 comes with his calamities on *all*, afflicts thee. Would that some
 315 other of men had *it*, and that thou wert among the younger.”

Then Nestor, the Gerenean chief replied: “Son of Atreus,
 surely I myself too wish that I were the same as when I slew
 320 the noble Ereuthalion; but never do the gods give all things to
 men at once; if I was then a youth, now age in turn comes upon
 me. But even so will I mix with the car-warriors, and direct
 them by my counsel and my words, for that is the office of old
 325 men; and the younger men, who were born later than I, and
 who trust in their vigour, will brandish the spears.”

Thus he spake; and the son of Atreus passed on, delighted
 in his heart. Next he found the son of Peteus, Menesthes,
 skilled in horsemanship, standing²; and around him were the
 Athenians, skilful in battle; and next him stood the wise Ulys-
 330 ses, and beside him stood the no-feeble ranks of the Cephalieni-
 ans; for not yet had their men heard the shout, since the
 columns of Trojan chiefs and Achæans, now excited, were but
 just in motion. But they stood waiting until another division³
 335 of the Achæans advancing should charge the Trojans, and com-
 mence the battle. Then the king of men, Agamemnon, seeing
 them, upbraided them, and speaking in winged words, said:

“O son of Peteus, the heaven-supported king; and thou, full
 340 of evil wiles, and crafty, why, trembling, keep ye aloof, and wait
 for others? You, indeed, it became to be among the foremost,
 and to go and meet the glowing battle. You are the first invited
 by me to the feast, when we Achæans prepare a feast for the

¹⁰ Expressive of the action of hurling a spear from the car, apparently. When he encounters an enemy's car, he is not to alight; but to remain in his car, and from thence hurl his spear. The *fighter* did not drive.

¹ Of old well acquainted with arms.

² *i. e.* not preparing for battle—he had yet no intimation of what was going forward.

³ Tower.

chiefs, where you are wont⁴ to eat roast meat, and drink goblets' of sweet wine as long as you choose; but now ye would look on 345 with satisfaction if even ten divisions of Achæans were to fight in advance of you with direful arms."

And wise Ulysses, looking sternly at him, replied: "Son of Atreus, what speech is this that has escaped the barrier of thy 350 teeth; how, pray, canst thou say we shrink from fight? When we Achæans rouse up sharp Mars against the Trojans, tamers of horses, then shalt thou behold, if thou wilt, and if thou carest about the matter, the fond father of Telemachus, mingled with the foremost warriors of the Trojans, tamers of horses. But 355 these are idle words thou utterest."

And king Agamemnon, when he perceived that he was irritated, addressed him, smiling, and resumed his speech: "Most noble⁵ son of Laertes, ever-ready⁶ Ulysses, by no means will I chide thee, or give thee orders; for I know that the spirit within thy breast knows kind counsels⁷; and what thou thinkest, 360 I think⁸. Come then, these matters we will settle afterwards, if anything ill has been said; and may the Gods render it all air."

Thus speaking, he left them there, and went to others. And he found the son of Tydeus, brave Diomedes, standing by his 365 horses and strong⁹ cars; and beside him stood Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus. Then the king Agamemnon, beholding him, reproved him, and speaking winged words, addressed him:

"Alas, son of Tydeus, the brave tamer of horses, why trem- 370 blest thou, and why gazest thou upon the battle-field¹? Tydeus was not thus wont² to tremble, but rather, far in front of his dear comrades, to combat with the foe. So said they who saw him toiling, for I never met with him, nor saw him; but they say he was superior to others. Once, without hostility, he came 375 to Mycenæ, a guest, along with the godlike Polyneices, to raise forces; for they were then marching an army against the sacred walls of Thebes, and entreated them (*the Myceneans*) much to

⁴ Where it is dear—the phrase expresses a habit, repeatedly.

⁵ Heaven-born.

⁶ *κακοισι δολοισι κεκασμενε*, when angry, *πολυμηχανε*, when forced to conciliate.

⁷ Has kind thoughts—is well disposed towards me.

⁸ *i. e.* we have no disagreements—our views are the same.

⁹ Compact—strongly made.

¹ Bridges of war—the space between the hostile armies. Compare *©*. 378, 549, *A*. 160, *Υ*. 427.

² It was not thus dear to him. See 345.

380 give them some brave auxiliaries. And they (*the Mycenaens*) were willing to give them, and assented as they requested; but Jupiter deterred them—showing unpropitious omens. And they (*Tydeus and Polyneices*) when they had departed, and were on their way to Thebes, arrived at the Asōpus, full of reeds and flags; from whence the Achæans dispatched Tydeus
 385 to Thebes, on an embassy². And he went *thither* and found many Cadmeans feasting in the mansion of the mighty Eteocles³. There neither, stranger as was the equestrian Tydeus, was he troubled, though but one among many Cadmeans; for he challenged them all to the contests, and easily overcame them in all
 390 —so great an assistant was Minerva to him. Then the Cadmeans, prickers of horses⁴, indignant, taking fifty youth, placed them in close ambuscade against him as he returned; and the two leaders were Mæon, the son of Hæmon, like to the immortals, and the son of Autophonus, the hardy Lycophontes. Even
 395 upon these did Tydeus inflict a disgraceful death—he slew them all, and let⁵ only one return home. Mæon then he dismissed, in obedience to the portents of the Gods. Such was Tydeus, the
 400 Ætolian; but he begat a son inferior to himself in combat, though superior in talking⁶.”

Thus he spake, and the brave Diomedes answered not, through respect⁷ for the reprimand of the venerable⁸ king.

But the son of the illustrious Capaneus answered: “Son of Atreus, utter not falsehoods, when thou knowest how to speak
 405 truth⁹. We, however, boast to be much superior to our fathers. We also took the city of seven-gated Thebes, conducting¹ a smaller force up to the walls of Mars, trusting to the omens of the Gods, and the aid of Jove; but they, by their own folly per-
 410 ished. Therefore place not our fathers in equal honour with us².”

And the gallant Diomedes, looking sternly, addressed him:

² *i. e.* to demand satisfaction for Polyneices.

³ Eteoclean might.

⁴ Drivers of horses with goads.

⁵ Sent.

⁶ ἀγογή.

⁷ Respecting.

⁸ αἰδώς—here, a person entitled to respect for his *authority*, not his age or personal appearance—potent.

⁹ Lie not, understanding to speak truly—*i. e.* when it is not your disposition to lie, or when you know better—that what you say is not true.

¹ ἀγαγόνθ⁷—a dual—meaning Tydides and himself.

² The μοι does not seem to depend on ἔμοιγε. The force of it may perhaps be thus expressed: Do not *in my presence* put our fathers in equal honour with us.

“Hush, sit in silence, and be advised by me; for I will not blame Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, while rousing the well-armed Achæans to fight, because upon him will the glory 415 come, if the Achæans overthrow the Trojans, and capture sacred Ilium; and, on the other hand, great sorrow, should the Achæans be defeated. But come, now let both attend to actual battle.”

He said, and leaped with his arms from the car to the ground, 420 and the brass upon the breast of the king rang fearfully as he strode. Terror might have seized even the brave³.

And as when upon a much-resounding shore a wave of the sea,—one following another,—rushes, while the Zephyrus stirs *them*; at first, it rises in the deep water, and afterwards, dashed 425 against the land, it roars loudly, and swells, being curled, around the rocks, and scatters⁴ the salt spray; so then, one after the other, incessantly moved the columns of the Danaans to battle, and each commander gave order to his *forces*, but the rest⁵ ad- 430 vanced mute—nor could you have said, that so vast an army followed, having voice within their breasts—reverencing their chiefs by their silence; and around all shone their variegated armour, arrayed in which they marched in order. But the Trojans, as the sheep of a wealthy man, in myriads, stand in the 435 fold whilst being milked⁶, constantly bleating, hearing the voice of their lambs; so the clamour of the Trojans rose throughout the wide army; for the cry of all was not the same, nor the voice one, but the language was mixed, for there were men summoned from many parts. These Mars urged on; and those the blue-eyed Minerva, and Terror, and Fear, and Discord, insatiably 440 raging, the sister and companion of Mars, slayer of men—small at first, she (*Discord*) magnifies, but soon her head approaches heaven, while she treads upon the earth. At that time also, going through the crowd, and increasing⁷ the groans of men, she 445 flung in the midst of them contention, destructive alike *to all*.

And now when advancing on both sides, they come to one spot, they brought together shields and spears, and the might of warriors, armed with brazen corselets; and now their bossed shields came in contact with each other, and the great tumult arose. Then was there at once the shriek and the shout of 450 men, of the slaughtering and the slaughtered; and the earth flowed with blood. And, as when wintry torrents, rolling down

³ One whose mind would bear every thing.

⁴ Spits out.

⁵ *i. e.* the troops, as distinguished from their commanders.

⁶ Milked of their white milk.

⁷ *i. e.* by inflicting wounds.

the mountains from their vast sources, pour together³ their rapid
155 waters into a lake within the hollow glen; and the shepherd
among the mountains afar off hears their roar—so was the shout
and the terror of them mingling together.

And Antilochus was the first who slew a warrior⁹ of the
Trojans, gallant in the van¹, Echepōlus, the son of Thalysias—
him² he first struck upon the cone of the helmet, crested with
460 horse-hair; and the brazen spear fixed in his forehead and then
pierced the bone within, and darkness covered his eyes³: and
he fell, as when a tower *falls*⁴, in violent battle. And king
Elephēnor, son of Chalcodontes, the leader of the brave Abantes,
465 seized him by the feet, as he fell, and dragged him from among
the weapons with eagerness, that he might at once plunder him
of his armour; but the effort was short. For the brave Agēnor,
seeing him dragging the body, wounded him with his brazen
spear in the ribs—which were uncovered by his shield⁵, as he
470 stooped⁶—and loosed his limbs⁷. Thus life quitted him; and
over him an arduous work⁸ of Trojans and Achæans arose, and
they rushed upon one another like wolves, and man struck
down man. There the Telamonian Ajax slew Simoeisius, the
son of Anthemion, a vigorous youth, whom his mother once,
475 descending from Ida, bore at the banks of the Simois, when she
accompanied her parents to see their flocks. For that reason
they called him Simoeisius; but he returned not to his beloved
parents their care⁹, for short was the life of him, killed by the
spear of the brave Ajax. Him first, as he advanced¹, Ajax
480 struck upon the breast, near the right pap, and the brazen spear
went to the opposite side through the shoulder; and he fell
among the dust on the ground, like a poplar tree, which grew
in the waters² of a large marsh, (smooth, and branches grew
485 upon its top,) and a maker of cars cut it down *with* a bright
hatchet³, that he might bend it into the felloe of a wheel for a
splendid car; and it lies drying by the bank of the river—thus⁴

³ συμβαλλετον—a dual—to correspond with the *two* armies.

⁹ A man bearing arms.

¹ Among the foremost fighters.

² τον ῥα—as resuming—him, I say.

³ And darkness covered him as to the eyes.

⁴ *i. e.* like a tower.

⁵ Became visible outside of the shield—were exposed.

⁶ To him stooping.

⁷ *i. e.* killed him.

⁸ An obstinate combat.

⁹ The support—the care they had bestowed in bringing him up.

¹ Coming.

² Moist *place*.

³ Iron.

⁴ Such an one—like this—similar to this.

did the noble Ajax slay Simoeisius, the son of Anthemion. But at him (*Ajax*) did Antiphus, a son of Priam, in an ornamented corselet, in the ranks hurl his sharp javelin; missed him indeed, 490 but wounded upon the groin, Leucus, the brave comrade of Ulysses, as he was dragging the body to the other side; and he fell upon it, and the body dropped from his hand. Then Ulysses, was much enraged in his mind on account of the slain⁵, and advanced among the foremost combatants, armed in glittering brass, and coming very near he stopped, and looking all around him, threw his shining spear; and the Trojans fell back as the hero was hurling his spear⁶. And he sent not the weapon in vain, but struck Democoon, a bastard son of Priam, who came to him from Abydus, from *keeping* the fleet mares. Him, I say, 500 Ulysses, enraged on account of his comrade, struck with the spear upon the temple; and the brazen point passed through the other temple, and darkness covered his eyes; and falling he made a crash, and his arms rang upon him. Then the foremost 505 fighters and the illustrious Hector gave way; and the Argives loudly shouted, and dragged away the dead, and pushed on much farther. And Apollo, looking down from the citadel⁷ of Troy, was indignant, and shouting, exhorted the Trojans:

“Rush on, Trojans, tamers of horses, nor yield the battle to the Argives, for their bodies are not stone nor iron to resist the 510 flesh-cutting brass, when they are struck⁸; and besides, Achilles, son of the fair-haired Thetis, is not fighting, but nursing his bitter resentment at the ships.”

Thus spake the terrible god from the city; and Minerva, daughter of Jove, the glorious Tritogeneia⁹, going through the 515 army, stimulated the Achæans, wherever she perceived them relaxing *their efforts*.

Then fate crippled Diore, the son of Amarynceus, for he was struck upon the right leg near the ancle by a large rugged stone; and Peiros, the son of Imbrasmus, leader of the Thracians, 520 who had come from Ænos, threw it. The two tendons and the bones the destructive¹ stone quite crushed; and he fell supine in the dust, stretching out both hands to his loved comrades, as he breathed out his life. But Peiros, who had struck him, rushed upon him, and wounded him with his spear by the navel; 525

⁵ Him being slain.

⁶ The man casting his spear.

⁷ Pergamus.

⁸ Since the flesh of (to) them struck is not stone or iron to resist the brass which cuts the body.

⁹ As if sprung from the head of Jove. *τριτων* is said traditionally, to have been the old Cretan word for *head*.

¹ Shameless—Virgil has *mons improbus*, *Æn.* xii. 687.

and then all the entrails gushed out upon the ground, and darkness covered his eyes.

But him (*Peiros*) Thoas, the Ætolian rushing at him², struck in the breast, above the pap, with his spear, and it³ stuck in his
 530 lungs. Then Thoas come close to him, and plucked the strong spear from his breast; and drew his sharp sword, with which he struck him in the middle of his belly, and deprived him of life. But he did not strip him (*Peiros*) of his armour; for his comrades stood round him, the Thracians with hair on the crown of their heads⁴, holding long spears in their hands, and drove him
 535 (*Thoas*), mighty, brave, and distinguished though he was, from them; and he, retiring, was repulsed. Thus these two leaders, the one of the Thracians, and the other of the brazen-mailed Epeans, were stretched beside each other in the dust; and many others also were slain round them.

There, would not *any* man, coming in, have found fault with
 540 the battle⁵, who was present⁶ in the midst of it, still unhurt and unwounded with the sharp spear⁷, and Pallas Minerva, taking him by the hand, conducted him, and averted the aim of the weapons; for many Trojans and Achæans were that day stretched prone beside each other in the dust.

² Rushing on.

³ χαλκος.

⁴ ακροκομοι. They wore a *lock* of hair only on their head. Compare them with the Abantes, B. 542; and the Achæans every where.

⁵ Work.

⁶ Move about.

⁷ Brass.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Diomedes is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus and then Mars.

THERE, in his turn, Pallas Minerva gave strength and courage to Diomedes, son of Tydeus, that he might become conspicuous among all the Argives, and obtain a good renown. She made unwearied fire blaze¹ from his helm and his shield, like an autumnal star, which shines with greatest splendour *when* washed 5 by the ocean². Such fire she caused to blaze from his head and shoulders³; and she impelled him into the midst, where the tumult was greatest⁴.

And among the Trojans; there was one Dares, wealthy, worthy, a priest of Vulcan; and he had two sons, Phegeus and Idæus, well skilled in every *kind of* combat. These, separated 10 from their friends⁵, rushed forward against *Diomedes*, the two in a car; whilst he on the ground advanced on foot⁶. And when now they were coming almost close one to another, Phegeus first discharged his long spear, and the point of the spear 15 went over the left shoulder of the son of Tydeus, and wounded him not. And next the son of Tydeus launched his spear⁷, and

¹ Or, blazed from his helm and shield an unwearied fire.

² *i. e.* at its rising.

³ Shield and corselet.

⁴ Where most—the greatest number were in conflict.

⁵ *i. e.* having outstripped them—advanced beyond the lines.

⁶ The two from horses, and he from the ground, excited *the battle* on foot.

⁷ Attacked with brass.

the weapon flew not from his hand in vain; but struck him (Phegeus) upon the breast, between the paps, and hurled him
 20 from his car⁸. And Idæus leaped down, quitting the splendid car, but ventured not to protect his slaughtered brother⁹. Nor would he himself have escaped black fate, had not Vulcan snatched him away, and covering him in cloud¹, saved him, that his aged *father*² might not be altogether desolate. And the son
 25 of brave Tydeus, leading off the horses, gave them to his comrades, to take down to the hollow ships. And the brave Trojans, when they beheld the two sons of Dares, the one flying, and the other slain beside his car, the minds of all were shaken.
 30 And blue-eyed Minerva taking impetuous Mars by the hand, addressed him in words :

“ Mars, man-plaguing, blood-stained, wall-storming Mars, shall we not now leave the Trojans and Achæans to fight it out—to whichever father Jove may give glory—and we withdraw, and
 35 avoid the anger of Jove ?”

Thus having spoken, she led impetuous Mars from the battle. Then she placed him beside the high-banked Scamander; and the Danaans repulsed the Trojans, and each of the leaders slew his man. And first Agamemnon, king of men, struck from his
 40 car the mighty Hodus, chief of the Halizonians; for into his back, first, between the shoulders, while turning³ to flight, he thrust the spear, and drove it through his breast. And falling, he made a crash, and his armour rattled upon him.

And Idomeneus, next, slew Phæstus, the son of Borus, the
 45 Mæonian, who had come from fruitful Tarne. Him noble⁴ Idomeneus wounded in the right shoulder with his long spear, as he was just mounting his car; and he fell from the car, and horrible darkness seized him. Him then the attendants of Idomeneus plundered.

And Scamandrius, son of Strophius, skilful in hunting, Menelaus, son of Atreus, slew with his sharp spear—a good hunter,
 50 for Diana herself taught him to shoot all wild things, which the forest on the mountains feeds⁵. But Diana, delighting in arrows, then helped him not, nor his skill⁶ in shooting, for which he had
 55 been before so distinguished; for the son of Atreus, Menelaus, skilled in the spear, wounded him, as he fled before him, in the back, between the shoulders, with his spear, and drove it through

⁸ The horses.

⁹ *i. e.* his dead body.

¹ Night.

² οἱ γέροντες—the old to him.

³ For to him first turning.

⁴ Distinguished for the spear.

⁵ All wild *animals*—τὰ τε, those which the forest on the mountains feeds.

⁶ The far-dartings—the long shots.

his breast. And he fell prone, and his armour rattled upon him.

And Meriones slew Phereclus, the son of the artist Harmonides, who understood how to make with his hands all the works 60 of art; for Pallas Minerva especially loved him. He had also built for Alexander the equal ships—the sources of evil,—which were a mischief to all the Trojans, as well as to himself; for he did not understand the oracles⁷ of the gods. Him Meriones, when at last, pursuing, he overtook him, wounded upon the 65 right buttock; and the spear went right through by the bladder, under the bone; and shrieking, he sunk upon his knees, and death covered him round.

And next Meges slew Pedæus, a son of Antenor, who indeed was a bastard, but the noble Theano, to oblige⁸ her husband, 70 carefully nourished him, the same as her own beloved children. Him the son of Phyleus⁹, skilful in the spear, coming near, struck upon the back of the head with his sharp spear; and the spear cut quite through the teeth, below the tongue. And he fell in the dust, and seized the cold brass with his teeth. 75

And Eurypylyus, son of Evæmon, *slew* the noble Hypsenor, son of brave Dolopion—he who was a priest of Scamander, and who was honored by the people like a god. Him, then, as he was flying before him, Eurypylyus, the illustrious son of Evæmon, wounded upon the shoulder, striking at him with¹ his sword, 80 while he was running; and cut off his heavy hand. And the hand fell bloody upon the plain, while purple death and powerful fate seized his eyes.

Thus did they toil in vigorous battle; but as for the son of Tydeus, you would not have known to which party he belonged, 85 whether he was connected with the Trojans or with the Achæans; for he rushed along the plain like a swollen winter-torrent, which, flowing rapidly, overturns bridges; and neither do strong bridges restrain it, nor even the embankments of flourishing fields check it, coming suddenly, when the rain of Jove has fallen with violence; and many fair works² of stout³ labourers are overthrown by it. So were the dense phalanxes of the Trojans thrown into confusion by Tydides, nor did they wait his *onset*, numerous though they were⁴.

But when the illustrious son of Lycaon marked him rushing 95

⁷ Those by which the Trojans were said to have been commanded to abstain from maritime concerns.

⁸ Obliging.

¹ Making an attack with.

³ αἰζήων—young, sturdy.

⁹ Meges.

² *i. e.* cultivated fields—crops.

⁴ Being numerous.

along the plain, and routing the phalanxes before him; forth-
with he directed his bent bow against the son of Tydeus, and
hit him whilst rushing on, striking the cavity of the corselet at
100 the right shoulder: and the dire arrow flew through, and came
forth at the other side, and his corselet was stained with blood.
At this the illustrious son of Lycaon shouted loud: "Push on,
brave Trojans, prickers of horses⁵, for the bravest of the Ach-
æans is stricken; nor do I think he will long endure the forceful
arrow, if the king, the son of Jove⁶, indeed incited me, when I
105 set out from Lycia."

Thus he spake, boasting; but him (*Diomedes*) the swift arrow
did not kill; for retreating, he stood before his horses and car,
and addressed Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus:

"Make haste, good son of Capaneus, alight from the car, that
110 thou mayst draw *this* bitter arrow from my shoulder."

Thus he spake; and Sthenelus leaped down from the car to
the ground, and standing beside him, drew from his shoulder the
swift arrow completely, and the blood spouted forth through the
twisted tunic⁶. Then brave Diomedes prayed:

115 "Hear me, offspring of ægis-bearing Jove, invincible. If ever
with kind intent⁷ thou stoodest by me, and by my father, in
glowing battle, now again befriend me, O Minerva; and give
me to overtake that man, and to come within spear's cast⁸
of him, who, being beforehand with me, has hit me, and boasts, and
120 says that I shall not long behold the splendid light of the sun."

Thus he spake praying; and Pallas Minerva heard him; for
she made his limbs light, his feet, and his hands above⁹; and
standing near him, she uttered *these* winged words:

"Fight boldly¹ now, Diomedes, against the Trojans; for I
125 have put into thy breast paternal vigour, intrepid, such as
Tydeus, the shield-shaking chief, possessed. And I have like-
wise removed from thine eyes the mist, which before was upon
them, that thou mayst well know both a god and a man. There-
130 fore now, if a god come hither to attack² thee, fight not thou
against other immortal gods, but if Venus, the daughter of Jove,
come into the battle, her, at least, strike with thy sharp lance."

⁵ Goaders of horses—*κεντρορες ιππων*--equivalent to *πληζιπποι*.

⁶ Apollo.

⁶ *i. e.* of chain-mail, perhaps.

⁷ Thinking friendly *thoughts*.

⁸ The casting of a spear--the violence of a spear.

⁹ Above--as *below* is understood with "feet."

¹ Taking courage, fight, &c.

² Trying--*i. e.* attacking.

The blue-eyed Minerva then, having thus spoken, departed. And Tydides, again advancing, was mixed with the foremost combatants. And, although before eager in his soul to fight with the Trojans, then indeed three times as much vigour seized him, like a lion—*like one*³ which a shepherd in the field with his fleecy flocks has wounded, while leaping over the fold, and not killed;—its fury rather has he roused, and then no longer resists it, but escapes into the huts, and the deserted things take alarm, and huddling together, they crowd on one another; and he (*the lion*) springs fiercely out of the deep fold⁴. Thus fiercely was the gallant Diomedes mixed with the Trojans. 135

There he slew Astynōūs and Hypeinor, shepherd of the people—wounding the one above the pap with his brazen spear, and the other he struck with his huge sword upon the shoulder, near the collar-bone cut off the shoulder from the neck, and from the back. These he quitted, and went after Abas and Polyeidus, sons of Eurydāmas, an aged interpreter of dreams. For them, when they departed *for the war*, the old man did not interpret his dreams⁵; and the brave Diomedes stript them of their armour⁶. Then he pursued Xanthus and Thoön, the two sons of Phānops, his only ones⁷; for he was worn out with miserable old age, and had no other son to leave his possessions to⁸. These then he (*Diomedes*) slew, and took away their life from both; and left to their father weeping and lamentable cares, because he received them not returning alive from the battle; and strangers⁹ divided his wealth. 140

Then *Diomedes* seized two sons of Priam, son of Dardanus, being both in one car, Echēmon and Chromius; and as a lion, springing among cattle, breaks the neck of a heifer or an ox, while grazing in the woods; so did the son of Tydeus hurl both of them, grievously against their will, from their car, and then stript them of their armour; whilst the car he gave to his comrades, to drive to the ships. 150 165

³ ὄν ῥα.

⁴ *i. e.* of course with a lamb or sheep in his mouth.

⁵ ἐκριναστο—middle—the dreams were his *own* apparently—*i. e.* he was one who had the faculty of foreseeing or divining events by dreams; and on this occasion neglected to make use of it.

⁶ *i. e.* of course, after killing them.

⁷ τῆλυγέτω. See Γ. 175.

⁸ He was the father of no other son, over his possessions to be left.

⁹ χηρωσται, those who filled up the *vacuum* left by the death of children, and who might or might not be connected by blood or affinity; not *heirs at law* in the modern sense, but whoever succeeded to the property were the χηρωσται. Διαδατσοντο.

And Æneas beheld him thinning the ranks of men, and he hastened through the battle, and through the clash of spears, seeking the godlike Pandarus, if he could anywhere find him.

170 He found the good and brave son of Lycaon, and stood in front of him, and addressed these words to him :

“ Pandarus, where are¹ thy bow, thy feathered arrows, and thy glory, in which (*the bow*) no man here contends with thee, nor boasts any one in Lycia to be superior to thee? Come then, lift up thy hands to Jove, and send² an arrow at that man—
175 whoever *he may be*, who is thus master of *the field*, and has already done so many evil deeds to the Trojans; for he has relaxed the limbs of many and brave warriors—unless he is some god, displeased with the Trojans, and offended at some *neglect* of sacrifices; and the anger of a god is terrible.”

And to him, in reply, the illustrious son of Lycaon said :
180 “ Æneas, counsellor of the brazen-mailed Trojans, I think him in all respects like brave Tydides, judging by the shield and crested helm, and looking at his horses; and I do not clearly know whether it is a god³. But if he be the man whom I think him to be, the warlike son of Tydeus, he rages not thus without
185 a god, but some one of the immortals stands near him, who, with his shoulders⁴ wrapt in cloud, turns away from him in another direction, the swift-flying arrow; for already have I discharged an arrow at him, and struck him upon the right shoulder, through the hollow of his corselet; and I thought I had dismissed him
190 to Hades, but after all I did not kill him—some god is angry⁵. And I have no horses with me, nor car, which I might mount; though in the halls of Lycaon there are eleven beautiful cars, in a perfect state⁶, and newly made, and coverings hang round
195 them; and beside each of them stand a couple of horses⁷, eating white barley and rye. To be sure the aged warrior Lycaon, in his well-built mansion, enjoined me very much when setting out, and bade me lead the Trojans⁸ into hard battles, mounted
200 upon my horses and car; but I obeyed not—certainly it would have been better *if I had*—fearing for my horses, lest, being

¹ *i. e.* what has become of!

² Lifting up—send, &c.

³ *i. e.* I think it is Diomedes, and not a god; but if he be not a god, he has certainly a god with him, &c.

⁴ As to his shoulders—about his shoulders.

⁵ *i. e.* with himself, Pandarus means.

⁶ First made—*i. e.* just as they were first built.

⁷ δὶζυγοὶ ἱπποὶ—horses trained to go in pairs.

⁸ He was a Trojan. Zeleia was at the foot of Ida, and under the dominion of the Trojans.

accustomed to feed liberally, they might be in want of food, *among men shut up in a town.* So I left them; and came on foot to Ilium, trusting to my bow, which however was not to be 205 of service to me. For already have I shot at two chiefs, the son of Tydeus, and the son of Atreus, and from both have I, striking them, drawn blood manifestly; but I have only the more inflamed them. With bad luck therefore did I take the bent bow from the peg, on that day when I led Trojans to 210 lovely Ilium, to oblige the noble Hector. But if ever I shall return, and behold with my eyes my native land, and my wife, and my large and lofty mansion; then may forthwith some foreigner⁹ cut off my head¹ if I put not this bow into the bright fire, first breaking it with my hands; for I have brought it with 215 me to no purpose².”

And Æneas, leader of the Trojans, again addressed him: “Talk not so—it will not be otherwise³, till thou and I, with horses and car, going in arms against this man, attack him. 220 Come, then, ascend my car, that thou mayest see what Trojan horses are—*how* well along the plain they can rapidly pursue, or retreat, in any direction. They will carry us, too, in safety to the city, if Jove yet again bestow glory upon Diomedes, the son 225 of Tydeus. Come, then, take the whip and the beautiful reins, and I will alight from the car to fight; or do thou encounter him, and the horses shall be my care.”

And to him, in reply, the illustrious son of Lycaon said: “Æneas, do thou thyself keep the reins, and thine own horses 230 —they will bear the curved car better under their wonted⁴ driver, if again we must fly from the son of Tydeus—lest, becoming frightened, they grow restive, and not choose to bear us out of the battle, requiring thy voice; and the son of brave Tydeus, pressing hard upon us, kill ourselves, and drive away 235 the solid-hoofed horses. Drive thou therefore thine own car and thine own horses, and I will encounter him, advancing with the sharp spear.”

Thus then having spoken—mounting the variegated car, they drove the swift horses at full speed towards Tydides. And 240 Sthenelus, the noble son of Capaneus, saw them, and immediately addressed *these* winged words to Tydides:

“Diomedes, son of Tydeus, my dear friend⁵, I see two gallant

⁹ A foreign man.

¹ Cut from me my head.

² It accompanied me in vain.

³ *i. e.* the fortune of the battle will not change.

⁴ Accustomed to drive them.

⁵ Dear, or endeared to my soul, or feelings.

245 men, of immense strength coming in haste to fight with thee; the one is Pandarus, well skilled in archery, and claims⁶ to be the son of Lycaon; and *the other*, Æneas, claims to have been born the son of the noble Anchises, and his mother is Venus. Come, then, let us now retire⁷ in the car; and do not thou thus
250 rage among the foremost combatants, lest thou lose thy life."

But stout Diomedes, looking sternly at him, said: "Talk not of flight⁸, for I think thou wilt not persuade me; for it would not become my birth⁹ to flinch from fighting, or to be afraid; my
255 strength is still entire. I am not disposed to mount my car; but even in this way¹ will I go against them, for Pallas Minerva allows me not to tremble. And both these their swift horses shall not carry back again from us, if even one escapes. But I
260 tell thee another thing, and do thou fix it in thy mind: if the all-wise Minerva grant me the glory to kill both, then do thou fasten here these fleet horses, tying the reins to the car²; and mindful of the horses of Æneas, rush upon them, and drive them
265 away from the Trojans to the well-armed Achæans; for they are of that breed, which Jove the Thunderer gave to Tros, as the price of his son Ganymede; wherefore they are the best of horses, as many as are under the morning and the sun. Anchises, king of men, stole the breed, getting mares covered by them³
270 without the knowledge of Laomedon; from them were born to him in the palace six foals of that stock. Four he keeps himself, and takes great care of them in the stables, and these two, trained for war⁴, he gave to Æneas; if we can take them, we shall gain great glory."

Such things thus they spake to each other; and the two
275 Trojans speedily came near, driving their swift horses. The illustrious son of Lycaon first addressed him:

"Well, bold, brave son of noble Tydeus, the swift weapon did not subdue thee—the bitter arrow; but now I will try with my spear if I can succeed."

280 He said, and shaking his long spear, hurled it, and struck the shield of Tydides; and right through it the brazen point flying,

⁶ εὐχεται—not *boasts*, but asserts of himself, or claims justly. *He has the honour to be*—will apparently express the full meaning of the term.

⁷ *i. e.* to the lines.

⁸ To flight—*i. e.* to turn me to flight.

⁹ γέννατον.

¹ *i. e.* on foot.

² ἀντιζῆ—the front of the car, to which the reins were fastened for the purpose of keeping the horses from moving.

³ Putting female horses under.

⁴ *i. e.* to make the enemy fly.

reached⁵ the corselet. And at him the noble son of Lycaon shouted aloud:

“Thou art wounded quite through the body⁶; nor do I think that thou wilt long endure it; and great glory hast thou given 285 to me.”

But the brave Diomedes, unalarmed, replied: “Thou hast missed thy *mark*, and not hit it; and I suppose ye two will not be quiet, till one at least, falling, shall with his blood satiate Mars, the indomitable warrior.”

Thus saying, he threw, and Minerva guided the weapon to 290 the nose, near the eye, and it went through the white teeth; and the cold spear cut away the extremity of the tongue⁷, and the point came out at the lowest part of the chin⁸. And he fell from the car, and his variegated, glittering armour rang over 295 him; and the swift footed horses were startled; and his life and strength were there destroyed.⁹ Then Æneas sprang from *his car* with his shield and long spear, fearing lest the Achæans should drag away the body; and around it then he strode like a lion, trusting in his might; and he held before him his spear 300 and his round shield, eager to kill the *man* who should come against him, horribly shouting. But Tydides seized in his hand a stone, a mighty mass¹, which not even two men could bear, such as men now are; but he, even alone, brandished it easily. With this he struck the hip of Æneas, where the thigh turns in 305 the hip—and they call it also the cotyle (*the socket*)—and crushed the socket, and burst both the tendons. The rough stone tore off the skin; and the hero stood, dropping upon his knees, and leant with his strong hand upon the ground; and 310 dark night covered his eyes.

And now Æneas, king of men, would have perished there, unless Venus, the daughter of Jove, had speedily perceived it, his mother who bore him to Anchises, feeder of cattle; and she threw her white arms around her own loved son, and she covered² him with a fold³ of her shining veil, to be a defence 315 against weapons, lest any of the fleet Danaans, throwing a spear in his breast, should take away his life. And she bore away her beloved son from the battle.

Nor was the son of Capaneus forgetful of the injunctions,

⁵ Was brought close to.

⁶ Belly.

⁷ The extreme tongue—*i. e.* at the root of it.

⁸ At the last chin.

⁹ Loosened.

¹ A mighty thing.

² Made a fold of her veil to cover him in front—she interposed her veil.

³ πτυγμᾶ—what at other times *folded* round herself.

320 which the gallant Diomedes had given; for he confined his own solid-hoofed horses, apart from the tumult, fastening the reins to the car, and rushing upon the beautiful horses of Æneas, drove
 325 them from the Trojans towards the well-armed Achæans; and gave them to Deïpŷlus, his loved comrade, whom he honoured above all of his own age, because he was of the same sentiments with himself⁴, to drive to the hollow ships. But the hero himself, mounting his own car, seized the beautiful reins, and instantly drove the strong-hoofed horses with eagerness towards Tydides.

330 And he (*Diomedes*) chased after Venus with his cruel spear, knowing that she was an unwarlike goddess, and not one of those deities who rule the battle of heroes, neither, that is, Minerva, nor Bellona, destroyer of cities. And when at length he came up with her, through the crowded ranks, then the son of brave
 335 Tydeus, stretching forward *his spear*, and springing after her, struck her soft⁵ hand⁶ with the sharp brass; and the spear at once pierced the skin, through the ambrosial veil, which the Graces themselves had made, above the extremity of the palm,
 340 and the immortal blood of the Goddess flowed—ichor, such as flows from the blessed Gods; for they eat no food, nor drink purple wine, and on that account are bloodless, and are called immortal. And she, shrieking aloud, cast from her her son, and Phœbus Apollo snatched him away in his hands in a dark cloud,
 345 lest any of the fleet Danaans, throwing a spear into his bosom, should take away his life. And the brave Diomedes loudly shouted after her:

“Retire, daughter of Jove, from the war and the battle. Is it not enough that thou deludest feeble women? But if ever
 350 thou shalt go into battle again, I surely think thou wilt shudder at battle, if thou but hearest of it elsewhere⁷.”

Thus he spake, and she departed in distress, for she was grievously tortured. And the swift Iris⁸, laying hold of her, led her from the throng, oppressed with pain; and her fair skin
 355 grew black. Then she found impetuous Mars sitting on the left of the battle, and his spear reclined on a cloud, and his fleet horses; and falling upon her knees, she requested, with many entreaties⁹, the golden-harnessed horses of her beloved brother:

⁴ Knew things congruous or congenial with him (*Sthenelus*).

⁵ Feeble.

⁶ Wounded her extreme hand—*i. e.* *Χειρ επι καρπω*, as in line 458,—the wrist.

⁷ Diomedes seems to threaten a severer blow, if he ever catches her in battle gain—such as shall make her dread the very name of battle.

⁸ With feet of wind.

⁹ Entreating many things.

“Save¹ me, my dear brother, and give me thy horses, that I may repair to Olympus, where is the seat of the immortals. 360 Much am I in pain with a wound which a mortal man has given me²—the son of Tydeus, who now would fight even with father Jove.”

Thus she spake, and Mars of course gave her the golden-harnessed horses. And she ascended into the car, grieved in her heart, and Iris mounted beside her, and took the reins in her hands; and she flogged the horses to proceed, and they not unwilling flew: and speedily then they reached the seat of the Gods, the lofty Olympus. There Iris, wind-footed, stopped the horses, loosing them from the car, and threw before them ambrosial food. But the lovely Venus sank upon the knees of Dione, her mother; and she embraced her daughter in her arms, caressed her with her hand, and spake and said³: 370

“Which of the celestials, dear child, has done such things to you, wantonly, as if thou wert one that ever did aught wrong flagrantly⁴?”

Her then the laughter-loving Venus answered: “The son 375 of Tydeus, insolent Diomedes, has wounded me, because I bore my loved son from the battle, Æneas, who is far the dearest of all to me. For it is no longer a dire contest of Trojans and Achæans, but the Danaans now at last fight even with the im- 380 mortals.”

Then Dione, distinguished among goddesses, replied: “Bear *it patiently*, my child, and endure, grieved although thou be; for many of us, who occupy the mansions of Olympus, bear much from men, and bring⁵ many severe distresses upon each other. 385 Mars bore *it*, when Otus and powerful Ephialtes, sons of Aloëus, bound him with a strong chain; and in a brazen prison he lay bound for thirteen months. And perhaps there would Mars, insatiable of war⁶, have perished, unless their mother-in-law, the beautiful Eribœa⁷, had told it to Mercury; and he stole away 390 Mars, now exhausted, for the hard chain had broken him down. And Juno likewise bore *it*, when the powerful son of Amphytrion wounded her upon the right breast, with a triple-pointed arrow—then even her intolerable pain seized. Among these⁸ also the mighty Pluto endured a swift arrow, when the same man⁹, 395

¹ Take me—or take care of me.

² Has wounded me.

³ See I. 398.

⁴ ἐνωπιη—in the sight or presence of others.

⁵ Bringing.

⁶ Fighting eternally—never weary.

⁷ *i. e.* the wife of Aloëus—instigated by hatred for her husband's children, Otus and Ephialtes, by Iphimedia, Apollod. I. 7. 4.

⁸ Gods who had suffered from mortals.

⁹ Hercules.

the son of the ægis-bearing Jove, put him to pain, by wounding him at the gate, among the shades¹. And he went to the mansion of Jove and the lofty Olympus, grieving in his heart, and pierced through with pain, for the arrow had been driven into
 400 his brawny shoulder, and afflicted his soul. And Pæon, sprinkling upon him some soothing medicines, cured him, for he was not in any respect mortal. Audacious, violent wretch is Diomedes, who cares not about doing impious deeds, who pains with his arrows the Gods who possess Olympus. But blue-eyed goddess Minerva incited him against thee. Foolish is the son of
 405 Tydeus, nor knows this in his mind, that not very long-lived is he who fights with the immortals, nor do his children upon his knees ever call him father², returning from war and direful battle. Let the son of Tydeus therefore, very brave although he
 410 be, now reflect, lest a mightier than thou fight with him; lest Ægialeia, the virtuous daughter of Adrastus, the noble spouse of Diomedes, tamer of horses, soon rouse her domestics from
 415 their sleep, with her lamentations³, grieving for her wedded⁴ husband, the bravest of the Achæans.

She said, and from her hand with both her own, wiped away the ichor. The hand was healed, and the severe pains assuaged. But Minerva, and Juno, meanwhile, looking on, provoked Jove,
 420 the son of Saturn, with sarcastic words; and among them⁵ the blue-eyed Goddess Minerva, began *these* words:

“Wilt thou be angry with me, father Jove, at what I may say? Surely now Venus, whilst stimulating some one of the Achæan ladies to follow the Trojans, whom at present she violently loves—caressing some one of these fair-veiled Achæan
 425 ladies, has scratched her soft hand with a golden clasp.”

Thus she spake; and the father of gods and men smiled, and calling golden Venus to him addressed her:

“Not to thee, dear child, are given the works of war—but do
 430 thou attend to the fond works of wedlock. These things will all be the care of swift Mars and of Minerva.”

Such things thus they talked with one another. Meanwhile the gallant Diomedes pressed after Æneas, though knowing that Apollo himself held his hands over him; but in truth not the
 435 mighty god did he respect, and ever desired to slay Æneas, and to strip off his bright armour. Three times then he rushed on,

¹ Dead bodies. Unless Pylus be taken for the name of the country of old Neleus; and then the word here turned by *shades*, will stand for the corpses on the battle-field.

² Pappa him—or lisp pappa.

⁴ κουριδιος.

³ Lamenting.

⁵ εοισι—the gods.

eager to kill him, and three times Apollo repulsed his shining shield; but when he attacked even the fourth time, like a god, the far-darting Apollo, sharply reproving⁶ him said:

“Think, son of Tydeus, and retire, nor desire to equal thyself 440 with gods⁷; for the race of immortal gods, and of men, who walk upon the earth, is not the same.”

Thus he spake, and Tydides shrank back a little, avoiding the wrath of the far-darting Apollo. And Apollo placed Æneas 445 apart from the throng, in sacred Pergamus, where was his own temple⁸. Then, in the large shrine⁹, Latona and the arrow-loving Diana cured him, and did him honour. And Apollo, of the silver bow, made an image resembling Æneas himself, and 450 the same as to arms; and then around the image the Trojans and noble Achæans hacked the well-circled bull's hide shields and light targes upon each other's breasts. Then Phœbus Apollo addressed impetuous Mars:

“Mars, man-plaguing, blood-stained, wall-storming Mars, wilt 455 thou not, interfering, drive this man, Tydides, from the battle, who would now fight even with father Jove? For first, close to her, he wounded Venus, upon the hand, near the wrist, and next, like a god, he assaulted me.”

Thus saying he himself sat down upon the top of Pergamus; 460 and destructive Mars urged on the ranks of Trojans, going among them in the likeness of Acamas, the swift leader of the Thracians, and he encouraged the heaven-protected sons of Priam:

“O sons of Priam, heaven-protected king, how long will ye permit the people to be slaughtered by the Achæans? Until 465 they fight at the well-made gates? A hero¹ is fallen, whom we honour and equal to the noble Hector, Æneas, the son of noble Anchises. Come on, then, let us rescue our brave comrade from the tumult.”

Thus saying, he excited the strength and courage of each. 470 Then, again, Sarpedon sharply reproved the noble Hector:

“Hector, where is gone the might, which thou didst formerly possess? Once thou saidst, that thou wouldst, without troops or allies, defend the city—alone, with thy relations and thy 475 brothers. But not one of them can I now see, or perceive; but they slink away like dogs before a lion, whilst we, on the contrary, who are here as your allies, are fighting. For I also,

⁶ Reproving terrible things.

⁷ Nor desire to meditate equal things with the gods.

⁸ Where a temple was to him.

⁹ ἀδυσσῶ.

being an ally, come from a very great distance; for Lycia is far
 480 off, by the deep Xanthus, where I left my loved wife and infant
 son, and many possessions, which he, who has not, longs for. But
 even thus² do I exhort the Lycians, and am myself ready to fight
 with a warrior, although I have nothing here for the Achæans to
 take or carry off. Thou meanwhile standest *unconcerned*, nor
 485 biddest thy other forces be firm and defend their wives. *Beware*,
 lest ye, caught³ as in the meshes of a drag-net, become a capture
 and a prize to hostile men, and they soon destrcy your well-in-
 habited city. For these are all matters which it becomes thee
 490 to attend to night and day, supplicating the chiefs of the far-
 summoned allies, perseveringly to resist *the foe*, and abstaining
 from bullying threats⁴.”

Thus spake Sarpedon, and the speech stung the soul of Hec-
 tor: and instantly he leaped with his arms from his car to the
 495 ground, and brandishing long spears, he went through the army
 on all sides, exhorting them to fight, and woke up the dire battle.
 And they were turned *from flight*, and again faced⁵ the Achæ-
 ans; and the Argives in a body, sustained them, and were not
 afraid.

And as the wind sweeps off the chaff in the sacred⁶ arenas⁷,
 500 when men are winnowing, what time yellow Ceres separates
 the chaff from the corn, *by means* of the winds coming upon it;
 and the neighborhood whitens around; so were the Achæans
 then white⁸ above with dust—that⁹ which among them (*Achæ-
 ans*) the feet of horses (*of the Trojans*), when they renewed the
 505 combat, threw up to the brazen¹ heaven; for the drivers
 wheeled round, and they bore the strength of hands² right on.
 And impetuous Mars, raging on every side, bringing aid to the
 Trojans, shed darkness round the battle; and fulfilled the in-
 junctions of Phæbus of the golden sword, who bade him stimu-
 510 late the courage of the Trojans, when he saw Pallas Minerva
 depart. For she was an auxiliary of the Danaans³. And he

² *i. e.* under these circumstances.

³ ἀλοντε—dual—Hector and his troops.

⁴ And to renounce bullying threats—the construction thus directs the censure
 against the allies, while Hector is plainly the object. The sense contrasts with
 λίσσομενς;—similar changes of construction are not unfrequent.

⁵ Stand in front.

⁶ As sacred to Ceres.

⁷ Cleared spots in corn-fields—for winnowing.

⁸ *i. e.* on the surface.

⁹ ὄν ῥα.

¹ With much brass.

² *i. e.* the Trojans towards the Achæans.

³ For she was to the Danaans a helper.

himself sent Æneas from his own very rich shrine, and put vigour into the breast of the shepherd of the people.

And Æneas stood among his comrades; and they were delighted when they saw him alive, and advancing unhurt, and 515 possessing his strength entire; and they asked no question at all, for other toil suffered not, which he of the silver bow excited, and Mars, destroyer of men, and Discord insatiably raging.

But the two Ajaxes, and Ulysses, and Diomedes, urged the Danaans to fight; nor did they themselves dread the strength 520 of the Trojans nor their shouts, but stood firm like clouds, which the son of Saturn in calm weather, places on the tops of mountains, at rest, when sleeps the force of the north, and of other impetuous winds, which, blowing, disperse the dusky clouds with 525 their loud blasts. Thus the Danaans firmly awaited the Trojans, and feared not. And Atrides ranged through the army, encouraging them much:

“My friends, be men, and take a stout heart, and respect each other⁴ in hard battles. More of *those* who thus respect each 530 other are saved than are slain; but where men fly, there neither rises glory, nor any aid⁵.”

He said, and impetuously hurled his spear, and struck a chief warrior, a comrade of the brave Æneas, Deïcoon, son of Perga- 535 sus, whom the Trojans honored equally with the sons of Priam, for he was active in fighting among the foremost. Him, then, on his shield, king Agamemnon struck with his spear: and it resisted not the spear, but the spear passed quite through it, and drove into the lower part of the belly, through the belt; and 540 falling he made a crash, and his armour rattled upon him.

Then, again, Æneas slew the two sons of Diocles, Crethon and Orsilochus, bravest men of the Danaans⁶. Their father dwelt in well-built Phera, rich in possessions, and his race was of the river Alpheus, which flows in a broad stream through the 545 land of the Pylians,—which begat Orsilochus, the king of many men; and Orsilochus again begat the brave Diocles; and from Diocles sprang twin sons, Crethon and Orsilochus, well skilled in every *kind of* combat. These, then, in the vigour of youth, 550 accompanied the Argives in black ships to Ilium, famed for good horses, to take revenge for the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, and there they died⁷. As two lions which grew up

⁴ Be ashamed of each other—*i. e.* be ashamed of incurring the contempt of your comrades—vie with each other—emulate—fight.

⁵ *i. e.* they neither gain glory for themselves, nor furnish help to others.

⁶ *i. e.* two of the bravest.

⁷ And there the end of death covered them.

555 under their dam upon the summit of a mountain, in the recesses
of a deep wood; and then, carrying off oxen and fat sheep, lay
waste the enclosures of men, until they are themselves slain
with sharp spears by the hands of men—such fell these two,
560 subdued by the hands of Æneas, like lofty pines.

And the gallant Menelaus pitied the fallen⁸, and armed in
glittering brass, he advanced among the foremost fighters, brandishing
his spear; and Mars excited his courage, thinking this,
that he would be killed by the hands of Æneas.

565 But him Antilochus, the son of noble Nestor, perceived, and
he advanced through the foremost combatants, for he feared for
the shepherd of the people, lest he should suffer aught, and thus
quite⁹ frustrate their toil¹. The two (*Menelaus and Æneas*)
were now holding out their hands and long spears against each
570 other, eager to fight; and Antilochus came close up to the
shepherd of the people. And Æneas did not abide, though an
active warrior, when he saw two men standing beside each
other. When, therefore, they had dragged the bodies (*of Cre-
thon and Orsilochus*) to the army of the Achæans, they placed
575 them, unhappy, in the hands of their comrades; and turning
round themselves, they fought among the foremost.

Then they slew Pylæmenes, equal to Mars, the leader of the
bold, shielded Paphlagonians. Him standing, the son of Atreus,
the gallant Menelaus, wounded with his spear, striking him in
580 the collar-bone; and Antilochus wounded the driver Mydon, his
brave attendant, the son of Atymnias—and he was turning his
solid-hoofed horses—hitting him with a stone on the middle of
the elbow, and the reins, white with ivory², dropped from his
hands in the dust upon the ground; and then Antilochus, rushing
upon him, struck him with his sword upon the temple, and
585 panting, Mydon fell from the beautiful³ car headlong in the
dust, upon his forehead and shoulders. Long there he stuck,
for he fell in deep sand, till the horses, plunging, struck him
flat upon the ground, in the dust. And Antilochus flogged
them, and drove them to the army of the Achæans.

590 These⁴ then Hector observed in the ranks, and rushed to-
wards them, shouting; and with him followed firm phalanxes of
Trojans; and Mars headed them, and awful Bellona—she, taking

⁸ *scil.* Crethon and Orsilochus.

⁹ *μεγαλ.*

¹ As the army would refuse to go on with the war, if Menelaus, for whose sake
it was undertaken, should die.

² Studded—or ornamented with pieces of ivory.

³ Of good workmanship.

⁴ Nineleus and Antilochus.

with her the insolent Tumult of Battle⁵; and Mars brandished a huge spear in his hands, and raged sometimes in front of Hector, and sometimes behind him. 595

And Diomedes, brave in battle, seeing him, shuddered. And as when a man perplexed about his road, crossing a vast plain, stops at a rapid river, which flows towards the sea, and seeing it roaring with foam, runs back again; thus Tydides then re-treated, and addressed his troops: 600

“My friends, how much do we admire the noble Hector for being a bold spear-man and a daring warrior! But one of the gods is always beside him, who repels destruction; and that is Mars now beside him, in the shape of a mortal man. Fall back, therefore, always turned towards the Trojans, nor desire to fight stoutly with the gods.” 605

Thus then he spake; and the Trojans came very near them. There Hector slew two men, skilful in battle, Menesthes and Anchialus, being in one car. But the mighty Telamonian Ajax pitied them fallen, and, advancing very near, stood, and threw his shining spear, and struck Amphius, son of Selægus, who, with much wealth and many lands, dwelt in Pæsus; but fate led him to assist Priam and his sons. Him then Telamonian Ajax struck upon the belt, and the long spear stuck in the lower part of his belly, and he made a crash, falling. And the illustrious Ajax rushed upon him, to strip him of his armour, but the Trojans poured their sharp shining spears upon him, and his shield received many. Then placing his heel upon it, he plucked his brazen spear from the body, but still was not able to take from his shoulders the rest of his handsome armour, for he was pressed upon with darts; and he feared a strong enclosure of the brave Trojans⁶ who, numerous and stout, pressed upon him, holding spears, and who, tall, strong, and gallant as he was, repelled him from them; and retreating, he was driven back. 615 620 625

Thus toiled they in obstinate battle. And forceful fate impelled Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules, handsome and tall, upon the godlike Sarpedon. And when, advancing against each other, they were now close, the son and the grandson of cloud-collecting Jove, Tlepolemus first addressed the *other* in these words: 630

“Sarpedon, counsellor of Lycians, what necessity is there for thee, being a man unskilled in war, to be trembling here? Falsely men declare⁷ thee to be a son of ægis-bearing Jove; 635

⁵ A personification—Bellona brings Battle with her. *αναίδη*—as having no respect for any thing.

⁶ *αμφιβασιν* for *αμφιζανοντας*—i. e. the Trojans, who gathered round the body of Amphius.

⁷ Lying they, &c.

since thou art much inferior to those men, who, among former generations⁸, sprung from Jove. And what an indomitable and
 640 lion-hearted man do they say was my father, the mighty⁹ Hercules! who once coming here, on account of the horses of Laomedon, with only six ships, and very few¹ men, laid waste the city of Troy, and desolated its streets. For thy spirit is cowardly, and thy people perish²; nor can I think that thou, coming
 645 from Lycia, will be of service to the Trojans, not even if thou wert ever so brave, but, rather, subdued by my spear, wilt descend to the gates of Hades.”

And to him, in reply, Sarpedon, leader of Lycians, answered:
 “Tlepolemus, truly that hero laid waste sacred Ilium, through
 650 the folly of the noble hero Laomedon—he who reviled him that had done him service, with opprobrious language, and gave him not the horses, for the sake of which he had come from afar. But I also think that here death and dark fate will overtake thee from me, and that, subdued by my spear, thou wilt give glory to me, and thy soul to Pluto, famous for his horses.”

655 Thus spake Sarpedon; and Tlepolemus raised his ashen spear, and their long javelins flew from their hands at the same moment. Sarpedon struck the middle of his *enemy's* neck, and the cruel point went quite through, and dark night³ covered his
 660 eyes. And Tlepolemus too had struck *Sarpedon's* left thigh with his long spear, and the impetuous point pierced through, driven upon the bone; but his father still averted death.

Then did his noble comrades carry the godlike Sarpedon from the battle; but the long spear, dragged *after him*, pained him;
 665 for no one of them, busy in getting him into his car⁴, observed it, or thought to draw the ashen spear from his thigh—such anxiety⁵ had they who were occupied with him. On the other side, the well-armed Achæans bore Tlepolemus from the battle;
 670 and the noble Ulysses, possessing a daring spirit, perceived it, and his heart throbbed. And he debated within his mind and soul whether he should pursue farther the son of the loud-sounding Jove, or take away life from others⁶ of the Lycians. Not,
 675 however, was it destined to the brave Ulysses to slay the gallant son of Jove with his sharp spear; therefore Minerva turned his rage upon the mass of Lycians. There he slew Cæranus and

⁸ Men.

⁹ The Herculean might.

² *i. e.* through thy cowardice.

³ Night of Erebus.

⁵ *Labour.*

⁶ τῶν πλεονων—the body of Lycians—equivalent to πλεονων three lines below.

¹ Fewer—*i. e.* than the people of Troy.

⁴ Busy that he might get into his car.

Alastor, and Chromius, and Alcander, and Halius, and Noemon, and Prytānis; and more of the Lycians would noble Ulysses 680 have slain, had not the mighty and stirring⁷ Hector quickly observed him. For he went through the foremost combatants, armed in shining brass, bringing terror upon the Danaans; and Sarpedon, son of Jove, was glad at his approach, and uttered *this* piteous speech:

“Son of Priam, suffer me not to lie a prey to the Danaans, but 685 defend me; and then let life quit me in your city; or otherwise I shall return home to my dear native land no more, to cheer my beloved wife and infant son.”

Thus he spake; and the stirring⁷ Hector answered him not, but flew past, glowing with ardour, that he might speedily re- 690 pulse the Argives, and take away the life of many. Then his noble companions laid the godlike Sarpedon beneath the beautiful beech-tree of the ægis-bearing Jove; and the gallant Pelagon, who was his loved comrade, forced out the ashen spear from 695 his thigh. And his soul left him, and a mist spread over his eyes; but he breathed again, for the breeze of the north-wind blowing around him, refreshed his spirit that scarcely breathed.

And the Argives neither fled in confusion to the black ships before Mars and Hector, armed in brass, nor bore up against 700 them in battle; but always they kept falling back, when they understood⁸ that Mars was with the Trojans.

Then whom first, and whom last, did Hector, son of Priam, and brazen Mars slay? The godlike Teuthras, and next the 705 equestrian⁹ Orestes, and the Ætolian Trechus, a spear-man⁹, and CEnomāus, and Helenus, the son of CEnops, and Oresbius, with a variegated belt—he who dwelt at Hyla, close upon the lake Cephissus, very much intent upon wealth; and beside him 710 dwelt other Bœotians, who held very rich land.

And when the white-armed goddess Juno observed these *her* Argives perishing in the hard battle, she immediately addressed to Minerva winged words:

“Alas, child of the ægis-bearing Jove, invincible, surely a vain promise¹ plighted we to Menelaus—to return home after de- 715 stroying well-built Ilium, if we suffer destructive Mars thus to rage. Come, then, let thou and I likewise think of active battle.”

⁷ κορυθαίολος.

⁸ *i. e.* from Diomedes. 603.

⁹ πλῆξιππος—meaning here, probably, Orestes was in his car, and Trechus, αἰχμητής, on foot.

¹ We stood under a vain word.

Thus she spake, nor did the blue-eyed Minerva refuse. Then
 720 Juno, venerable goddess, daughter of mighty Saturn, proceeding,
 harnessed her golden-reined horses. And Hebe quickly put the
 curved wheels, brazen and of eight spokes, to the car, at each
 end of the iron-axletree; of these, however, the imperishable
 725 felloes were of gold, and on the outside were brazen tires attached,
 wonderful to be seen; the circular naves on both sides were of
 silver; and the body² was suspended³ with gold and silver
 straps, and the two *αυσυγες* were circular; and the pole of it was
 730 of silver; and at the extremity of it (*the pole*), she fastened the
 handsome golden yoke, and put in it the beautiful golden collars.
 And eager for the battle and the shout, Juno led under the yoke
 her swift-footed horses.

And Minerva, the daughter of ægis bearing Jove, flung off,
 upon the floor of her father, the beautiful embroidered veil,—
 735 that⁴, which she had herself made and worked with her own
 hands; and, putting on her tunic, in the armour of cloud collect-
 ing Jove she arrayed herself for tearful battle. On her shoul-
 ders she threw the terrible, fringed Ægis, which fear begirt all
 740 round. On and in *it were* Contention, and Force, and chilling
 Pursuit; and the Gorgon head of the fearful monster *was* upon
it, terrible and horrible, a portent of ægis-bearing Jove. And
 upon her head she placed her golden, double-coned, four studded
 745 helmet, fit for the infantry of a hundred cities⁵. And she stept⁶
 into the flaming car, and took her spear, heavy, huge, and strong,
 with which she overthrows the ranks of heroes, with whom she
 is angry—descended from a potent father. And Juno swiftly
 urged on the horses with the lash; and grated⁷ of their own ac-
 750 cord the gates of heaven, which the Hours kept, to whom are
 entrusted the vast heaven and Olympus, both to remove the
 thick cloud, and to replace it. Then, through them, they drove
 the horses on, obedient to the lash⁸; and they found the son of
 Saturn sitting, apart from the other gods, upon the highest sum-
 755 mit of the many-topped Olympus. There the white-armed
 goddess Juno, stopping her horses, interrogated the son of
 Saturn, the supreme Jove, and addressed him:

² *διφρος* is strictly the *body* of the car, or standing space—for there was no seat—and the *αυσυγες* are the sides, or panels, in this case two circular pieces, meeting probably in front, but open behind for mounting.

³ Literally—stretched—fastened in some way to the axle.

⁴ *ὄν βα*.

⁵ Either extravagant, or wholly unintelligible.

⁶ Mounted with feet.

⁷ *i. e.* which creaked as they spontaneously opened.

⁸ Literally—the *goad*.

“Father Jove, art thou not offended with Mars, for these atrocious deeds? How many and what *glorious* people of the Achæans has he destroyed recklessly, and with no reason; and 760 to me a grief. Whilst Venus and the silver-bowed Apollo, at their ease, are delighted, setting on this madman, who knows no laws. Wilt thou, then, father Jove, be angry, if, severely scourging Mars, I drive him from the battle?”

And the cloud-collecting Jove, answering her, said: “Well, then, dispatch after him Minerva, the despoiler, who is most ac- 765 customed to put him to torturing pains.”

Thus he spake, nor did the white-armed goddess Juno refuse, but lashed on her steeds; and they, not unwilling, flew midway between earth and the starry heaven. And as far as a man can see through the air with his eyes, sitting upon a rock, and look- 770 ing over the dark sea, so far did the neighing horses spring at a bound. But when now they came to Troy and the flowing rivers, where Simois and Scamander unite their streams, there the white-armed goddess Juno stopped her horses, loosening 775 them from the car, and cast round them a thick cloud. And the Simois threw up ambrosia for them to feed on.

And they, *the goddesses*, went with steps like frightened doves¹, eager to assist the Argive warriors. And when at last 780 they came where the most and bravest stood, collected round Diomedes, tamer of horses, like flesh-devouring lions, or wild boars, whose strength is not feeble—there the white-armed goddess Juno, standing, called aloud, in the likeness of the stout-hearted brazen-voiced Stentor, who shouted as loud as fifty 785 other *men could do*.

“Shame, Argives, foul disgraces, *only* gallant in form. As long as the noble Achilles took part² in the war, never did the Trojans advance beyond the Dardan gates, for they feared his powerful spear; but now they fight, far from their city, close 790 at the hollow ships.”

Thus having spoken, she roused the strength and courage of each. And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva flew after Tydides, and found that king beside his horses and car, cooling the wound, which Pandarus with an arrow had inflicted upon him; for the 795 sweat under the broad belt of his good round shield distressed him—with it he was distressed, and his hand was weary; and holding up the belt, he was wiping away the black blood. And the goddess touched the yoke of his horses³, and said:

⁹ *i. e.* to punish him—alluding to some remoter mythics.

¹ Indicative of haste and anxiety.

² Was present.

³ The equestrian yoke.

800 “Surely Tydeus begat a son little resembling himself; Tydeus indeed was small in body, but *he was* a warrior. For even when I forbade⁴ him to fight, or rush on like a madman, and when he went, apart from the Achæans, as an ambassador to
805 Thebes, in among many Cadmeans, I ordered him to feast quiet in the halls—still he who had his own spirit as bold as before, challenged the chiefs of the Cadmeans, and overcame them in every *contest* easily—so great an assistant was I to him. And by
810 thee too I stand, and guard thee, and exhort thee to fight boldly against the Trojans; but either weariness, produced by much labour, has fallen upon thy limbs, or surely heartless fear restrains thee. Thou art, henceforth, no son of Tydeus, the brave son of *Æneus*.”

815 And the brave Diomedes, answering her, said: “I know thee daughter of the ægis-bearing Jove, therefore will I freely speak to thee, nor conceal *ought*. Neither does heartless fear restrain me, nor any slothfulness; but I am still mindful of the injunctions, which thou gavest me. Thou didst not permit⁵ me to
820 fight against the other blessed gods; but if Venus, daughter of Jove, should come into the battle, her thou badest me wound with my sharp spear. For this reason I now keep aloof myself, and have ordered all the rest of the Argives to collect here, for
825 I know that Mars controls the battle.”

And then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva replied: “Diomedes, son of Tydeus, dear to my soul, fear thou neither that Mars, nor any other of the immortals, so great an auxiliary will I be to
830 thee. Come then, drive thy solid-hoofed horses against Mars first. Engage⁶ him hand to hand, nor respect that fierce raging Mars, mischievous⁷ and capricious miscreant, who yesterday conversing, promised to myself and Juno, that he would fight against the Trojans, and assist the Argives, and now he is among
835 the Trojans and forgets the *Argives*.”

Thus saying, she pulled Sthelenus from the car⁹ towards the ground, dragging him backwards by the hand; and he instantly sprang out. And into the car, beside the noble Diomedes, mounted the impassioned goddess; and the beechen axle groaned
840 loud beneath the weight, for it carried a terrible goddess, and a very brave man. And Pallas Minerva seized the whip and the reins, and forthwith urged the solid-hoofed horses against Mars first. He indeed⁸ had just slain the mighty Periphas, by far the bravest of the Ætolians, the illustrious son of Ochesius

⁴ When I did not suffer, &c.

⁵ *i. e.* thou forbadest me.

⁶ Strike.

⁷ A made evil—as if made for mischief and nothing else.

⁸ Them.

⁹ Horses.

—him the blood-stained Mars slew. And Minerva put on the 845
helmet of Pluto, that impetuous Mars might not see her.

And when Mars destroyer of men, beheld the noble Diomedes,
then he let the mighty Periphas lie there, where first, killing
him, he took away his life, and advanced straight against Dio-
medes, tamer of horses. And when coming against each other,
they were now near, Mars first threw¹ at him his brazen spear, 850
over the yoke and reins of the horses², eager to deprive him of
life; but the blue-eyed goddess Minerva, catching it in her
hand, thrust it under the car, so that it was thrown in vain³.
Next brave Diomedes hurled his brazen spear; and Pallas 855
Minerva forced it into the lower part of the belly, where he was
girt with his inner belt⁴; striking him then in this place, he
wounded him, and tore his fair skin; and drew out the spear
again; and the brazen Mars roared as loud as nine or ten thou- 860
sand men shout in war, while engaged in the conflict of battle.
And fear in consequence seized upon the trembling Achæans
and Trojans, so loud shouted Mars, insatiable of war.

And as a dark cloud appears in the sky⁵, when a strong wind
rises, through the heat⁶, so appeared brazen Mars to Diomedes, 865
son of Tydeus, ascending with the clouds, to the wide heaven.
And he went immediately to the seat of the gods, the lofty
Olympus, and sat down beside Jove, the son of Saturn, in great
pain, and showed the immortal blood flowing from his wound, 870
and lamenting uttered winged words:

“Father Jove, art thou not indignant, observing these violent
deeds? Ever are we gods enduring most horrible things,
through the plans of each other, and to gratify men. Through
thee do we all fight⁷, for thou hast begotten a mad and perni- 875
cious daughter, who is ever planning mischief⁸. All the rest of
the gods, as many as are in Olympus, are obedient to thee, and
each of us are subject to thee; but her thou never restrainest by
word or deed, but encouragest her, because thou didst thyself 880
beget *this* destructive daughter. She has now incited the son
of Tydeus, the insolent Diomedes, to vent his fury upon the
immortal gods. First he wounded Venus upon the hand, at the
wrist; and then, like a god, rushed upon me myself; but my

¹ Stretched forward with the spear.

² *i. e.* those of Diomedes.

³ To have been driven in vain.

⁴ *μπτρην*. Compare *Λ*. 137.

⁵ *ἐκ νεφελῶν*—*i. e.* from the region of clouds—the atmosphere.

⁶ *καυματος*—depends on *εξ*.

⁷ *i. e.* you are the cause of our fighting.

⁸ To whom ever nefarious deeds are a care.

885 swift feet carried me off, otherwise I should have long endured tortures there, among horrible carcasses, or have been crushed⁹ alive with the blows of his spear.”

But the cloud-collecting Jove looking sternly at him, replied :
 “ Do not sit and whimper by me, turncoat ; thou art the most
 890 hateful to me of the gods who possess Olympus, for contention is ever dear to thee, and wars and battles. There is in thee the intolerable unyielding fierceness of thy mother Juno, whom I can with difficulty govern by words ; and in this case I suspect,
 895 that thou sufferest these things from her counsels. However, I will not allow thee to suffer pain longer¹, because thou art sprung² from me, and thy mother bore thee to me ; but if, thus destructive, thou wert sprung from any other of the gods, even long ago thou shouldst have been lower than the sons of Uranus³.”

Thus he spake, and ordered Pæon to heal him ; and Pæon
 900 sprinkling anodyne medicines⁴ upon him, cured him, for he was not liable at all to death⁵. And, as when rennet⁶ working⁷, fixes white milk, liquid as it is, whilst it is rapidly stirred by the mixer ; so speedily did he heal the fierce Mars. And Hebe
 905 washed him, and put on his beautiful robes ; and he sat beside Jove, the son of Saturn, exulting in glory.

And Argive Juno, and the protecting Minerva, returned again to the mansion of the mighty Jove, having withdrawn⁸ Mars, the destroyer of men, from the slaughter of heroes.

⁹ Without strength—disabled.

¹ But I will not bear thee suffering pains yet long.

² A production—a son of me.

³ That is, the Titans. ©. 12.

⁴ Δ. 218.

⁵ For he was not made mortal.

⁶ Supposed to be the juice of the fig.

⁷ As if σπός was personified.

⁸ Having caused to cease.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector, by the advice of Helenus, enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba, to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons, goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache; and Paris, having armed himself, in the mean time, comes up with Hector, at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

THE dire battle of the Trojans and Achæans was now deserted *by the gods*; and much in all directions on the plain did the battle rage, as at each other they hurled their brazen spears, between the floods of Simoïs and Xanthus.

And Telamonian Ajax, the bulwark of the Achæans, first 5 broke a phalanx of Trojans, and brought relief to his comrades, wounding a man, who was the bravest among the Thracians, Acâmas the son of Eusorus, both handsome and tall. Him first he smote upon the cone of the helmet, crested with horse-hair, and the brazen spear sunk in his forehead, and penetrated more- 10 over into the bone; and darkness covered his eyes.

And, next, brave Diomedes slew Axylus, son of Teuthras, who dwelt in well-built Arisba, rich in possessions, and hospitable to men; for, living in a house by the road-side, he kindly 15 entertained all. But none of them then, coming to his aid, averted from him miserable destruction; and Diomedes deprived of life, both him and his attendant Calesius,—he who was then the driver of his horses; and both fell to the ground.

And Euryalus¹ slew Dresus and Opheltius; and then went 20

¹ B. 565, 6.

after Æsepus and Pedäsus, whom once Abarbarëa, the Naiad-nymph, bore to good Bucolion. And Bucolion was a son of the illustrious Laomedon, his eldest by birth, and his mother gave
 25 birth to him clandestinely. For while he had the care of the flocks, he had intercourse with her (*the Nymph*); and she, becoming pregnant, bore him twin sons. And the son of Mecisteus slew them², and stripped the armour from their shoulders. And,
 30 next, stout Polypætēs³ killed Astyälus; and Ulysses slew Pidytes, the Percosian⁴, with his brazen spear; and Teucer, the noble Aretäo; and Antilochus, son of Nestor, slew Ablerus with his shining spear; and the king of men, Agamemnon, Elätus, who dwelt in lofty Pedäsus, by the banks of the fair-flowing
 35 Satnioeis. And the hero Leitus⁵ arrested Phyläcus, while flying; and Eurypylus⁶ slew Melanthius.

And then brave Menelaus took Adrastus alive; for his horses, flying in terror along the plain, getting entangled by a myrtle bough, and breaking the curved car, at the extremity of the pole,
 40 proceeded themselves towards the city, where the rest, fear-smitten, were flying. And he was himself thrown from his car, near the wheel, prone upon his face in the dust; and Menelaus, son of Atreus, stood by him, with his long spear; and then
 45 Adrastus, embracing his knees, entreated:

“Take me alive, son of Atreus, and accept a worthy ransom; for at my wealthy father’s lie many precious stores, brass, and
 50 gold, and manufactured⁷ iron—from them will my father gratify thee with an infinite ransom, if he shall learn that I am alive at the Achæans’ ships.”

Thus he spake, and persuaded him⁸; and Menelaus was forth-with going⁹ to give him to his attendant, to take him down to the Achæans’ ships, but Agamemnon came up to him, running, and upbraiding, said¹:

55 “O foolish Menelaus, why dost thou thus pity men? Truly thou wert at home well treated by *these* Trojans². Let none of them escape entire destruction, or our hands; not the child, whom the mother bears in her womb—let not even it escape;
 60 but let altogether of Ilium perish unburied and unseen³.”

Thus saying, the hero turned the mind of his brother, Mene-

² Euryalus loosened their strength and fair limbs.

³ B. 740.

⁴ Of Percote. B. 835.

⁵ B. 494.

⁶ B. 736.

⁷ Much-wrought—articles or implements of iron.

⁸ *μυδον*—his mind—his feelings in his bosom.

⁹ *δη ταχ' εμελλ'*—already, on the point of going, &c.

¹ Said a word.

² The best things were done to thee by, &c.

³ Disappear—so that there might be no relics or remembrance of them.

laus, advising what was right⁴; and he thrust the hero Adrastus from him with his hand; and king Agamemnon struck him in the flank, and he fell flat, and Atrides, placing his heel upon his 65 breast, plucked out the ashen spear.

Then Nestor exhorted the Argives, shouting loud:

“Friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars, let no one falling upon the spoils, lag behind, to go⁵ to the ships, carrying most. But let us slaughter the men, and then of them⁶ also, at your 70 leisure, ye can strip the dead bodies dead on the plain.”

Thus speaking, he roused the might and courage of each. Then again would the Trojans, defeated by their own cowardice, have been driven⁷ into Ilium by the warlike Achæans, had not Helenus, the son of Priam, far the best of augurs, addressed Hector and Æneas, standing beside them: 75

“Æneas and Hector—since upon you chiefly rests the battle of the Trojans and Lycians, because ye are the best in every effort, both in fighting and in planning—stand here, and in front 80 of the gates stop the people, going among them in every direction, before they rush in again, flying to the arms of their wives⁸, and become a mockery to the enemy. And when ye have stirred up all the phalanxes⁹, we remaining here, will fight with the Danaans, hard pressed although we be¹, for necessity enfor- 85 ces it; but do thou, Hector, repair to the city, and then speak to thy mother and mine. Taking² with her the matrons to the temple of the blue-eyed Minerva, in the Acropolis, having opened with a key the gates of the sacred mansion—the veil which appears to be the most elegant and the largest in her 90 halls, and which is by far the most prized by her, let her lay upon the knees³ of the fair-haired goddess,—and vow to sacrifice to Minerva in the temple twelve oxen, of a year old, never yoked, if she will have pity upon the city, the wives, and the 95 children⁴ of the Trojans—if she will but avert from sacred Ilium the son of Tydeus, the fierce warrior, the direful master of rout, whom I affirm to be the mightiest of the Achæans. Never thus did we fear Achilles, leader of men, whom they declare to have sprung from a goddess; for greatly this man rages, nor can any 100 one equal his strength.”

Thus he spake, and Hector disobeyed not his brother; but

⁴ Advising right things.

⁵ *i. e.* with a view to get all the spoil he can.

⁶ *τα* scil. *εναρα*.

⁷ Would have gone in again—*i. e.* driven by force.

⁸ *i. e.* for protection—like cowards.

⁹ *i. e.* to fight again.

¹ Although very had pressed.

² Taking—lay upon the knees, &c.

³ Therefore the figure of the goddess was in a sitting position.

⁴ *νηπια τεκνα*.

immediately leaped from his car with his arms to the ground, and brandishing sharp spears, went through the army in every
 105 direction, urging them to fight, and roused the fierce battle. And they rallied⁵, and stood up against the Achæans; and the Argives fell back, and desisted from slaughter⁶; for they said that some one of the immortals had descended from the starry heaven
 110 to succour the Trojans—they so rallied. Then Hector encouraged the Trojans, shouting loud:

“Ye spirited Trojans, and allies, summoned from afar, be men, my friends, and be mindful of your vigorous courage, whilst I repair to Ilium, and charge the aged counsellors, and our wives,
 115 to supplicate the divinities, and to vow hecatombs.”

Thus having spoken, the active Hector departed; and struck upon his heels and neck the black hide, the rim which went last round his bossy shield⁷.

And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, and the son of Tydeus, met
 120 between both *armies*, eager to fight; and when, advancing against each other, they were now near, brave Diomedes first addressed him:

“And who art thou, my bravest of mortal men? For I have never seen thee in glorious battle before; and now hast gone
 125 far beyond all in thy confidence, when thou awaitest my long spear. For sons of the unhappy⁸ are they who encounter my might. But if, one of the immortals, thou hast come from heaven, I will not fight with the heavenly Gods; for neither did
 130 the son of Dryas, the brave Lycurgus, live long⁹—he¹ who contended with the heavenly Gods. He once chased down the divine Nysseïan *hill* the nurses of maddening Bacchus; and they all together threw their Thyrsi upon the ground, being struck
 135 with an ox-goad, by Lycurgus, slayer of men. And Bacchus, alarmed, rushed into the wave of the sea, and Thetis received him, trembling, in her bosom; for violent terror seized him on account of the threatening of the man. With him then the Gods, who live without care, were enraged, and the son of
 140 Saturn made him blind; nor did he long survive, for he was hated by all the immortal gods. Nor would I wish to fight with the blessed gods. But if thou art one of mortals, who eat the fruit of the ground, come near, that thou mayst the sooner reach final destruction².”

And him, in return, the illustrious son of Hippolochus addressed: “Great Tydides, why inquirest thou of my birth? As

⁵ They were turned.

⁶ Blood.

⁷ *i. e.* he threw it behind his back.

⁸ Sons of unhappy—*i. e.* unhappy are they who, &c.

⁹ Was not long.

¹ ὄσ ῥα.

² The limits—the boundary of destruction.

is the race of leaves, such is that of men; some leaves³ the wind scatters upon the ground, and others the budding wood produces, for they come again in the season of spring. So is the race of men, one springs up, and another dies⁴. But if thou desirest to learn these matters—*hear*, that thou mayst well know our family 150 —though many men are acquainted with it⁵. In the bay of equestrian Argos is the town of Ephÿre, where lived Sisyphus, who was the cunningest of men, Sisyphus, the son of Æolus. Now he begat a son, Glaucus; and Glaucus begat the good Bellerophon; and on him did the gods bestow beauty and attractive 155 vigour. But Prætus plotted his destruction—he who exiled him from the city; for he (*Prætus*) was the most powerful of the Argives, for Jove had subjected them under his sceptre. And with him (*Bellerophon*) the wife of Prætus, the noble Anteia, was maddening to have clandestine intercourse, but she could 160 not persuade the just⁶ and prudent Bellerophon. And she addressed king Prætus with a falsehood: ‘Die, O Prætus, or kill Bellerophon, who wished to lie with me against my will.’ Thus she spake, and indignation seized the king at what he heard. 165 He was unwilling indeed to kill him, for he had a religious dread of that in his mind; but he sent him to Lycia, and gave him fatal letters⁷, writing upon a folded tablet many deadly words, and bade him show them to his father-in-law⁸—in order 170 that he might perish. And he departed for Lycia, under the kind guidance of the Gods; and when he came to Lycia and the flowing Xanthus, the king of broad Lycia hospitably entertained him—nine days he feasted him, and sacrificed nine oxen. And when at last the tenth rosy-fingered morning appeared, then he 175 interrogated him, and requested to see the letters, which he brought from his son-in-law Prætus. And after he had received the wicked letter of his son-in-law, first he ordered him (*Bellerophon*) to kill the tremendous Chimæra,—for she was of divine 180 origin, not of men—in front a lion, and behind a dragon, and in the middle a goat—breathing forth the terrible force of blazing fire. And her he slew, trusting to the signs of the gods. Next he fought against the glorious Solÿmi; and he said that that 185 was the hardest battle of heroes he had entered into. The third time, he slew the masculine Amazons. Then moreover he (*Jobates*) planned another dark plot against him on his return

³ *i. e.* one set of leaves—the foliage of one year.

⁴ Ceases.

⁵ Or—if thou desirest to learn, or be informed of these things also, that thou mayst know our family well, *I will tell thee*—and many know it.

⁶ Thinking good things.

⁷ Signs.

⁸ *i. e.* the father-in-law of Prætus—Jobates.

190 —selecting the bravest men from broad Lycia, he placed them
 in ambush; but they returned not home again, for the illus-
 trious Bellerophon slew them all. And when at last he per-
 ceived him to be the mighty offspring of a god, he detained him
 195 there, and gave him his own daughter, and presented him with
 the half of all his royal honour⁹; and moreover the Lycians cut
 out *for him* an estate¹ excelling the rest, suited² for the produce
 of vines, and for ploughing, that he might cultivate it. And she
 bore the brave Bellerophon three children, Isandrus, and Hip-
 polocchus, and Laodameia—and with Laodameia wise Jupiter
 200 lay, and she bore him the godlike, brazen-mailed Sarpedon.
 And, when at last even he was hated by all the gods, then he
 roamed through the Aleian plain, alone, eating³ his own soul, and
 avoiding the track of men. And Mars, insatiable of war, slew
 his son Isandrus, when fighting against the noble Solymi; and
 205 the golden-reined Diana, enraged, slew his daughter (*Laoda-
 meia*); but Hippolocchus begat me, and from him do I say that
 I am *sprung*. And he sent me to Troy, and charged me much
 to be ever brave, and to be superior to others, nor to disgrace the
 family⁴ of my fathers, who were by far the bravest both in Ephyre
 210 and in broad Lycia. Of this family and blood do I boast to be.”

Thus he spake, and brave Diomedes was delighted. His
 spear he stuck in the bounteous earth, and addressed the shep-
 herd of the people in words of peace⁴.

215 “Then thou art indeed my old paternal friend⁵, for noble
 Ceneus once feasted in his halls illustrious Bellerophon, and re-
 tained him for twenty days. And they presented each other
 with handsome friendship-gifts; Ceneus gave a bright red belt,
 220 and Bellerophon a golden double cup, and it, when I came away,
 I left in my house. But Tydeus I do not remember; for he left
 me yet a little one, when he lost the army of the Achæans at
 Thebes. Now therefore I am an host *and* friend to thee in the
 225 midst of Argos, and thou to *me* in Lycia, when I go to the nation
 of the *Lycians*; and let us also avoid each other with our spears
 in the field. There are many Trojans and noble allies for me to
 slay, whomsoever God may present, or I overtake with my feet;
 and there are, again, many Achæans for thee to slaughter, whom
 230 soever thou art able. And we will exchange armour with each
 other, that these also may know that we boast to be paternal
 friends⁶.”

⁹ *i. e.* divided the kingdom with him.

1 ΤΕΜΕΒΟΣ.

² Beautiful, or good.

³ *i. e.* melancholy mad.

⁴ ΜΕΙΛΙΧΙΟΙΣ—words of honey—kind and friendly.

⁵ *i. e.* hereditary friend.

⁶ *i. e.* that our fathers were friends.

Thus saying, *and* leaping from their cars, they seized each other's hands, and gave the pledge of faith. And then Jove, the son of Saturn, took away from Glaucus his senses⁷, who exchanged his armour with Diomedes, son of Tydeus, golden for 235 brazen, what was worth one hundred oxen, for what was worth nine oxen.

And when Hector came to the Scæan gates, and the beech tree, the wives and daughters of the Trojans ran round him, inquiring for children, and brothers, and friends and husbands; 240 and he then charged them to supplicate the gods all in procession⁸; for evils hung over many.

But when at length he came to the splendid mansion of Priam, built with marble porticos—and in it were fifty chambers of polished stone, built close to one another, where slept the 245 sons of Priam beside their wedded wives. And within the court, on the other side, opposite, were his daughters' twelve ceiled chambers of polished stone, built close to each other, where the sons-in-law of Priam slept beside their wedded wives—there his 250 fond mother while going⁹ towards Laodice, the fairest of her daughters¹, met him; and she clung to his hand, and addressed him, and said:

“My son, why hast thou come, leaving the fierce battle? Too surely now the accursed sons of the Achæans press you hard, 255 fighting round the city; and thy soul has prompted thee to come² here, and lift up thy hands to Jove from the Acropolis. But stay, whilst I fetch thee sweet wine, that thou mayst pour out a libation to father Jove and the other immortals first, and 260 then refresh thyself, if thou wilt drink—for wine greatly increases the strength of a man weary, as thou art now weary *with* fighting for thy friends.”

And then the mighty helmed Hector replied: “Bring not sweet wine to me, my venerable mother, lest thou unnerve me, and I lose³ my strength and resolution. And I fear, with un- 265 washed hands, to pour out the dark wine to Jove; nor is it *fit for me* to offer vows to the cloud-collecting son of Saturn, *thus* stained with blood and gore. But go thou to the temple of Minerva, the despoiler⁴, with offerings⁵, assembling the matrons; 270 and the veil, which is most elegant, and the largest in thy house,

⁷ φρενας.

⁸ ἐξείης.

⁹ ἐσαουούσα scil. ἑαυτην.

¹ The best of her daughters as to appearance—in person.

² Coming here to lift, &c.

³ Forget—*i. e.* lose my vigour and resolution to exert. Just as μνησασθαι ζουριδος αλκης means to exert it.

⁴ ἀγγελίης. See Δ. 128.

⁵ Incense, or libations, or both.

and far the most precious to thyself, place upon the knees of the fair-haired goddess, and make a vow to sacrifice in her temple
 275 twelve oxen, of a year old, and never put to the yoke, if she will take pity upon the city, the wives and children of the Trojans—if she will but repel from sacred Ilium the son of Tydeus, the fierce warrior, the terrible router of his foes. Go thou, then, to
 280 the Temple of Minerva, the despoiler; and I will go in quest of Paris, that I may call him, if he will choose to listen to my advice⁶. Oh that the earth would there gape for him; for the Olympian has bred him up a great mischief to the Trojans, and to noble Priam, and his sons. Could I but behold him descending
 285 to Hades, I might say my heart would forget its joyless misery.

Thus he spake; and she, departing to her house, gave orders to her attendants; and they then assembled the matrons in the city. But she herself descended to the fragrant chamber, where were her robes of various embroidery, the works of the Sidonian
 290 women, whom the godlike Alexander himself brought from Sidon, sailing upon the wide sea, in that voyage in which he brought home Helen, descended from an illustrious father. One of these, which was the most beautiful for its decorations, and the largest, Hecuba taking up, carried as a gift to Minerva; and
 295 it shone like a star, and lay at the bottom of the rest. And she set out⁷, and many matrons followed.

But when they came to the temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis, the fair-cheeked Theano, daughter of Cisseus, and spouse of Antenor, tamer of horses, opened the gates for them; for the
 300 Trojans had made her priestess of Minerva. And they all, with a cry, raised their hands to Minerva; and then the beautiful Theano, taking the robe, placed it upon the knees of the fair-haired Minerva, and praying, supplicated the daughter of the mighty Jove:

305 “Holy Minerva, guardian of the city, noblest of goddesses, break now the spear of Diomedes, and grant⁸ that himself may fall headlong before the Scæan gates; that we may forthwith sacrifice to thee, in thy temple, twelve oxen, of a year old, and
 310 never put to the yoke, if thou wilt take pity upon the city, the wives and the children of the Trojans⁹.”

Thus she spake, praying; but Pallas Minerva consented not. Thus then they prayed to the daughter of the mighty Jove; and

⁶ Hear me speaking—*i. e.* exhorting. or advising him to join the battle.

⁷ She went to go.

⁸ And give himself to fall.

⁹ In order that we at once now may sacrifice, &c.—if thou shouldst take pity, &c.

Hector proceeded to the handsome mansion of Alexander, which he had himself built with men, who were at that time the best 315 builders in fruitful Troy, who made for him a chamber¹, a hall², and a court³, near *those* of Priam and Hector, in the highest part of the city. There Hector, dear to Jove, entered; and in his hand he held a spear of eleven cubits' length. The brazen point of the spear shone before, and a golden ring went round 320 it⁴. And he found him in the chamber, busy with his very beautiful armour, his shield, and corselet, and setting to rights his bent bow; and Argive Helen sat among her female slaves, and was directing the famed works of her attendants. And Hector, on seeing him, reviled him with opprobrious words: 325

“Ill-timed, Sir, dost thou foster this resentment in thy⁵ soul. The people are perishing, fighting round the city and the lofty wall; and on thy account do the shout and the war rage round this city; and yet wouldst thou thyself quarrel⁶ with another, if thou anywhere sawest him skulking from horrid battle. But 330 up, lest the city soon blaze with hostile fire.”

And him in return, the godlike Alexander addressed: “Hector, as thou upbraidest me but justly, and not unjustly⁷, therefore will I speak to thee; and do thou observe and hear me. Not so much through resentment or indignation against the 335 Trojans sat I in my chamber, as that I wished to give way to my grief. And now my spouse, persuading me with gentle words, was urging me to war; and so to myself also seemed it better; for victory comes to men by turns⁸. Come then, wait, 340 and I will put on my martial armour; or go, and I will follow; and I am sure I shall overtake thee.”

Thus he spake, and the helmed Hector answered not. But Helen addressed him in soothing words:

“O brother-in-law of mine—mischievous woman⁹, and false that I am—would that on that day, when my mother first bore 345

¹ The female apartment—where the wife spent her time, and the husband a part of his leisure.

² The hall—which served as a saloon, and eating room.

³ *αυλην*—an open court, around which the apartments were built.

⁴ It—*i. e.* the spear—the part where the point was joined to the shaft.

⁵ Not well hast thou put this resentment in thy mind—a resentment excited by the readiness which the Trojans had shown to abandon him.

⁶ Fight—*i. e.* with words.

⁷ According to justice, and not contrary, or beyond.

⁸ Passes from one to another—*i. e.* though I have just been beaten, I may be the conqueror next time.

⁹ Evil-planning dog—not to use the too-forcible epithet of the feminine gender.

me, some terrible storm of wind had borne me off to a mountain, or into the wave of the roaring sea, where the wave would have washed me away, before these things happened¹. But as the
 350 gods thus doomed these evils, then would that I had been the spouse of a better man—of one who regarded² the indignation and many opprobriums of men. But to this *man* there is³ neither now, nor will there be hereafter a firm mind⁴; therefore I fear he will reap the consequences. But come now, my
 355 brother, enter, and sit upon this seat, since on thy mind chiefly presses the toil⁵ on account of graceless⁶ me, and Alexander's guilt, to whom Jove has given an evil destiny, so that we shall be hereafter infamous in song among future generations⁷."

And then the mighty helmed Hector replied: "Do not make
 ' 360 me sit down, Helen, hospitable as thou art; nor shalt thou persuade me; for my soul urges me to succour the Trojans, who feel the want of me in my absence. But urge thou this man, and let himself too make haste, that he may overtake me before
 365 I quit the town⁸; for I will go to my house, that I may see my domestics, and my beloved wife, and my infant son; since I know not whether I shall any more come back to them, or whether the gods will now subdue me under the hands of the Achæans."

Thus having spoken, the helmed Hector departed, and immediately after he came to his well-placed⁹ mansion, but found not
 370 white-armed Andromache in the halls; for she had been standing upon the tower with her child and well-veiled attendant¹, weeping and lamenting. And Hector, when he found not his
 375 excellent wife within, going to the threshold, he stopped, and said to the domestics:

"Tell me, maidens, true². Whither is white-armed Andromache gone from the house? Is she gone to any of the sisters of her husband, or the well-veiled wives of his brothers, or to
 380 the *temple* of Minerva, where the other fair-haired Trojan women are supplicating the awful goddess?"

Then the notable housekeeper³ said in return: "Hector, as

¹ *i. e.* in modern phrase—and prevented these things.

² Knew—*i. e.* who could estimate the moral indignation of men, and had some feeling of shame.

³ His mind, or senses are.

⁴ Said with reference to the levity with which Paris had disregarded the censure of the Trojans.

⁵ *i. e.* you have all the toil.

⁶ Dog.

⁷ Be sung of by future men—men to be.

⁸ Being yet within the town.

⁹ *ναισταοντας*—applies to the position, as below, 415, &c. in B. 626, &c.

¹ The nurse.

² True things.

³ Dispenser.

thou bidst us tell the truth.—she is gone neither to any of the sisters of her husband, nor to the well-veiled wives of his brothers, nor to the *temple* of Minerva, where the other fair-haired Trojan women supplicate the awful goddess; but she is gone to 385 the high wall of Ilium, because she heard that the Trojans were hard pressed, and that the might of the Achæans was great. She is gone near to the wall, hastening like a mad woman, and the nurse carries the boy along with her."

The female housekeeper said; and Hector rushed from the 390 house, the same way back, through the well-built streets. And when, passing through the great city, he came to the Scæan gates, (for that way he must go out to the plain,) where his rich-dowered wife came running to meet him, Andromache, daughter of the noble Eëtion—Eëtion who dwelt at the foot of 395 woody Placus, in Hypoplacian Thebe, governing Cilician men. His daughter was wedded⁴ to the brazen-mailed Hector. She then met him, and*with her went an attendant, holding in her bosom the tender child, quite an infant, the beloved son of 400 Hector, like a beautiful star. Him Hector called Scamandrius, but others Astyanax: for Hector alone defended Ilium. Then, looking at his son in silence, he smiled; and Andromache stood beside him, weeping; and she clung to his hand, addressed 405 him, and said:

"Thy⁵ valour will destroy thee; nor dost thou pity thine infant, nor me, miserable, who will soon be thy widow; for soon will the Achæans slay thee, all attacking thee; and it will be better for me, *when* deprived of thee, to go under the earth: for 410 there will no longer be other comfort, when thou art dead⁶, but —sorrows. Nor have I father or venerable mother; for in truth the noble Achilles slew my father, and sacked the well-situated city of the Cilicians, high-gated Thebe. Eëtion he slew, but 415 stripped not, because he had a religious fear of this in his mind⁷; but he burned him, with his beautiful armour, and heaped over him a mound; and the nymphs, the Oreades, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, planted elms around it. And in his halls 420 were seven brothers of mine, who all went on the same day to Hades; for the noble Achilles, swift of foot, slew them all among their slow-footed oxen and white sheep. And my mother, who was a queen, at the foot of woody Placus, after he had led her 425 away with the other spoils, he again set at liberty, receiving an

⁴ Was had by Hector. ⁵ Δαίμωνις. ⁶ When thou hast departed to death.

⁷ *i. e.* he forebore, from fear of drawing on himself the vengeance of the gods for such indignity—as, in 167 of this book, the same phrase expresses Prætus's fear of incurring the like vengeance, should he kill Bellerophon with his own hands.

immense ransom; and Diana, delighting in arrows, shot her in the halls of my father⁸. But thou, Hector, art a father, a venerable mother, and a brother to me, and thou art my youthful husband: therefore, come now, have pity upon me, and remain here in the tower, nor render thy son an orphan, and thy wife a widow. And station the army by the wild fig-tree, where the town is easiest of approach⁹, and the wall is assailable; for three times the chiefs advancing, have attempted it in this quarter, the two Ajaxes¹, and the famous Idomeneus, and the sons of Atreus, and the brave son of Tydeus—either some of them well skilled in auguries advised them, or their own mind impels and directs them.”

440 And her the mighty-helmed Hector addressed in return: “All these things, too, are my care, wife; but I should be very much ashamed² to look at the Trojans and long-robed³ Trojan women, if, like a coward, I shrunk from battle—nor does my soul *thus* prompt me, for I have learned to be always brave, and to fight
445 amongst the foremost Trojans, vindicating the great glory of my father, and my own. But this I well know in my mind and in my soul⁴ that the day will come when sacred Ilium will perish, and Priam, and the people of Priam, of the good ashen spear;
450 yet the sorrows of the Trojans hereafter are not so much a matter of concern to me, nor Hecuba’s herself, nor king Priam’s, nor my brothers’, who, many and brave, shall fall in the dust beneath their enemies, as thine, when some one of the mailed Achæans shall carry thee weeping, away, depriving thee of
455 liberty⁵; and when, being in Argos, *thou shalt* weave a web for another, and carry water from the fountain of Messeis or Hype-reia, much against thy will, but strong necessity will lie on thee; and some one say, beholding thee shedding tears, ‘That is the wife of Hector, who was the best of the Trojan chiefs in fighting, when they fought around Troy.’ Thus some will say, and thy grief will be renewed, from the want of such an husband to deliver thee from slavery⁶. But may the piled up earth cover
460 me, dead, before I hear of thy cry or thy captivity.”

Thus saying, the illustrious Hector held out his hands to his child: but the child, screaming, shrunk back to the bosom of his

⁸ Supposed to be expressive of sudden death—or of death by inflammatory fevers.

⁹ Of ascent.

¹ Those about the two Ajaxes, &c.

² αἰδέομαι.

³ Dragging long robes—*i. e.* with long trains.

⁴ *i. e.* I am sure of—as if convinced by knowledge and feeling.

⁵ Taking away thy free day.

⁶ Servile day—as in line 455, ελευθερον ἡλας, free day—*i. e.* ἡμαρ expresses the state or condition in which a person passes his *day*, or time.

well-girdled nurse, alarmed at the aspect of the fond father, fearing the brazen armour, and the horse-hair crest, seeing it nodding terribly from the summit of the helmet; and the fond father and noble mother smiled. Forthwith from his head the illustrious Hector took the helm, and laid it shining upon the ground; and when he had kissed his loved child, and dandled him in his arms, praying to Jove and the other gods, he said: 475

“Jove, and ye other gods, grant that this my son also may become distinguished among the Trojans, as I have been; *that he may be thus brave*⁷, and may powerfully govern Ilium; and may some one say of him, returning from battle—‘He is much mightier than his father;’ and, slaying his enemy, let him bring the bloody spoils, and gladden the heart of his mother.” 480

Thus speaking, he placed the child in the arms of his beloved wife, and she received him in her sweet bosom, smiling through⁸ her tears; and her husband observing, pitied her, and caressed her in his arms, and addressed her, and said: 485

“Be not too much afflicted in thy mind for me, love; for no man, before my fate⁹, will send me to Hades. And no man, either the coward or the brave, I am sure, can ever escape death, who ever was born¹. But go to the house, and attend to thy employments, the loom and the wheel, and order thy handmaids to perform their work; whilst war shall be the care of all the men, who are born in Troy, and especially of me.” 490

Thus having spoken, the illustrious Hector took up his helmet, crested with horse-hair; and his beloved wife, looking back, departed home, shedding abundant tears; and soon then she reached the well-placed house of Hector, slayer of men, and found her numerous handmaids within, and excited lamentation among them all. And they lamented Hector in his house, though still alive; for they thought that he never would return again from war, escaping the might and hands of the Achæans. 500

Nor did Paris loiter in his lofty mansion; but when he had put on his noble brazen armour, he hastened through the city, trusting to his swift feet². And as when some stabled horse, fed on barley at the stall, breaking his halter, runs over the plain, beating the earth with his feet, (accustomed to wash himself in the fair-flowing river,) exulting; and he carries his head on high, and his mane wantons upon his shoulders; and, proud of his beauty, his limbs soon bear him to the haunts and pastures of the mares; so Paris, son of Priam, down from the high Per- 505

⁷ Thus good in might.

⁸ Tearfully smiling.

⁹ ὑπερ αἰσαν. ¹ *Lit.* after he was first born—*i. e.* all who are born must die.

² *i. e.* treading—walking with rapid steps.

gamus, glittering in armour like the sun, ran exulting, and his swift feet bore him along. And immediately after, he overtook
 515 his noble brother Hector, when he was just going to turn from the place, where he had conversed with his wife.—Him the godlike Alexander first addressed: “My revered *brother*, in truth, I am keeping thee, though in haste, with my delay, and have not come at the right time³, as thou didst bid me.”
 520 But the helmed Hector answering him, said: “My good *brother*, no man, who is just, will find fault with thy conduct in battle, for thou art brave; but thou too readily neglectest⁴ *the battle*, and art unwilling to *encounter it*; and my heart is grieved,
 525 when I hear the infamies charged on thee by the Trojans, who suffer much toil for thy sake. But let us go, and we will settle these matters hereafter, if Jove ever grant that we raise in our halls the free⁵ goblet to the everlasting heavenly gods, after having driven the well-armed Achæans from Troy.”

³ *i. e.* at the time it became him—with sufficient speed. ⁴ μεθίεις—Δ. 240.

⁵ *i. e.* when we are freed from all apprehension—when we are victorious, and the war at an end.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

THUS saying, illustrious Hector rushed from the gates, and with him went his brother Alexander; and both were eager in their minds to join in the war and the battle. And as a god gives a breeze to sailors, longing for it, when they are weary *with* agitating the deep¹ with their smooth oars, and their limbs are 5 relaxed with toil; so too appeared these two to the Trojans, desiring them. Then they slew, the one², Menesthus, son of king Areïthoüs, dwelling at Arna, whom the club-bearing Areïthoüs and the fair³ Philomedüsa produced; and Hector struck 10 Etioneus with his sharp spear upon the neck, under the brazen⁴ rim of the *helmet*, and slew him⁵. And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycian warriors, smote with his spear, in the sharp battle, Iphinoüs, son of Dexias, upon the shoulder, as 15 he was springing into his car⁶: and he fell from his horses to the ground, and his limbs were relaxed.

And when the blue-eyed goddess, Minerva, observed the Argives perishing in the fierce battle, she descended in haste from the summits of Olympus to sacred Ilion: and Apollo, be- 20 holding her from Pergamus, speeded to meet her, for he desired victory for the Trojans. And these met each other by the beech-tree, and the king Apollo, the son of Jove, first addressed her:

“Why, again, excited, daughter of mighty Jove, comest thou

¹ *i. e.* in a calm.

² Alexander.

³ Βοωπις.

⁴ ευχαλλου—expressive of the beauty of the decoration or workmanship.

⁵ Relaxed his limbs.

⁶ On his horses.

25 from Olympus, and what does thy great spirit prompt thee to? Is it that thou mayst give Victory⁷ an auxiliary to the battle of the Danaans? Since thou pitiest not at all the perishing Trojans. But if thou wilt be advised by me, which I think will be 30 much better, let us now stop the war and the conflict for to day; and another time they shall fight again, till they accomplish the destruction⁸ of Ilium,—since it is thus agreeable to the minds of you immortals to destroy this city.”

And the blue-eyed goddess, Minerva, addressed him in return: “So let it be, far-darter; for I myself also, meditating the 35 same things, came from Olympus to the Trojans and Achæans. Come, then, how dost thou propose to stop the battle of heroes?”

And to her king Apollo, son of Jove, replied: “Let us stir up the bold spirit of Hector, tamer of horses, that he may chal- 40 lenge alone one of the Danaans, singly to fight against him in fierce combat; and that the brazen-greaved Achæans, indignant, urge some one alone to fight the noble Hector.”

Thus he spake, and the blue-eyed goddess Minerva did not refuse. And Helenus, the dear son of Priam, gathered up in his 45 mind their purpose, that⁹, which seemed good to the gods deliberating; and approaching, he stood beside Hector, and addressed *this* speech to him:

“Hector, son of Priam, equal in counsel to Jove, wilt thou be advised by me? I am thy brother. Make all the rest of the Trojans and the Achæans sit down, and do thou thyself chal- 50 lenge of the Achæans the bravest¹ to fight with thee in dreadful combat; for² not yet is it thy destiny to die and fulfil thy fate; for thus have I heard³ the voice of the everlasting gods.”

Thus he spake, and Hector, again, was greatly rejoiced, hear- 55 ing the proposal; and advancing into the midst, he kept back the phalanxes of the Trojans, holding his spear in the middle; and they all fell back⁴; and Agamemnon also made the well-armed Achæans sit down. Meanwhile Minerva, and the silver-bowed Apollo, like vultures⁵, sat down upon the lofty beech of

⁷ Victory is here personified. *ἑστραλλυγής* is whatever lends help to another—an efficient auxiliary.

⁸ Find an end of Ilium.

⁹ ἢ ῥα.

¹ Whoever of the Achæans is bravest.

² For fate is not to thee to die, and fall upon destruction.

³ In line 44 he collected—it appears not *how*—the mind of the gods. Here he is said to *hear*, which probably conveys no more than to *understand*; and must be taken in consistency with the former phraseology.

⁴ Made to sit—*i. e.* to be quiet—to suspend the combat.

⁵ Like to vulture birds.

father Jove, the ægis-bearer, delighted with the men—for their 60 dense ranks sat down, bristling with shields, and helmets, and spears. And as a ripple spreads on the sea, when the zephyr first rises, and the sea darkens under⁶; so too sat the ranks of 65 the Achæans and Trojans upon the plain; and Hector spoke to both:

“Hear me, Trojans, and well-armed Achæans, that I may speak what my soul in my bosom prompts. The son of Saturn, who sitteth aloft, has not fulfilled our compact, but meditating evils, he destines them for both, till either ye take the well- 70 towered ‘Troy, or yourselves fall beside your sea-faring ships. There are among you the bravest of all the Achæans—of all these, then, let him, whose spirit prompts him to fight with me, come hither, to be the champion against noble Hector. Thus 75 then, do I propose, and let Jove be a witness between us;—if he shall slay me with his long-pointed spear, then, stripping off my armour, let him bear it to the hollow ships; but let him restore my body home, that the Trojans and wives of the Tro- 80 jans may consume my dead body with fire⁷. But if I shall slay him, and Apollo give me glory, I will, stripping off his arms, bear them to sacred Ilium, and suspend them in the temple of the far-darting Apollo, and his body I will restore to the well-benched ships, that the long-haired Achæans may perform his 85 exequies, and pile up for him a tomb beside the broad Hellespont. And hereafter even among future generations⁸ will they say, when sailing in a many-benched ship upon the dark sea: ‘This is the tomb of an hero slain long ago, whom though the bravest⁹, the illustrious Hector once killed.’ Thus they¹ will 90 say, and my glory will never perish.”

Thus he spake, and all became silent. They were ashamed indeed to decline *the challenge*, but they were afraid to accept it. Till at last Menelaus started up, and spoke among them, tauntingly upbraiding them², and was greatly excited³: 95

“Oh! boasters, Achæan women, no longer Achæan men, surely this will be a stain most miserable⁴, if no one of the Danaans shall encounter⁵ Hector. But may ye be all earth and water, sitting here, each heartless, thus inglorious; and I will 100

⁶ *i. e.* under the ripple.

⁷ May give me dead the portion of fire.

⁹ *i. e.* of the Achæans.

² Reviling with a taunt.

⁴ Surely these things will be grievously a disgrace from grief.

⁵ Go against—or go to meet.

⁸ Of men to be after.

¹ τῶς—indefinitely.

³ Groaned much in spirit.

myself arm against him; for victory⁶ is with the immortal gods above."

Thus having spoken, he braced on his bright armour. Then, Menelaus, would the end of life have come to thee, by the hands
105 of Hector, since he was much more powerful, had not the kings of the Achæans, starting up, restrained thee: and the son of Ætreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, himself took him by the right hand, and addressed him, and said:

"Thou art foolish, heaven-protected Menelaus; nor does this
110 folly at all become thee. Now restrain thyself, vexed though thou art; nor desire, from anger, to fight with a man mightier than thyself—with Hector, the son of Priam, whom others dread; for even Achilles, who is much more valiant than thou, shudders
115 to meet this man in glorious battle. But do thou now sit down, going to thy troop of comrades, and the Achæans will stir up another champion for him. Intrepid although he be, and though he is insatiable of battle, I think he will willingly bend his knee⁷ if he escape from glowing war and fierce battle."

120 Thus saying, the hero bent the mind of his brother, advising what was right; and he obeyed; and then his joyful attendants stripped the armour from his shoulders. And Nestor arose among the Argives and said:

"Oh now a deep disgrace is come upon the Achæan land!
125 The old equestrian man Peleus, the good counsellor and adviser of the Myrmidons will indeed lament—he who of old delighted, in his house, to interrogate me, and inquire into the race and parentage of all the Argives,—if he shall hear that these are all
130 now paralysed by Hector, he will lift up his hands to the immortals, and pray that his soul may descend from his limbs to the mansion of Pluto. O, father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, that I were young, as once when the assembled Pyliaus and Arca-
135 dians, skilled in the spear, fought by the rapid Celadon at the walls of Phea, by the streams of Jardanus. Among them foremost stood Ereuthalion, a godlike man, having upon his shoulders the arms of king Areïthous—the noble Areïthous, on whom men and well-girded women bestowed the surname of Corynetes⁸,
140 because he fought neither with bow nor long spear, but broke phalanxes with an iron mace⁹. Him Lycurgus slew by guile, and not by force, in a narrow passage, where¹ his iron mace availed not to repel destruction from him; for Lycurgus, anti-

⁶ The ends of victory—the effects or results of it—victory itself.

⁷ *i. e.* sit down for very weariness.

⁸ Whom men and well-girded women called by surname.

⁹ κορυνη.

¹ ὅθ' ἀπα—where *that is*—pointing out the cause of the impediment.

icipating him, pierced him through his body with a spear; and 145
 Areïthous fell prone to the soil; and he plundered him of the
 arms, which brazen Mars had given to him, and afterwards wore
 them himself in war². And when Lycurgus had grown old in
 his halls, he gave them to Ereuthalion, his beloved servant, to
 be worn;—and he, possessing his armour, challenged all the 150
 bravest; and they trembled and were much afraid, and no one
 dared to *accept the challenge*. Then my bold spirit with its
 own confidence urged me to fight; although I was the youngest
 of all. And I fought with him, and Minerva gave me glory.
 Him then, the greatest and the mightiest man, I slew; for 155
 he lay, vast, extended on all sides³. Would that I were thus
 young, and that my strength was entire; then the helmed Hec-
 tor soon should have somebody to fight with him⁴. But of you,
 who are the bravest of all the Achæans, none dare to go against 160
 Hector⁵.”

Thus the old man upbraided them; and full nine started up⁶.
 Much the first rose Agamemnon, king of men; and after him the
 gallant Diomedes arose, the son of Tydeus; and after them the
 Ajaxes, men of vigorous force; and after them Idomeneus, and
 Meriones, the comrade of Idomeneus, equal to Mars, the slayer 165
 of men; and after them Eurypylus, the renowned son of Evæ-
 mon; and Thoas the son of Andræmon, rose, and the noble
 Ulysses. All these then wished to fight with noble Hector; and 170
 Nestor, the Gerenian chief addressed them:

“Now shake all of you for the lot to see, which shall obtain
 it; for he will soon do good service to the well-armed Achæans,
 and will himself delight his own soul, if he escape from glowing
 war and fierce battle.”

Thus he spake, and they marked each his own lot, and threw 175
 them into the helmet of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. And the
 people prayed, and lifted up their hands to the Gods, and thus
 said they, looking to the wide heaven:

“O father Jove, choose⁷ either Ajax, or the son of Tydeus, or
 the king of rich Mycene himself.” 180

Thus then they spake; and Nestor, the Gereanean chief, shook;
 and from the helmet sprang, what themselves wished, the lot of
 Ajax; and a herald carrying it along the line⁸, showed it to the
 bravest of the Achæans, beginning from the right, and they, not 185

² In the battle of Mars.

³ Here and here—*jacuit immensus*.

⁴ *μαχηης*—*i. e.* *μαχησομενου*—he should soon encounter one to fight with him—
 a battle.

⁵ Not with alacrity are you ready to go.

⁶ Nine in all—as many as nine.

⁷ *λαχειν scil. δος*.

⁸ *i. e.* the nine in succession.

knowing it, disclaimed it, each of them. But when at last, carrying it along the line, he came to him who had inscribed, and thrown it into the helmet, the illustrious Ajax, he stretched out his hand⁹, and the *herald* placed it in it, standing near; and beholding the mark of the lot, Ajax recognized it, and was delighted in his soul. And he cast it upon the ground, at his foot, and said:

“My friends, truly the lot is mine, and I myself rejoice in my soul; for I think that I shall conquer noble Hector. Come then, whilst I put on my war-*armour*, pray ye to king Jove, the son of Saturn, in silence with yourselves, that the Trojans at least
195 may not hear—or even aloud, since we by no means fear any one; for no one at pleasure will make me fly in spite of me, by force, nor through *my own* unskilfulness, since I do hope I was not born and bred at Salamis, so ignorant of *arms*¹.”

200 Thus he spake; and they prayed to king Jove, the son of Saturn, and thus said they², looking to the wide heaven:

“O father Jove, governing from Ida, most glorious, most mighty, grant to Ajax, to obtain victory and glorious renown;
205 and if thou lovest Hector also, and carest for him, bestow equal force and glory upon both.”

Thus they spake; and Ajax armed himself in splendid brass. And when he had put all his *armour* upon his body, then with haste he stept forth, as walks the mighty Mars, who goes to battle among the men, whom the son of Saturn incites to fight,
210 with the force of life-destroying contention. Such then advanced the mighty Ajax, the bulwark of the Achæans, with a smile upon his stern features³, and walked upon his feet below him, taking huge⁴ strides, and brandishing a long spear. And the Argives beholding him were greatly delighted; while strong
215 terror took the limbs of each of the Trojans⁵, and the heart of Hector himself beat within his bosom; but it was no longer in his power to retreat⁶, nor escape into the ranks of the army, since he had challenged to the combat. And Ajax came near, bearing, like a tower, his brazen shield, made of seven bulls'
220 hides, which Tychius toiled to form⁷ for him, by far the best maker of shields, dwelling in his house at Hyla. He formed the varied shield, made of the hides of seven fat bulls⁸, and

⁹ To take and examine it.

¹ *νηϊδα, scil. ἀσθλῶν*, Odyss. ©. 179.

² τῆς.

³ Smiling with his terrible countenance.

⁴ Stepping long.

⁵ But fearful trembling came upon the Trojans, each as to his limbs.

⁶ He no longer had it to fear.

⁷ Which Tychius labouring made.

⁸ Of seven bulls' hides—of fat bulls.

plated it, for, for an eighth fold, with brass⁹. Bearing this before his breast, the Telamonian Ajax stood very near to Hector 225 and boasting said :

“Hector, now shalt thou soon clearly know, man to man¹, what chiefs there are among the Danaans, even besides the lion-souled Achilles, the breaker of ranks. He indeed abides at his high-beaked sea-crossing ships, indignant with Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people ; still we, such as are able to encounter 230 thee², are e'en many : but begin the battle and the war³.”

And him then the mighty helmed Hector addressed : “God-like Ajax, son of Telamon, commander of the troops, treat me not like a puny boy, or a woman, who knows not martial deeds ; 235 for I am well acquainted with battle, and the slaughter of men. I know how to turn my shield to the right and to the left, so that I⁴ can fight long without exhaustion⁵ ; I know how to contend in standing battle⁶ ; and I know how to rush into battle in 240 the rapid car. But I wish not to strike thee, such⁷ as thou art, stealthily watching *an opportunity*, but openly, if I can do it.”

He said, and shaking *it*, hurled his long spear, and struck the huge shield of Ajax, made of seven bulls' hides, upon the brass, 245 on the outside plate, which was the eighth upon it. And the unwearied spear went through six folds, dividing them, but was stopped in the seventh hide. Next Ajax, Jove-sprung, threw his long spear, and struck the round shield of the son of Priam. 250 The forceful spear went through the shining shield and transfixed the curiously-wrought corselet, and the spear cut the tunic right through at the flank ; but Hector swerved, and escaped black death. Now both, at the same time, dragging out their 255 long spears with their hands, rushed together, like flesh-devouring lions or wild boars, whose strength is not feeble. Then the son of Priam smote the middle of Ajax's shield with his spear, but split not the brass, for his point bent. And Ajax, leaping 260 upon him, thrust at his shield, and the spear went quite through, and rolled him back, as he was rushing on, for it came with the point⁸ upon the neck ; and the black blood gushed forth. But neither thus did the helmed Hector desist from battle ; for stepping back, he seized in his strong hand a stone lying upon the 265

⁹ And laid on an eighth brass. ¹ Single to single—thou alone to me alone.

² Such who can encounter thee, &c.

³ Battle and war—a case of hendyades, rather than of tautology—instead of battle of war—*i. e.* contrasted with one of *words*.

⁴ On which account there is to me, &c. He could use the shield on either arm.

⁶ το δε, &c. and that is a sustaining thing, &c.

⁶ *sc.* ὑσμινῆ.—I know in standing fight how to dance to fierce Mars.

⁷ Being such.

⁸ *Adverbially*—cuttingly.

ground, black, and rough, and huge, with which he struck the strong shield of Ajax, made of seven bulls' hides, in the middle of the boss, and the brass rang again. And Ajax, in his turn, lifting a much larger stone, and, whirling, threw it, and impelled it with prodigious strength, and quite shattered his shield, striking it with the rock like a mill-stone. And the knees of Hector failed him, and he was stretched supine, encumbered by his shield; but Apollo forthwith set him upright again. And now hand to hand would they have struck each other with their
270 swords, had not the heralds, the messengers of Jove⁹ and of men, come up, one of the Trojans, another of the brazen-armed Achæans, Talthylus and Idæus, both discreet men; and they held their sceptres between them both, and the herald Idæus, skilled in prudent counsels¹, thus spake:

“No longer, good lads², contend nor fight, for the cloud-collecting Jove loves you both, and ye are both warriors—that now
280 we all know. But night is now at hand, and it is good to obey night³.”

And Telamonian Ajax, answering him, said: “Idæus, bid Hector speak to these things⁴, for himself challenged all the
285 bravest to combat. Let him begin, and I will comply, if he wishes.”

And him then the mighty helmed Hector addressed: “Ajax, since God has given thee might, and strength, and prudence, and thou art the ablest of the Achæans with the spear, let us
290 now cease from battle and contention to-day. Another time we will fight again, till fate separate us, and give victory to one or the other. But night is now at hand, and it is good to obey night—that thou mayst cheer all the Achæans at the ships, especially thy friends and the comrades whom thou hast⁵, and I
295 cheer the Trojans and long-robed Trojan women in the vast city of King Priam, who have entered the heavenly shrine, praying
300 for me⁶. And come, let us both give noble gifts to each other, that Achæans⁷ and Trojans may thus say—they fought indeed in deadly strife, and then, reconciled, they separated in friendship.”

Thus then having spoken, he gave his silver-hilted sword,

⁹ As if their authority was derived from Jove—like that of kings.

¹ *i. e.* intelligent—or rather discreet persons, who did not go beyond their warrant.

³ A proverbial expression.

² The heralds were of course *elderly* men.

⁵ Who may be to thee.

⁴ To propose these things.

⁶ Alluding to the procession of Hecuba and the Trojan ladies, Z. 296, &c.

⁷ τῆς Ἀχαιῶν, &c.

presenting it with the sheath and well-made belt; and Ajax 305 gave a scarlet⁸ baldrick.

Then separating, the one went to the people of the Achæans, and the other went to the crowd of Trojans; and they were delighted when they saw him approaching, alive and unhurt, having escaped the might and invincible hands of Ajax; and they 310 led him to the city, not hoping that he would be safe⁹. On the other side, the well-armed Achæans conducted Ajax, joyful with victory, to noble Agamemnon. And when now they were in the tents of Atrides, the king of men, Agamemnon sacrificed for 315 them an ox, a male, five years old, to the almighty son of Saturn. This they skinned and prepared¹, and cut it all up into quarters, and then skilfully separated them into small pieces, and pierced them with spits, and carefully dressed them, and drew them all off again. And after they had ceased from labour, and prepared the feast, they feasted, nor were their appetites without a due 320 share of the feast.² And the hero, the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, honored Ajax with the whole loins³. Then when they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking, the aged Nestor, whose advice also had before appeared best, 325 first began to suggest a plan. He harangued them wisely, and said:

“Atrides, and ye other chiefs of all the Achæans, many long-haired Achæans are dead,—their dark blood, around the sweet-flowing Scamander, Mars has cruelly shed, and their souls have 330 descended to Hades: Therefore it becomes thee, to suspend the war of the Achæans in the morning; and we, assembled, will wheel hither the bodies with oxen and mules; and burn them at a little distance from the ships, that each may carry home the bones to the children, when we again return to our native land 335 —and, raising it, we will pile up on the plain one common tomb around the funeral pyre; and close to it we will quickly build lofty towers⁴, to be a defence for the ships and for ourselves. And in them let us make gates well fitted, that through them 340 there may be a pass for the cars and horses; and close to them we will dig a deep ditch outside, which, extending to each end⁵,

⁸ Shining with scarlet.

⁹ *i. e.* who had despaired of his safety.

¹ Were busy about it—probably washing the carcass—removing the blood, &c.

² *δαίτος εἶσις*.

³ The *νωτον* is the part between the shoulders; Ajax's portion was what a butcher would call the fore-loins—the ribs. The extraordinary share enabled him to compliment his friends.

⁴ Or rather, one wall, with turrets at intervals. See lines 436, 7.

⁵ *ἀμφίς* is more frequently used for *at each end of a thing*, than for *all round*.

will keep off horses and men, that the war of the haughty Trojans may not overwhelm us.”

Thus he spake, and all the kings approved. In the mean
345 time there was, in the Acropolis of Ilium, an assembly of Trojans, fierce and noisy, by the gates of Priam; and the prudent Antenor began to harangue them:

“Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, whilst I speak what my soul within my bosom prompts. Come then, let us
350 restore Argive Helen, and her possessions with her, to the Atreidæ, to carry off; for now we fight, having violated our oaths of compacts; wherefore I have no hope that any more good will be done by us, unless we act thus⁶.”

He indeed, thus speaking, sat down; but the noble Alexander
355 arose among them, the husband of the fair-haired Helen, and he, answering him, uttered *these* winged words:

“Antenor, thou no longer speakest what is agreeable to me⁷. Thou mightest have known how to invent another speech,
360 better than this. But if indeed thou sayest this seriously, then indeed the gods themselves have taken from thee thy senses. Therefore I will address the Trojans, tamers of horses; and I say the very reverse—I will not restore the lady; but all the treasures, as many as I brought from Argos to our house, I am willing to restore, and to add even others of my own⁸.”

Then he thus speaking, sat down: and among them arose
365 Priam, son of Dardanus, a counsellor equal to the gods, who harangued them with prudence, and said;

“Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies, whilst I speak the things which my soul in my bosom bids me. Take now your supper throughout the city, as heretofore, and be mindful of the
370 watch, and keep awake, each *of you*. And in the morning let Idæus go to the hollow ships, to make⁹ to the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, the proposal of Alexander, on whose account the contest first began. And also to make this prudent request¹, that they will consent to desist from horrid-sounding
375 war, until we burn the dead—afterwards we will again fight till fate separate us, and give victory to one side or the other.”

Thus he spake; and they listened attentively to him, and obeyed. Then they took supper throughout the army in compa-

The wall and the ditch extended from one point of the shore to another, like a crescent, which enclosed within its concavity the huts and ships.

⁶ *i. e.* as he advises.

⁷ *i. e.* you no longer talk to please me—you used to be wiser; but if you are serious, &c.

⁸ From my house.

⁹ Speak.

¹ Speak this prudent word.

nies; and in the morning Idæus repaired to the hollow ships. 380
And he found the Danaans, servants of Mars, in assembly at the
stern of Agamemnon's ship; and the eloquent herald, standing
in the midst, addressed them:

"Ye sons of Atreus, and other chiefs of all the Achæans, 385
Priam has ordered me, and with him the other noble Trojans, to
make, if it be agreeable and desirable to you, the proposal of
Alexander, on account of whom the contest began. The trea-
sures which Alexander brought with him to Troy in his hollow
ships, (would that he first had perished,) he is willing to restore 390
them all, and even to add others of his own; but the young
spouse of the noble Menelaus, he says, he will not restore—al-
though the Trojans certainly advise him. They also charged
me to make this request—that you will consent to cease from 395
horrid-sounding battle, whilst we burn the dead; afterwards we
will again fight, until fate separate us, and give victory to one
one side or other."

Thus he spake, and they were quietly all silent: but at length
the gallant Diomedes addressed them:

"Let none now accept either the treasures of Alexander, or 400
Helen; for it is manifest even to *him*, who is quite an infant,
that final destruction² impends over the Trojans."

Thus he spake, and all the sons of the Achæans shouted, ad-
miring the speech of Diomedes, tamer of horses; and then king 405
Agamemnon addressed Idæus:

"Idæus, truly thou thyself hearest the speech of the Achæans,
how they answer thee; and thus also does it please me. But
for the dead, I do not at all oppose their being burnt. For
about dead carcases, there is no reluctance with us, to give them 410
the benefit of fire, when once men are dead³. Let high-thun-
dering Jove then, the husband of Juno, be witness⁴ to the com-
pact."

Thus saying, he raised his sceptre to all the gods⁵; and Idæus
went back to sacred Ilium. But the Trojans and Dardans sat
in assembly, all collected, expecting when Idæus should arrive; 415
and he came and reported his message, standing in the midst.
Then they got ready⁶ for both purposes very speedily, some to
fetch the dead, and others to go to the forest⁷; and the Argives

² The ends of destruction.

³ Agamemnon cares nothing about the disposal of the enemy's dead—his only
concern is that they should die.

⁴ Know.

⁵ *i. e.* in attestation.

⁶ Armed—*i. e.* provided themselves with carriages and implements.

⁷ *i. e.* for wood.

420 on the other side, from the well-benched ships, bestirred themselves, some to fetch their dead, and others to go to the forest.

The sun was afterwards newly striking the fields, ascending the sky from the soft-flowing⁸ deep ocean; and they met each
425 other⁹. There it was difficult to distinguish¹ each man; but washing the bloody gore from them with water, they placed them upon cars, shedding hot tears. Nor did the mighty Priam suffer the Trojans to weep²; but in silence they heaped the bodies upon the funeral pile, grieved in their hearts; and having
430 burnt them with fire, returned to sacred Ilium. In like manner, on the other side, the well-armed Achæans heaped the bodies upon the funeral pile, grieved in their hearts; and having burnt them with fire, returned to the hollow ships.

And when it was not yet morning³, but still twilight⁴, then a chosen body of Achæans collected round the funeral pyre; and around it they made one common tomb, raising it up on the
435 plain; and close to it they built the wall⁵ and the lofty towers, a protection for themselves and the ships. And in them they made gates well fitted, that through them there might be a pass
440 for the horses; and near it they dug a deep ditch outside, wide and large, and fixed stakes in it. Thus the long-haired Greeks laboured.

But the gods, sitting beside the thunderer, Jove, beheld with wonder the mighty work of the brazen-mailed Achæans. And
445 Neptune, shaker of the earth, began to speak among them:

“Father Jove, is there any one of the mortals upon the boundless earth, who will henceforth declare his mind or purpose to the immortals? Seest thou not how, at last, the long-haired Achæans have built a wall before their ships, and drawn
450 a ditch about it, and have given no noble hecatombs to the gods? Surely the glory of this will be as far as the light is diffused, and *men* will forget that, which I and Phœbus Apollo, toiling, erected around the city, for the hero Laomedon.”

And him, the cloud-collecting Jove, much troubled, addressed:
455 “O, earth-shaking Neptune, what hast thou said! Some other of the gods indeed, who is much weaker than thou in strength⁶

⁸ The flow of the tide.

⁹ *i. e.* the Trojans and Achæans—who went to the same forest for fuel.

¹ Trojan and Achæan—engaged in similar offices.

² *i. e.* to make the usual cries of funeral grief.

³ *i. e.* the next day—day after the conflagration of the bodies.

⁴ ἀμφιλουκη—night was getting light about it—the dawn.

⁵ The wall itself—the said wall.

⁶ Hands.

and in power, might dread this scheme⁷. But thy glory will surely last as long as light is diffused. However, when, again, the long-haired Achæans shall depart in their ships for their 460 loved native land, do thou, breaking down the wall overwhelm it all in the sea; and cover again the vast shore in the sand, so that the mighty wall of the Achæans vanish.”

Thus such words they addressed to each other. And the sun set, and the work of the Achæans was completed. And they 465 slew oxen at the tents, and took supper. And ships arrived from Lemnos, bringing wine, many, which Eunëus had dispatched, the son of Jason, whom Hypsipyle bore to Jason, shepherd of the people. And the son of Jason gave wine, a thousand 470 measures, to take separately⁸ to the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon, and Menelaus. There then the long-haired Achæans purchased wine, some for brass, some for shining iron, some for hides, some for the oxen themselves, and some for slaves; and they made a 475 splendid feast.

Then all night the long-haired Achæans feasted; but the Trojans and allies were in the city. And all night the wise Jove was planning evils against them, thundering fearfully, and pale fear seized them. And they poured wine from their cups upon the ground; nor ventured any one to drink, before 480 he made a libation to the almighty son of Saturn. Afterwards they lay down, and took the gift of sleep.

⁷ Work planned and executed by the Achæans.

⁸ As a present to the commanders.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where, having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedes delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedes they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedes. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedes, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretels the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

Now was the morning with saffron-veil diffused over the whole earth, and Jove, delighting in thunder, made an assembly of the gods upon the highest summit of the many-topped Olympus: and he harangued them, and all the gods listened together:
5 "Hear me, all ye gods and all ye goddesses, whilst I speak the things, which my soul within my breast bids me. Nor let any goddess nor god¹ attempt to violate this my charge; but concur all of you together, that I may, as soon as possible, accomplish these operations. And whichever of the gods I shall
10 observe planning apart from the gods², going to assist either

¹ Nor let any female god, nor any male.

² Join *απανευθε εθελοντα*—willing apart—*i. e.* following his own will in opposition to mine.

Trojans or Danaans, struck, not to his credit, shall he return to Olympus;—or, seizing him, I will cast him into dark Tartarus very far down, where is the lowest depth beneath the earth,— 15 where *are* iron gates and brazen threshold as far below Hades as heaven is from earth; then he will know how much I am the most powerful of all the gods. And come, if *you doubt of it*, make trial, gods, that ye may all know,—hanging a golden chain from heaven; and fasten yourselves to it, all ye gods, and 20 all ye goddesses; yet will ye not drag down Jove, the highest counsellor, from heaven to earth, not even if ye labour ever so much. But when I should choose to seriously draw, I could draw you, earth and all—sea and all³; and then bind the chain 25 round the pinnacle of Olympüs, and all should be suspended in the air. So much am I above gods and above men.”

Thus he spake, and they were quietly all silent, wondering at the speech, for he spake very sternly; but at length the blue-eyed goddess Minerva said: 30

“O son of Saturn, our father, highest of kings, well do we know that thy strength is invincible; yet truly we mourn for the warlike Danaans, who will now perish, fulfilling their evil destiny. But however we will abstain from war, if thou com- 35 mandest it; and will *only* suggest counsel to the Argives—counsel which may be of service, that they may not all perish, because thou art angry⁴.”

And the cloud-collecting Jove, smiling, addressed her: “Take courage, Tritogeneia, my beloved child; I speak not with an hostile mind to thee, for I wish to be indulgent to thee.” 40

Thus saying, he yoked to his car swift-flying, brazen-footed horses, with golden manes⁵; and himself put golden mail round his body, and took his well-made golden-lash, and ascended the car, and he flogged them to proceed; and they, not unwilling, 45 flew midway between the earth and the starry heaven. And he came to Ida of many fountains, mother of wild beasts, to Gargarus, where he had a shrine⁶ and fragrant altar. There the father of gods and men stopped his horses, loosing them from 50 the car, and threw a thick cloud around them. And he sat down upon the summits, exulting in glory, beholding the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achæans.

Meanwhile the long-haired Achæans hastily took their meals at the tents, and afterwards put on their armour. And, on the other side, the Trojans through the city armed, fewer in num- 55

³ Along with earth itself—and sea itself.

⁴ Thou being angry.

⁵ Maned—or haired—with golden manes.

⁶ A consecrated spot—a grave and altar. Gargarus is one of the heights of Ida.

ber; but even thus were they eager to contend in battle, from strong necessity, for their wives and children. And all the gates were thrown open, and the people rushed out, both foot
60 and horse, and a great tumult arose. And when meeting they now came into one place, they dashed together their shields, and spears, and the might of men, armed in brazen corselets; and their bossy shields were close to each other, and a great tumult arose.

Then there was at once a groaning, and a shouting of men.
65 of the killing and of the killed; and the earth flowed with blood. As long as it was morning, and the sacred day was increasing⁷ so long weapons flew on both sides, and people fell; but when the sun was crossing the mid-heaven, then the Father held up his golden scales. And in them he placed two destinies
70 of eternal⁸ death *belonging* to the Trojan chivalry, and the brazen-mailed Achæans⁹, and sustained them, taking the *beam* by the middle, and the fatal day of the Achæans inclined. The destinies of the Achæans sunk upon the bountiful earth, but those of the Trojans mounted up to the broad heaven.

75 And he himself loudly thundered from Ida, and sent the blazing flash among the people of the Achæans, and they, beholding it, were astounded, and pale terror seized upon all. Then neither Idomeneus ventured to remain, nor Agamemnon, nor did the two Ajaxes remain, the servants of Mars; and Gerenean
80 Nestor, a guardian of the Achæans, alone remained, not willingly¹, but his horse was exhausted—that which the noble Alexander, the husband of the fair-haired Helen, wounded with an arrow on the top² of the head, where the forelocks of horses
85 grow upon the skull, and is especially fatal. With the pain³, he reared up, for the weapon penetrated into the brain; and he threw into disorder the horses along with him, rolling on the spear⁴. Whilst the old man, in haste, was cutting away the traces⁵ of the horse with his sword, came the swift horses of
90 Hector through the crowd, carrying Hector, their bold driver, and then would the old man have lost his life, had not the

⁷ *i. e.* from morn till noon.

⁸ Long reposing.

⁹ It is the fates of the chiefs only that is regarded. The Τρωες ἱπποδάμοι are always the chiefs; and the term Achæans applies, for the most part, exclusively to the chiefs, especially coupled with χαλκοχιτωνες.

¹ Not wishing it.

² On the highest summit.

³ αλγησας—being in pain.

⁴ *i. e.* the spear which stuck in his brain—he is trying to shake it off.

⁵ παρηγορίας, scil. ἡνίας. The wounded horse was a παρηγορος—*i. e.* a third horse, which went abreast with the other two.

gallant Diomedes quickly perceived it, and shouted terribly, exhorting Ulysses:

“Son of Laertes, Jove-sprung, wise Ulysses, whither dost thou fly, turning thy back⁶, like a coward, in the line? Take care 95 lest some one fix a spear in thy back whilst thou art flying⁷. But stay, that we may repulse that fierce warrior from the old man.”

Thus he spake; and the intrepid, noble Ulysses heard him not, and passed on in haste to the hollow ships of the Achæans. But Tydides, although alone, rushed among⁸ the foremost com- 100 batants, and stood before the horses of the aged son of Neleus, addressing him, said *these* winged words:

“Oh! old man, young warriors now press thee hard. For thy strength is relaxed, and cruel old age overtakes thee; and thy driver too is weak, and thy horses are slow. Come, then, ascend 105 my car, that thou mayst see what the Trojan horses are, how fleetly⁹ they come along the plain, hither and thither, chase or fly—the *horses* which, masters of speed, I lately took from Eneas. Those let our drivers attend to; but these thou and I 110 will direct against the Trojan chiefs, that Hector likewise may know whether my spear also rages in my hands¹.”

Thus he spake; nor did the Gerenian chief, Nestor, refuse. Then the two drivers, brave Sthenelus, and good Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's horses; but themselves both mounted the car of Diomedes. And Nestor took the splendid reins in his 115 hands, and lashed the horses; and speedily were they close to Hector. And the son of Tydeus hurled his spear at him, as he came rushing straight on; and however missed him; but his attendant driver, Eniopeus, son of the brave Thebæus, holding the reins of the horses, he struck on the breast, near the pap. And he fell from the car, and the swift-footed horses started 120 back; and there his life and strength were relaxed. Then deep sorrow clouded the soul of Hector for his charioteer; but he left him, although grieved for his comrade, there to lie; and sought for *another* bold driver; nor were his horses long without a guide, for soon he found the brave Archeptolemus, the son of 125 Iphitus, whom he caused to mount the swift-footed horses², and gave the reins into his hands.

Then there would have been destruction, and fatal³ deeds

130

⁶ Throwing round thy back.

⁷ To thee flying.

⁸ Was mixed with

⁹ To pursue.

¹ *i. e.* like Hector's own.

² *i. e.* of course, the car.

³ ἀμηχανα—without a remedy.

would have been *done*; and they (the Trojans) had now been penned up in Ilium, like lambs, had not the father of gods and of men quickly observed it; and thundering fearfully, sent forth
 135 a blazing bolt, and cast it on the ground in front of the horses of Diomedes, and a terrible flame of burning sulphur arose. And the horses, trembling, slunk under the car, and the splendid reins dropped from the hands of Nestor; and he feared in his heart, and addressed Diomedes:

140 “Son of Tydeus, come, then, turn the solid-hoofed horses to flight. Knowest thou not that victory accompanies thee not from Jove? For now to-day Jove, the son of Saturn, gives glory to him; another time will he again to us, if he shall choose, give it: but man, not even the bravest, can by any means, control the will of Jove, since he is much the more powerful.”

145 Then the gallant Diomedes replied: “Surely, old man, all these things thou sayest rightly; but this comes a bitter pang to my heart and soul, for Hector will say, haranguing among the Trojans: ‘the son of Tydeus, routed by me, betook himself to
 150 the ships.’ Thus will he boast; and then may the wide earth gape for me.”

And him then the Gerenean chief, Nestor, answered: “Oh! son of the warlike Tydeus, what hast thou said? For even if Hector shall call thee cowardly and impotent, still the Trojans
 155 and Dardans will not believe it, nor the wives of the brave shielded Trojans—those whose young husbands thou hast hurled in the dust.”

Thus then having spoken, he turned the solid-hoofed horses to flight, back to the rout⁴; and at *them* the Trojans and Hector,
 160 with a great clamour, threw their fatal⁵ weapons. And the mighty-helmed Hector called aloud after him:

“Son of Tydeus, the noble⁶ Danaans honoured thee beyond *others* with precedence, with meats, and full cups; but now they will no longer honour thee⁷, for thou art no better than a woman.
 165 Begone, timid girl, for thou shalt never ascend our towers by my retreat⁸, nor carry off our women in thy ships; I will first give thee thy fate.”

Thus he spake; and Tydides debated, whether to turn his horses and fight against him. Thrice did he hesitate in his
 170 mind and in his soul, and thrice, too, did Jove, the counsellor, thunder from the Idæan mountains, giving a sign to the Trojans

⁴ *i. e.* When the rest were in the disorder of flight.

⁵ Groan-producing.

⁶ *i. e.* men with fleet horses—the chiefs.

⁷ Will not honour—will dishonour—will treat with contempt.

⁸ I retreating.

of victory by his aid⁹ in fight. And Hector encouraged the Trojans, shouting loud:

“Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting Dardans, be men, my friends, and remember your vigorous valour. For I know 175 that the propitious son of Saturn grants¹ victory and great glory to me, and destruction to the Danaans. Fools, who have built these poor, worthless walls—these shall not check my might; and my horses will easily overleap the dug ditch. But when now I am at the hollow ships, then let there be some recollection 180 of blazing fire², that I may burn up the ships with fire, and slaughter the Argives themselves at the ships, smothered in the smoke.”

Thus saying, he exhorted his horses, and said: “Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and Æthon, and noble Lampus, now requite 185 me for the very great care, with which, Andromache, the daughter of the brave Eëtion, gave the sweet barley to you, mixing also wine *for you* to drink, when thirst bade you—even before me, who boast to be her vigorous husband. And pursue and hasten, that we may seize Nestor’s shield, the fame of 190 which reaches to heaven, that it is all gold, both its handles and itself; and likewise *strip* from the shoulders of Diomedes the curiously wrought corselet, which Vulcan toiled to make. Could we but seize both these³, I should hope that the Achæans, this 195 very night, would embark in their swift ships.”

Thus he spake, boasting; and imperial Juno was indignant, and she turned⁴ in her throne, and made the huge Olympus tremble, and then addressed herself to Neptune, the mighty 200 god:

“O! strong earth-shaker, grieves not thy soul within thy bosom for the perishing Achæans? For they bring thee many and agreeable gifts to Helice and Ægæ—do thou then desire victory for them. For if we, as many as are patrons of the 205 Danaans, should desire to repel the Trojans, and oppose the far-sounding Jove, sitting there alone upon Ida, he might fret, *to no purpose*.”

And king Neptune, greatly indignant, replied: “Juno, rash in speech, what words hast thou spoken! I would not myself 210 desire that the rest of us should contend with Jove, the son of Saturn, for he is by far the most powerful.”

Such things thus spake they to one another. Meanwhile⁵ the

⁹ Victory an auxiliary of battle—*i. e.* a sign which betokened victory. See H. 26.

¹ Nodded—confirmed with a nod.

² *i. e.* remember and let me have fire-brands. ³ Nestor and Diomedes.

⁴ *i. e.* from impatience.

⁵ $\epsilon\tau\omega\nu$ goes with $\iota\pi\pi\omega\nu$ and $\alpha\nu\delta\rho\epsilon\omega\nu$.

space, which the ditch *belonging to* the rampart⁶ separated from
 215 the ships, was filled at the same time with horses and shielded
 men crowded together; for Hector, the son of Priam, equal to
 swift Mars, drove them *thither*, when Jove gave him glory. And
 now would he have consumed the good ships with blazing fire,
 had not imperial Juno put it into the heart of Agamemnon, him-
 self intent upon the object, forthwith to rouse up the Achæans⁷.
 220 And he hastened to the tents and ships of the Achæans, holding
 in his strong hand a large purple flag⁸. And he stood upon the
 huge black ship of Ulysses, which was in the centre, that he
 might be heard⁹ at both extremities—both at the tent of the
 225 Telamonian Ajax, and at that of Achilles, who had drawn ashore
 their good ships at the flanks, trusting to their valour and the
 strength of their hands. And he cried with a loud voice, ex-
 claiming to the Danaans:

“For shame, ye Argives, base cowards, gallant in appearance
 only; what has become of the boasts—when we said we were
 230 the bravest—which once in Lemnos, vapouring, ye uttered,
whilst eating much flesh of horned cattle, and drinking goblets
 crowned with wine, that ye would stand in battle, each against
 a hundred or two of the Trojans? But now we are not worth
 235 one Hector, who will soon burn our ships with blazing fire. O
 father Jove, whom of all-powerful kings, hast thou ever afflicted
 with such a calamity, or taken from him so great glory? Never,
 I affirm, did I pass by thy splendid altars, in my many-benched
 ship, unhappily coming hither¹; but upon all of them I burnt
 240 the fat and legs of oxen, expecting to destroy well-built Troy.
 Then, father Jove, accomplish this prayer at least for me; suffer
 ourselves at all events to escape, and get away; nor let the
 Achæans be thus subdued by the Trojans.

245 Thus he spake, and the father pitied him thus weeping, and
 consented that his people should be safe, and not perish. And
 forthwith he sent an eagle, the most perfect² of birds, holding in
 his talons a fawn, the young of a swift deer. And he dropped
 250 the fawn by the splendid altar of Jove, where the Achæans
 used to sacrifice to Jove, the source of all augury.

And they, when they saw that the bird had come from Jove,

⁶ *i. e.* the space between the entrenchment and the ditch— $\alpha\pi\theta$ compounds with $\epsilon\sigma\pi\gamma\omega$.

⁷ *i. e.* the troops which were at the ships and tents—between the sea and the rampart.

⁸ *i. e.* to draw attention—he was going to harangue.

⁹ Speak so as to be heard, &c. ¹ *i. e.* in my unlucky expedition to this place.

² *i. e.* with reference to augury—the most authentic—what gave the surest augury.

rushed the more upon the Trojans, and renewed³ the combat. Then no one of the Danaans, numerous as they were, could boast that he, before Tydides, had started his fleet horses, and 255 driven them over the ditch⁴, and fought against⁵ *the enemy*; for he far the first slew an armed warrior of the Trojans, Agelaus, son of Phradmon. He was turning his horses for flight; but whilst he was turning⁶, Diomedes fixed the spear into his back between the shoulders, and it ran through his breast; and he fell from his car, and his armour rattled on him. And after him 260 came the two sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus; and after them the Ajaxes, men of resolute vigour⁷; and after them Idomeneus, and the comrade of Idomeneus, Meriones, equal to Mars, the slayer of men; and after these Eurypylos, the renowned son of Evæmon. And Teucer came, ninth, stretching 265 his bent bow; and he stood behind the shield of the Telamonian Ajax. There Ajax held his shield before him; and the hero (*Teucer*) looking round, when, shooting, he had struck any one in the ranks—he (*the wounded man*) falling there, lost his life, 270 and he (*Teucer*) returning again, like a child to its mother,—took shelter behind⁸ Ajax; and he covered him with his shining shield.

There which of the Trojans first did the renowned Teucer slay? First Orsilochus, and Ormenus, and Ophelstes, and 275 Dætor, and Chromius, and godlike Lycophontes, and Hamapaon, son of Polyæmon, and Melanippus—all, one after the other, he stretched upon the bountiful earth. And the king of men, Agamemnon, was delighted, beholding him destroying the phalanxes of the Trojans with his strong bow; and advancing, he stood by him, and addressed him in this speech: 280

“Telamonian Teucer, my dear friend⁹, commander of men, thus strike if thou wouldst become an honour to the Danaans, and to thy father Telamon, who nourished thee when young and took care of thee in his own house, although a bastard; him even far away *as he is*, do thou raise to glory. And I promise¹ 285 thee, and it shall be accomplished—if ever ægis-bearing Jove and Minerva grant me to sack the well-built town of Ilium,—into thy hands, first after myself, will I put some noble prize—a tripod, or two horses with their car, or a dame to ascend the 290 same bed with thee.”

And renowned Teucer, answering him, said: “Most glorious Atrides, why urgest thou me, myself already eager? For never,

³ Were mindful of.

⁴ *i. e.* back to the plain—the field of battle.

⁵ Close—hand to hand.

⁶ But to him turned round.

⁷ Clothed—endowed with.

⁸ Went under.

⁹ Dear head.

¹ Tell thee.

as far as I am able², do I remit—and ever since we have driven
 295 them back towards Ilium, do I take men off with my bow, sing-
 ling them out. Eight long-pointed arrows have I shot, and they
 have all stuck in the bodies of warlike youths; but that mad
 dog I cannot strike.”

300 He said; and another arrow from the string he shot right
 against Hector, and his soul was eager to strike him. And he
 missed him again; but the noble Gorgythion, a brave son of
 Priam, on the breast he struck with the arrow—him in wedlock
 his mother bore, a lady of Æsymna, the beautiful Castianeira,
 305 like to the goddesses in form. And as a poppy hangs its head
 on one side, one in a garden weighed down with *its* fruit, and
 vernal showers—so he dropped his head on one side, weighed
 down with the helmet. And Teucer another arrow from the
 310 string shot right against Hector, and his soul desired to strike
 him; and then again also he missed, for Apollo turned it aside;
 but Archeptolemus, Hector's bold driver, whilst rushing on to
 battle, he struck upon the breast, near the pap. And he fell
 from the car, and back sprang the swift-footed horses; and there
 315 his life and strength were relaxed³. And a sharp pang wrung
 Hector's heart, for his driver; but him he then left, although
 afflicted for his comrade; and bade his brother Cebriones, being
 near, take the reins of the horses; and he, having heard *the*
 320 *bidding*, did not refuse. But *Hector* himself leaped from the
 shining car to the ground, shouting horribly; and he seized a
 stone in his hand, and went straight at Teucer, and his mind
 impelled him to throw it⁴.

Teucer, meanwhile, drew out a dire arrow from the quiver,
 325 and placed it upon the string; and him, whilst drawing it back,
 the plumed Hector, upon the shoulder, where the collar-bone
 separates neck and breast, where it is most fatal—there, whilst
 taking aim at himself, with the rugged stone, struck. And it
 broke the string, and benumbed his hand at the wrist; and he
 330 fell on his knees⁵, and the bow dropped from his hand. And
 Ajax was not unmindful of his fallen brother; but running pro-
 tected him and covered him with his shield. Then his two chosen
 comrades, Mecisteus, son of Echius, and the noble Alastor, raising
 335 him up, bore him to the hollow ships, deeply groaning.

But again the Olympian roused up the courage of the Tro-

² As much power as there is in me.

³ *i. e.* body and soul released—set loose from the bonds which held them to-
 gether.

⁴ *i. e.* he put his whole soul in it.

⁵ Stood, falling or resting upon his knees.

jans, and they drove back the Achæans straight to the deep ditch; and Hector advanced among the foremost, raging in his might. And as when some dog, trusting in his swift feet⁶, seizes from behind the haunch or hips of a wild boar or a lion, and 340 watches him turning round, so Hector pursued the long-haired Achæans, ever killing the hindmost; for they fled. And after they had crossed⁷ the palisades and ditch⁸, flying, and many were subdued by the hands of the Trojans, they stopt, abiding at the 345 ships⁹; and encouraging each other, and lifting up their hands to all the gods, they prayed aloud each of them. And Hector drove his beautiful horses round on all sides, with the eyes of a Gorgon, or of Mars, destroyer of men. 350

And the white-armed goddess Juno beholding them, pitied them, and immediately spoke winged words to Minerva:

“Oh! child of ægis-bearing Jove, shall we two no longer regard the perishing Danaans, although in the last extremity? Fulfilling their evil destiny, they will perish by the violence of one man; for Hector, son of Priam, rages in a manner no longer 355 to be resisted¹, and has already done much mischief.”

And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed her in return: “Long since would he have lost his life and strength, slain on his native soil, by the hands of the Argives; but my father rages with an evil mind,—cruel, always unjust, an obstructor of all 360 my efforts. Nor does he remember aught of those *efforts*, by which I very often preserved his son, when exhausted by the labours of Eurystheus. For he (*Hercules*) used to weep² towards heaven; and Jove sent me down from heaven to bring 365 him aid. Therefore if I had known these things³ in my resolute mind, when he sent him to strong-gated Hades, to bring away out of Erebus the dog of terrible Hades, he should not have escaped over the deep streams of the Styx-water. And now he hates me, and accomplishes the counsels of Thetis, who em- 370 braced his knees, and took him by the beard with her hand, intreating him to honour Achilles, the destroyer of cities. The time, however, will come⁴, when he will again call me his dear

⁶ *i. e.* making use of his speed.

⁷ By the roads which led to the gates—*i. e.* if there was more than one. See H. 340.

⁸ *i. e.* the ditch in which were the palisades.

⁹ As being on that side of the ditch—but strictly, between the ditch and the rampart.

¹ ἀνεκτός—irresistibly.

ἦτοι κλαίεσκον—imperfect—expressive of a habit or practice. Minerva says she helped him *μαλα πολλάκις*—very often.

³ *i. e.* his obstruction of her present views.

⁴ There will be however—*sc.* a time.

Minerva. Yoke now then thy solid-hoofed horses for us, whilst
 375 I, entering the mansion of ægis-bearing Jove, put on my armour
 for the war, that I may see whether Priam's son, the plumed
 Hector, will be delighted, when we appear⁵ in the field⁶ of bat-
 tle. Truly some⁷ of the Trojans with their fat and flesh will
 380 glut the dogs and birds, falling at the ships of the Achæans."

Thus she spake; nor did the white-armed goddess Juno re-
 fuse. Then Juno, the elder goddess, daughter of the mighty
 Saturn, departing, harnessed the golden-reined horses; and Mi-
 nerva, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, upon the floor of her
 385 father's mansion, threw off the beautiful variegated robe, that
 which she herself had made, and worked with her own hands;
 and putting on the tunic, with the weapons of cloud-collecting
 Jove, she armed herself for tearful battle. And into the flaming
 390 car she stept, and seized her spear, heavy, large, and strong,
 with which she subdues the ranks of heroes, with whom she,
 the offspring of a powerful father, is angry. And Juno quickly
 urged on the horses with the lash; and of their own accord
 395 are entrusted the mighty Heaven and Olympus, both to remove
 the dark cloud, and to replace it. Then, through these they
 drove the flogged horses.

And when Jove, the father, from Ida beheld them, he was
 greatly enraged, and dispatched the golden-winged Iris with a
 message⁹:—"Go, swift Iris, turn them back, nor allow them to
 400 go on; for not well¹ shall we meet in battle. For thus I say,
 and it shall be accomplished: I will lame their swift horses for
 them, in² the car, and cast themselves from its seat, and dash the
 car itself in pieces; nor for ten revolving³ years will they be
 405 cured of the wounds which the thunderbolt will inflict⁴, that
 Minerva may know when she fights with her father⁵. With
 Juno I do not so much find fault, nor am I so angry with her,
 because she is ever wont to interfere with my designs."

Thus he spake, and Iris, swift as the storm, hastened to de-
 410 liver the message; and went from the Idæan mountains to lofty
 Olympus; and meeting them in the first gates⁶ of the many-

⁵ προφανείσα—nom. absolute, where, in a more artificial construction, a dative would be employed.

⁶ γεφυρας—strictly, the place between two armies preparing for conflict.

⁷ τις Τῶων—some one of; but the phrase always involves *plurality*.

⁸ *i. e.* flew open.

⁹ Announcing.

¹ *i. e.* for them.

² Under—*i. e.* the yoke and pole of the car.

³ Or revolved—*i. e.* complete years.

⁴ Hit—as a mark.

⁵ *i. e.* that she is not his equal.

⁶ *i. e.* close to the gates.

valed Olympus, she stopped them, and delivered to them the command of Jove:

“Whither hasten ye? Why rage so your hearts in your bosoms? The son of Saturn forbids⁷ you to assist the Argives; for thus threatens the son of Saturn—and⁸ he will accomplish 415 it—to lame your swift horses for you beneath the chariot, and to cast yourselves from the seat, and to dash the car into pieces; nor for ten revolving years will ye be cured of the wounds which the thunderbolt will inflict; that thou, Minerva, mayst 420 know when thou contendest with thy father. For Juno he does not so much blame, nor is he so angry with her, because she is ever wont to interfere with his designs. But thou, most insolent, and audacious dog⁹, wilt suffer for it, if thou shalt really dare to raise thy huge spear against Jove.” 425

Thus having spoken, the swift-footed Iris departed; And Juno addressed *this* speech to Minerva:

“Alas! child of ægis-bearing Jove, I will no longer suffer us two to fight against Jove, for the sake of mortals. Of them let one perish, and another live, as each may chance; and let him, prosecuting his own views, adjudge to the Trojans and Danaans, 430 as it seems good to him¹.”

Thus having spoken she turned back the solid-hoofed horses. And the Hours loosed their beautiful horses for them, and fastened them up in their ambrosial stalls, and sent the chariot towards the shining walls. And they (*Juno and Minerva*) themselves sat down upon their golden thrones, mixed with the other 435 gods, vexed at heart.

And father Jove drove his fair-wheeled chariot and horses from Ida to Olympus, and came to the seats of the gods. And the illustrious earth-shaker² loosed his horses for him, and put 440 the car in its place³, spreading it over with linen. And the far-sounding Jove himself sat down upon his golden throne, and mighty Olympus was shaken beneath his feet. But Minerva and Juno sat alone, apart from Jove, and neither spoke to him, 445 nor asked a question; and he knew in his mind *the reason*, and said:

⁷ Suffers not.

⁸ εἰπεῖν is used in a *conclusive* sense, as often.

⁹ Helen, speaking of herself as the source of many evils and miseries, uses the same word, vi. 344. Iris addresses *Minerva* surely, though Heyne refers the words to Juno.

¹ Let him decide, for the Trojans and Achæans, the things which he is planning in his mind.

² Neptune.

³ ἀμβρωμοισί—for ἀνα βωμοῖς. Βωμός means not only an altar, but any raised placed upon which things were laid.

“Why are ye thus grieved, Minerva and Juno? You have not laboured long at least in glorious fight, slaughtering the Trojans,—against whom ye have conceived a cruel hatred?
 450 Not at all—such is my strength and hands invincible—should they have turned me, as many gods as are in Olympus. Fear, however, seized the fair limbs of both of you before ye beheld the battle, or the sad deeds of war. For thus I tell you, and it
 455 would have been accomplished—not in your car should you, struck with the thunderbolt, have returned to Olympus, where is the seat of the immortals.”

Thus he spake, and Minerva and Juno murmured, who were sitting near each other, and planning evils against the Trojans. Minerva indeed was silent, nor said any thing, *although* enraged
 460 with father Jove, and fierce resentment possessed her; but Juno restrained not her indignation within her breast, but said:

“Imperious son of Saturn, what speech hast thou uttered? Well indeed do we also know that thy strength is indomitable; yet still are grieved for the warlike Danaans, who will now
 465 perish, fulfilling their evil destiny. But, however, we will abstain from war, if thou commandest; and will *only* to the Argives suggest counsel, which may be useful, that they may not all perish, because thou art angry⁴.”

And her the cloud-collecting Jove answering said: “In the
 470 morning, still more, shalt thou behold, if thou wilt, fair and noble⁵ Juno, the almighty son of Saturn destroying much of the army of the Argive warriors; for the gallant Hector shall not cease from battle, before the swift-footed son of Peleus be roused at
 475 the ships, on that day when they shall fight at their sterns, within a very narrow compass⁶, for Patroclus slain. For thus is it decreed by fate: and thee, though angry, I regard not, not even if thou shouldst go⁷ to the uttermost boundaries of the earth and sea, where Iapetus and Saturn, sitting, enjoy neither
 480 the beams of the rising sun, nor the winds, for deep Tartarus is on all sides. Not if thither, roaming, thou shouldst go, do I heed thee, though enraged; for nothing is more impudent than thou.”

Thus he spake, and the white-armed Juno answered not.
 485 And the splendid light of the sun sunk in the ocean, dragging black night over the fruitful earth. On the unwilling Trojans set the sun⁸; but to the Achæans, welcome, most desired, came black night on.

⁴ Thou being angry.

⁵ βωπις, ποτνια.

⁶ The narrowest strait.

⁷ i. e. to stir up a new rebellion against Jove.

⁸ Light.

And again the illustrious Hector called a council of the Trojans, leading them, apart from the ships⁹, by the eddying river, 490 into an open space, where the ground appeared clear of dead. And alighting from their horses¹ on the ground, they listened to the speech, which Hector, beloved of Jove, uttered. And in his hand he held a spear eleven cubits long; and before him shone the brazen point of the spear, and a golden ring ran 495 round it. Leaning upon this, he made a speech to the Trojans:

“Hear me, Trojans, Dardans, and allies. I did now hope that, destroying the ships and all the Achæans, I should return back to windy Troy; but darkness has first² come on, which mainly 500 now has saved the Argives, and their ships on the shore of the sea. Let us now, however, yield to black night, and get our supper; and loose ye your beautiful horses from the cars, and throw their food beside them. Bring also, with speed, from the 505 city, oxen and fat sheep, procure good wine, and bread from *your* houses, and collect plenty of wood³, that all night, until the dawn of morn⁴, we may burn many fires, and the blaze may reach to heaven; lest the long-haired Achæans, even in the night, endeavour to fly over the broad backs of the sea. Let 510 them not, without trouble at least, go quietly on board their ships; but *let us take care* that some of them may dress their wounds, even at home, struck with an arrow, or sharp spear, whilst springing into their ships—so that others may be afraid to 515 wage tearful war with the Trojans, tamers of horses. And let heralds, beloved of Jove, announce through the city, that the boys at the age of puberty, and hoary-templed old men, keep guard⁵ in the city upon the heaven-built towers; and let the young⁶ women also light a great fire, each in their *own* halls; 520 and let there be a sure watch, lest troops enter the city whilst the army is absent⁷. Thus let it be, brave Trojans, as I advise. Let the orders, which are useful for the present, be thus given; and other orders in the morning I will give in the midst of the 525 Trojan chiefs⁸. I hope—praying to Jove and the other gods—to drive hence the fate-led dogs, whom the destinies bring in their dark ships. Let us, however, take care of ourselves during the night; and in the morning, with the dawn, girt in 530

⁹ *i. e.* from the ditch and rampart—which protected the ships. ¹ Cars.

² *i. e.* too soon.

³ Much wood.

⁴ Morn-born Aurora.

⁵ Place themselves—*i. e.* for the purpose of keeping guard.

⁶ ἡλυστῆραι.

⁷ The people being absent.

⁸ Let the speech, which is now useful—be thus said—that (the speech) of the morning, I will speak, &c. *i. e.* This is enough for the present—in the morning I will speak further, when I hope, &c.

arms, we will rouse up fierce battle at the hollow ships. I will know whether Diomedes, the bold son of Tydeus, will drive back me from the ships to the wall; or whether I, having subdued him with my spear, shall bear off his bloody spoils. To-
 535 morrow will make his valour quite manifest, if he await my spear coming upon him; and I think that by sunrise to-morrow⁹ he will lie wounded among the first, and many comrades round him. Would that I were as surely immortal, and as exempt
 540 and Apollo, as now the coming day brings evil upon the Argives.”

So Hector spake, and the Trojans shouted in *approbation*. And they loosed their sweating horses from the yoke, and fastened them by the reins, each beside his own car. And they brought
 545 in haste from the city oxen and fat sheep, and procured good wine and bread from their houses, and besides gathered much wood. And the winds bore the odour from the plain up to heaven.

And they, greatly elated, sat all night on the field of battle¹;
 550 and many fires burned by them. And as when in heaven the beauteous stars appear round the bright moon, when the air is breathless, and all the hills and lofty summits and forests are visible; and in the sky the boundless ether opens², and all the
 555 stars are seen, and the shepherd is delighted in his soul; so numerous, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus, appeared the fires of the Trojans, burning in front of Ilium. A thousand fires burned upon the plain, and beside each sat fifty
 560 in the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, eating white barley and oats, standing beside their cars, awaited the fair-throned Aurora³.

⁹ The sun rising to-morrow.

¹ The bridge of war—the space strictly between the two armies drawn up in battle array.

² Bursts or breaks.

³ Morning.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phœnix and Ajax, to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phœnix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

THUS the Trojans kept their watches; but Flight¹ divine, the companion of chill Fear, possessed the Achæans; and all the chiefs were afflicted with intolerable grief. And as two winds, Boreas and Zephyrus, which² both blow from Thrace, rouse the fishy deep, coming suddenly *upon it*; and the black waves swell together, and dash much sea-weed out of the sea; thus was the soul of the Achæans distracted within their bosoms.

Then Atrides, struck to the heart with much sorrow, went about giving orders to the loud-tongued³ heralds, to invite each man⁴ by name⁵ to a council, but not to call aloud: and he himself laboured among the nearest⁶. And they sat in council, grieved, and Agamemnon arose, shedding tears, like a black fountain⁷, which pours its dark water from a lofty rock. Thus 15 he, sighing deeply, addressed the Argives⁸:

¹ Θέσπεσις. The word is applied to any very high or extraordinary degree of the thing it qualifies—a strong or strange desire of flight seized the frightened Achæans.

² τῶ τε—precisely equivalent to ὦ ἦα.

³ A standing epithet for heralds—occurring very unluckily on the present occasion.

⁴ *i. e.* of the chiefs—for a council is to be held—not a general assembly of the army.

⁵ Or rather, by speaking to each of them individually.

⁶ The first—*i. e.* the chiefs who were nearest. Agamemnon himself summoned them to council.

⁷ Of black water—a frequent epithet for water, clear and deep.

⁸ Addressed words to the Argives.

“ My friends, leaders and counsellors of the Argives, Jupiter, the son of Saturn, has entangled me in a very grievous calamity
 20 —cruel, who once promised me, and confirmed that promise with a nod⁹, that I, having destroyed the well-built Ilium should return *home*. But now he has planned a sad deception, and orders me inglorious to repair to Argos, when I have lost many troops. Thus seems it to be agreeable to almighty Jove, who has already
 25 overthrown the heights of many cities, and will still overthrow more, for his power is greatest¹. Come, then, let us all obey as I advise; let us fly with the ships to our dear native land; for we shall never take wide-streeted Troy.”

Thus he spake, and they were all silent; quiet in silence;
 30 and long *dumb* were the saddened sons of the Achæans; but at length the gallant Diomedes spake:

“ Son of Atreus, first² I will defend myself against thy recent attack, as far, O King, as is proper, in the council; and be not thou at all offended. In the presence of the Danaans didst thou
 35 first disparage my courage, by saying, that I was unwarlike, and feeble; and all this, both the young and old of the Argives know. To thee, however, has the son of wily Saturn given diversely—in the sceptre he has given thee to be honoured above all;
 40 but valour he has not given; though bravery is greatest³. Sir, dost thou then really believe that the sons of the Achæans are unwarlike and destitute of courage, as thou sayest? Then if thy spirit impels thee to return, go—the way lies open to thee, and close to the sea stand thy ships, which followed thee from
 45 Mycene very many. But the other long-haired Achæans will remain till we overthrow Troy; and if they also *choose*, let them fly with the ships to their loved native land; and we two, I and Sthenelus, will fight, until we find an end of Troy; for with a god we came⁴.”

50 Thus he spake; and all the sons of the Achæans shouted, admiring the speech of Diomedes, tamer of horses. And the chief, Nestor, rising, addressed them:

“ Son of Tydeus, above *all others* art thou brave in battle,
 55 and in council best, among all thine equals. No one of all the Achæans⁵ will blame thy speech, nor speak against it; but thou hast not gone to the end of the matter⁶. Thou art very young,

⁹ And nodded. ¹ The same speech, up to this word, occurs B. 111—118.

² Literally—fight with you, unworthily addressing me.

³ Best gift.

⁴ *i. e.* under the auspices of the gods.

⁵ As many Greeks as *are*.

⁶ Thou hast not come to the end of words (or thoughts)—*i. e.* you have not said all that ought to be said—or, you have not come to the ultimate object of

and mightest be even my youngest son; but wisely thou ad-
 dressest kings of the Argives, for thou hast spoken with propriety. Come, then, I, who can boast of being older than thou, 60
 will speak out, and go through the whole matter⁷; nor will any
 one, not even the king Agamemnon, treat my speech with con-
 tempt. Tribeless, lawless, homeless⁸, is he, who delights in
 horrid, intestine war. Let us now then obey black night, and 65
 get our suppers; and let the guards be stationed each along the
 dug ditch, outside the rampart⁹. These orders I give to the
 youths; but next, Atrides, begin thou, for thou art supreme.
 Give a feast to the elders; it becomes thee, and is by no means 70
 improper. Thy tents are full of wine, which the ships of the
 Achæans daily bring over the wide sea from Thrace. With
 thee is every accommodation¹, and thou commandest many.
 Then, when many are assembled, thou wilt be advised by him
 who offers the best advice; for there is need greatly to all the
 Achæans of good and prudent *counsel*, since the enemies are 75
 burning many fires near the ships: and who can rejoice at that?
 For this night will either destroy, or preserve the army²."

Thus he spake; and they heard him attentively, and were
 persuaded. And the guards rushed forth with their arms, 80
namely, Thrasymedes³, son of Nestor, shepherd of the people,
 and Ascalaphus and Ialmenus⁴, sons of Mars, and Meriones, and
 Aphareus, and Deïpyrus, and the son of Creion, the noble Ly-
 comedes. Seven commanders were there of the guards, and 85
 an hundred youths marched along with each, having long spears
 in their hands. And proceeding *to the space* between the ditch
 and the wall, they sat down, and there kindled a fire, and pre-
 pared each his supper.

But Atrides conducted the assembled elders of the Achæans
 to his tent, and placed before them a refreshing feast; and they 90
 stretched forth their hands to the prepared victuals, which lay
 before them. And when they had removed the desire of eating
 and drinking, the aged Nestor, whose advice had before also ap-
 peared best, first of all, began to unfold his plan⁵. He harangued 95
 them with prudence, and said:

speech—something practical. Though you advise us to prosecute the war, you
 do not point out the *means*.

⁷ Will do that which you have omitted.

⁸ Fit for none of the relations of civilized life.

⁹ *i. e.* between the ditch and rampart. Compare line 87 below.

¹ Or rather, perhaps, you have abundance of provision—and numerous attendants.

² *i. e.* on the counsels of this night will depend the fate of the army.

³ Those about Thrasymedes, &c.

⁴ B. 512.

⁵ To weave a counsel.

“Atrides, most glorious, king of men, Agamemnon, with thee shall I finish, and with thee shall I begin; for thou art king of many nations, and in thy hands has Jove placed both the sceptre and the laws, that thou mightest consult for them. Therefore
 100 it behoves thee above *all others* both to deliver an opinion, and to hear one; and also to carry into effect the advice of another, when his spirit prompts him to say what is useful⁶; for it will depend upon thee⁷ what shall *finally* rule⁸. And therefore I will speak as appears to me to be best. For no other person
 105 will devise a better device than that which I devise, both before and even now again—from the time when thou, O nobly-born, didst go and take away the maiden Briseïs from the tent of the enraged Achilles—by no means according to my mind; for very
 110 much did I dissuade thee. But, yielding to thy haughty passions, the bravest hero, whom the immortals ever honoured, thou didst insult; for thou hast taken away his prize, and holdest it. Let us, however, again consider how we may reconcile him—gratifying him with soothing gifts and gentle words.”

And the king of men, Agamemnon, in reply addressed him:
 115 “Thou hast uttered no falsehood, old man, with respect to my fault. I have erred, nor do I myself deny it. The man is indeed worth many troops,—he whom Jove loves in his heart, as he has honoured this, and subdued the people of Achæans.
 120 But as I have erred, yielding to my destructive rage, I desire to appease him again, and to give him invaluable presents. And before you all I will enumerate the noble gifts: seven tripods, which have not touched the fire⁹, and ten talents of gold, and twenty bright kettles, and twelve strong steeds, victorious in the race, which have borne off prizes by their speed¹. The
 125 man would not be poor, nor unpossessed of precious gold, with whom there were as many prizes as *these* solid-hoofed horses have brought in to me. I will likewise give seven women, skilful in superior works—Lesbians, whom, when he himself took the well-inhabited Lesbos, I selected, *and* who excel wo-
 130 man-kind² in beauty. These will I give him, and with them shall be the daughter of Briseus, whom I took from him; and I will add a great oath, that I never ascended her bed, nor embraced her, as is the custom of mortals—of men and women.
 135 All these shall be his forthwith; and if the gods hereafter grant us to sack the vast city of Priam, let him fill his ships with

⁶ For good.

⁷ *i. e.* nothing can be done without thy sanction.

⁸ *i. e.* shall prevail, or be determined upon.

⁹ Fireless—perhaps not destined for the fire—but for nobler, or ornamental purposes.

¹ With their feet.

² The races of women.

abundance of gold and brass, coming when we Achæans divide the spoil. And let himself choose twenty Trojan women, who, next to Argive Helen, may be the fairest. And if we shall reach Achæan Argos, the richest of lands³, he shall be my son-in-law; and I will honour him equally with Orestes, who, my only son, is brought up in much luxury⁴. For I have three daughters in my well-built palace, Chrysothemis, and Laodice, and Iphianassa—of these the beloved one, which he pleases, let him take, unbought⁵, to the house of Peleus; and I will give very many nuptial gifts, so many as no man ever yet gave his daughter. I will besides give him seven well-inhabited cities, Cardamyle and Enope, and grassy Hira, and the glorious Pheræ, and Antheia with deep pastures, and the fair Æpeia, and the vine-bearing Pedasus—and all near the sea, situated close to sandy Pylus. And in all them dwell men abounding in flocks and rich in cattle, who will honour him, like a god, with gifts, and *subject* to his rule⁶, pay him rich tributes. These things will I do for him, should he cease from his anger. Let him be prevailed upon. Pluto indeed is implacable and inexorable; and on that account is he with men the most hateful of all the gods. Let him likewise submit to me, because I am a greater king, and because I am⁷ older *than he*.”

Him then the Gerenian chief, Nestor answered: “Son of Atreus, most glorious, king of men, Agamemnon, thou dost offer gifts by no means despicable to king Achilles. Come then, let us urge chosen men, who may go with all speed to the tent of Achilles, son of Peleus. And come, if *thou wilt*, these I will select, and let them obey. First of all, let Phœnix, beloved of Jove, be the leader, and next the mighty Ajax and noble Ulysses: and of the heralds, let Hodius and Eurybates accompany them. Now bring water for our hands, and command silence⁸, that we may pray to Jove, the son of Saturn, that he may have pity on us⁹.”

Thus he spake and gave advice¹ agreeable to all. Forthwith heralds poured water upon their hands, and the attendants crowned the bowls with wine²; and then handed the wine to all, from right to left, in cups. And when they had poured out

³ The udder of arable land, or the fruitful source of arable produce.

⁴ Or in the midst of abundance.

⁵ In the heroic times, the suitor bought his bride—the tables are now turned, and the lady buys her husband.

⁶ Under his sceptre.

⁷ Boast to be—but *boast* is almost always too strong a term for εὐχόμεαι.

⁸ And order to keep a good voice.

⁹ *i. e.* and bend the obstinacy of Achilles.

¹ Spake a word.

² With drink.

libations and drunk as much as appetite required³, they departed from the tent of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. And them (*the deputation*) the Gerenian chief, Nestor, enjoined much, turning his eyes upon each, but particularly on Ulysses, that they should strive to persuade the illustrious son of Peleus.

And they went along the shore of the loud sounding sea, offering very many petitions to the earth shaker, to the compasser of earth, that they might persuade with ease the high
185 spirit of Æacides. And they came to the tents and ships of the Myrmidons; and found him delighting his soul with his sweet lyre,—beautiful, curiously wrought, and the neck⁴ of it was silver. This he had taken among the spoils, when he destroyed
190 Eëtion's city; with this he was amusing himself and singing the glories of heroes. And Patroclus sat opposite to him in silence, alone, attentive to Æacides, till he should cease singing⁵. And they went onward, and the noble Ulysses led *the way*, and stood before him; and Achilles, surprised, leaped up, with his lyre, quitting the seat where he had been sitting. And in like man-
195 ner Patroclus, when he beheld the heroes, arose; and the swift-footed Achilles receiving them, *thus* addressed them:

“Welcome, whether ye come as friends, or whether there be some great necessity—ye are the dearest of the Achæans to me, though much enraged.”

Thus having spoken, the noble Achilles led them forward,
200 and seated them upon couches and scarlet carpets; and immediately said to Patroclus, who was near: “Set a larger bowl, son of Menœtius, and mix more generous wine, and make ready a cup for each, for men most dear *to me* are *now* beneath my roof.”
205 Thus he spake; and Patroclus obeyed his loved comrade. And he (*Achilles*) placed within the radiance of the fire⁶ a large block⁷, and laid upon it the fore-quarters of a sheep and a fat goat, and the hind quarters of a fed-hog, very fat. And Automedon held them for him; and the noble Achilles cut them up; and divided them well into small pieces, and transfixed
210 them with spits; and Menœtiades, a hero resembling a god, lighted up the large fire. And when the fire had burned down, and the flame grown languid, strewing the embers, he stretched the spits over them, and sprinkled *the joints* with sacred salt, lifting them upon the racks. And when he had roasted them,
15 and put⁸ them upon dishes, Patroclus taking bread, placed it upon

³ The mind impelled. ⁴ Or handle. ⁵ *i. e.* whilst, or as long as he sang.

⁶ *i. e.* near the blaze of the fire—for the sake of the light probably.

⁷ Or a table of some kind for the purpose.

⁸ Poured—*i. e.* took them from the spits and laid them on a table.

the table in handsome trenchers; but Achilles distributed the meat. And he himself sat opposite to the noble Ulysses, against the other wall, and charged Patroclus, his comrade, to sacrifice to the gods; and he cast morsels into the fire⁹. And they 220 stretched forth their hands to the prepared food, which lay before them. And when they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking, Ajax nodded to Phoenix; and noble Ulysses observed, and having filled his goblet with wine, pledged Achilles:

“Your health, Achilles. Not in want of a full feast are we, 225 either in the tent of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, or here also now; for we have abundance of dainties¹ to eat; but the works of the pleasant feast are not our present care. For, noble Achilles, seeing a great disaster, we greatly dread it; for it is doubtful², whether we shall save or lose our well benched ships, 230 unless thou shall put on thy might. For near the ships and rampart their posts have the bold Trojans fixed, and allies, summoned from afar, kindling numerous fires in their army; and they affirm, they shall no longer be prevented from attacking the black ships³. And for them Jove, the son of Saturn, ex- 235 hibiting propitious signs, darts his lightning; and Hector, exulting in his valour, rages terribly, trusting in Jove, nor reverences at all either men or gods, for great fury has entered into him. He prays that the divine morn would speedily come. 240 For he threatens to cut off the prows of the ships, and burn the ships themselves with destructive fire, and slaughter the Achæans beside them, smothered in the smoke. These things do I greatly fear in my mind, lest the gods fulfil his threats, and it 245 be destined for us to perish in Troy, far from fertile⁴ Argos. Rise⁵ then, if thou ever intendest, although late, to rescue the sons of the Achæans harassed by the conflict of the Trojans. To thyself it will hereafter be *cause of* sorrow, nor it is *possible* to find a remedy for an evil done⁶; therefore reflect well before 250 hand, how thou mayest repel the evil day from the Danaans. O my friend, thy father Peleus charged thee, on that day when he sent thee from Phthia to Agamemnon, ‘My son, Minerva and Juno will bestow victory, if they choose; but restrain thou the haughty spirit within thy breast, for gentleness is preferable; 255

⁹ As an offering to the gods.

¹ There are with us many refreshing things—invigorating—wholesome.

² In doubt.

³ And say that they *cannot* be resisted, but will charge upon the black ships.

⁴ Horse-feeding.

⁵ But up.

⁶ *i. e.* there is no undoing it.

and abstain from contention, the origin of ills, that both young and old of the Argives may honour thee the more.”

- “ Thus did the old man enjoin thee ; but thou art forgetful.
- 260 Yet even now desist, and lay aside thy bitter resentment. And Agamemnon will give gifts worthy of thee⁷, shouldst thou cease from thine indignation. If then thou *wilt*, listen to me, and I will repeat to thee how many presents in his tents Agamemnon hath promised thee : seven tripods, which have not touched the
- 265 fire, and ten talents of gold, and twenty bright kettles, and twelve strong steeds, victorious in the race, which have borne off prizes by their speed. The man would not be poor, nor unpossessed of precious gold, who should have as many prizes, as the horses of Agamemnon have borne off by their speed. And
- 270 he will give seven women, skilful in superior works—Lesbians, whom, when thou didst thyself take the well-inhabited Lesbos, he selected, and who then excelled all woman-kind in beauty. These will he give thee, and with them will be the daughter of Briseus, whom he then took away ; and he will swear a mighty
- 275 oath, that he never ascended her bed, nor embraced her, as is the custom, O king, both of men and women. All these shall be thine forthwith ; and if the gods hereafter grant us to sack the vast city of Priam, *he says*, that thou mayst fill thy ships
- 280 with abundance of gold and brass, coming, when we Achæans divide the spoil ; and that thou mayst also choose twenty Trojan women, who next to Argive Helen, are the fairest. And if *ever* we reach Achæan Argos, the richest of lands, thou shalt become his son-in-law, and he will honour thee equally with Orestes, his
- 285 only son, who is brought up in much splendour. For he has three daughters in his well-constructed palace, Chrysothemis, Laodice, and Iphianassa—of these, *he says*, thou shalt conduct the beloved one, whichever thou wilt choose, unbought, to the
- 290 house of Peleus ; and he will give very many nuptial presents, so many as no man ever yet gave his daughter. He will besides give thee seven well-inhabited cities, Cardamyle, and Enope, and grassy Hira, and the glorious Pheræ, and Antheia with deep pastures, and the fair Æpeia, and the viny Pedæsus ; and all
- 295 near the sea, situated close to the sandy Pylus. And in them dwell men abounding in flocks and rich in cattle, who will honour thee, like a god, with gifts, and, subject to thy rule, pay thee rich tributes. These things will he do for thee, shouldst
- 300 thou cease from thine anger. But if the son of Atreus himself and his gifts be more hateful to thee in thine heart ; still have pity upon all the other Achæans, harassed throughout the army,

⁷ Gives to thee, ceasing from anger, worthy gifts.

who will honour thee as a god; for surely thou wilt obtain very great glory among them. And now mightest thou slay Hector, —since he has come very near thee, with a destructive fury,— for he declares that no one is equal to him of the Danaans, 305 whom the ships have conveyed hither⁸.

And him, answering, the swift-footed Achilles addressed: “Most noble son of Laertes, Ulysses ever ready, it behooves me to speak my sentiments frankly—as I think, and as it shall be 310 done—that ye may not, sitting beside me, trouble me one after another. For hateful to me as the gates of Hades is he, who conceals one thing in his mind, and utters another. And I will speak as it shall also be done—me then neither Agamemnon, son of Atreus, I think, nor the rest of the Danaans, will per- 315 suade⁹, since there are no thanks here for fighting eternally with hostile men. Equal is the share of him who abides in his tent, and of him who fights much; and in equal honour is the coward and the brave. The man who does nothing, and he who 320 does much dies alike; nor have I more than others, because I suffer sorrows in my soul, in ever exposing my life in combat-¹. And as a bird brings food to her unfledged young when she finds it, although it fares ill with herself; so also have I spent many sleepless nights, and gone through bloody days in 325 combat, fighting with heroes for the sake of their wives². Twelve cities have I stript of their men with my ships, and on foot, I say, eleven in fertile Troy³. From all these have I carried off many and precious treasures, and bringing them, have 330 given all to Agamemnon, the son of Atreus; and he remaining behind at the swift ships, receiving them, distributed a few, and retained many, and gave other prizes to the chiefs and kings. To them they remained undisturbed; and from me alone of the Achæans has he taken mine away, and keeps my sweet mistress 335 —let him, with her indulging, enjoy himself⁴. But why need the Argives wage war with the Trojans? Or for what did Atrides, assembling an army, lead it hither? Was it not on account of the fair-haired Helen? What, do the sons of Atreus 340 alone of men⁵ love their wives? No; for every good and rational man loves, and takes care of his own spouse; so I also loved her from my soul, though a captive in war⁶. And now

⁸ *i. e.* as Achilles no longer mingled in the battle.

⁹ *i. e.* to fight agatn.

¹ *i. e.* on account of my greater toils and dangers.

² σφετερων—*for their wives*—meaning specifically, the wife of Menelaus.

³ In different parts of the country, of which Troy was the capital.

⁴ Threateningly—as if he added—but it shall be his destruction.

⁵ μεροπων. A. 250.

⁶ Though acquired by the spear.

since he hath snatched my prize from my hands, and cheated
 345 me, let him not tempt me, who know him so well⁷, for he will
 not persuade me. But, Ulysses, let him contrive with thee, and
 the other kings, *how* to repel hostile fire from the ships. Truly
 he has accomplished many labours without me. He has even
 built a rampart, and dug a ditch broad *and* large beside it; and
 350 fixed in it palisades: but not even thus can he control the might
 of Hector the slayer of men. For whilst I fought amongst the
 Achæans, Hector chose not to rouse the battle at a distance from
 the town, but came as far only as the Scæan gates and the beech
 355 tree. There once he awaited me alone, and with difficulty es-
 caped my onset. And now since I choose not to combat with
 the noble Hector—to-morrow, when I have sacrificed to Jove
 and all the gods, and, well-lading my vessels, I have dragged
 them down to the sea—thou shalt behold, if thou wilt, and if
 360 such things be a care to thee, very early in the morn, sailing
 upon the fishy Hellespont, my ships, and in them men eager for
 rowing. And if glorious Neptune grant but a prosperous voy-
 age, on the third day I shall reach fertile Phthia. And I have
 there very many *possessions*, which I left, coming un auspiciously
 365 hither. And the rest of the gold and ruddy brass, and charming⁸
 women, and bright iron, which have fallen to my lot, I shall
 carry hence; but the reward which he gave, king Agamemnon,
 son of Atreus, has himself taken insultingly⁹ back from me. To
 370 him report all, as I charge you, publicly, that other Achæans
 also may be indignant, if he, ever clothed in impudence, still
 hopes to cheat any of the Danaans; nor he dare, audacious
 though he be, to look in my face¹. I will neither join counsel
 375 nor deed with him; for he has already cheated and wronged me,
 nor shall he again delude me with words. For once is enough
 for him², and let him go *quietly*³ to *Hades*, for provident Jove
 has well deprived him of his senses. Detestable are his gifts
 to me, and himself I honour not the value of a hair. Not if he
 380 gave me ten and twenty times as much as now is his, or ever
 hereafter may be⁴; nor as many treasures as go to Orchomenos,
 or to Egyptian Thebes, where the most numerous are laid up in
 mansions, and whose gates are a hundred, and from each go out

⁷ Well knowing.

⁸ Well as to zones—apparently, used, delicately, for beautiful or swelling bosoms.

⁹ Being insolent.

¹ Nor let him dare, though dog-like, to look upon the countenance to me.

² *i. e.* to ill-treat me, and escape with impunity.

³ *i. e.* for me—I have nothing more to do with him.

⁴ Both them and others, from whatever quarter they come.

two hundred men with horses and cars. Nor if he were to give 385
me as many as are the sand and the dust,—not even thus shall
Agamemnon again bend my spirit, until he indemnify me for
all his bitter insults. Nor will I wed the daughter of Agamem-
non, son of Atreus, not if she rival in beauty the golden Venus,
or be equal in accomplishments to the blue-eyed Minerva, not 390
even thus will I wed her. But let him select another of the
Achæans, who may suit him, and who is a greater king for if
the gods preserve me, and I reach home, then will Peleus him-
self doubtless bestow upon me a lady in marriage. Many are 395
the Achæan women in Hellas and Phthia, daughters of the
chiefs, who defend their cities. Of these, whichever I choose,
I will make my beloved wife; and there my noble spirit very
much urges me to wed a wife⁵, a fit partner of my bed, to enjoy
the possessions which aged Peleus has acquired. For not worth 400
my life are all the *treasures* which, they say the populous city
Ilium possessed, whilst formerly at peace, before the sons of the
Achæans arrived; nor all which the stony threshold of the
archer Phœbus Apollo contains within it, in rocky Pytho. Be- 405
sides oxen and fat sheep may be procured by plunder; and
tripods be acquired, and the yellow heads⁶ of horses; but the
breath of man, to return again, is not to be obtained by plunder
nor by purchase, when once it has past the barrier of his teeth.
For the goddess, my mother, the silver-footed Thetis, declares, 410
that double destinies lead me to the end of death. If, on the
one hand, remaining here, I wage war around the city of the
Trojans, my return is cut off⁷, but my glory shall be immortal;
and if, on the other, I return home to my loved native land, the 415
prize of glory is lost to me, but my life will be long, nor will
the end of death speedily overtake me. And the rest of *you*
also would I advise to sail home, for no longer will ye find the
destruction of lofty Ilium; for the far-sounding Jove has
stretched over it his hand, and the people have taken courage. 420
Do ye then, departing, bear back *this* message to the chiefs of
the Achæans—for such is the office of ambassadors—that they
may devise within their minds some other better plan, which
may preserve for them their ships, and the army of the Achæ-
ans in the hollow barks; since this, which they have now planned 425
is not practicable⁸, while my anger continues. But let Phœnix
sleep here, remaining with us, that to-morrow he may accompany

⁵ *μνηστὴν ἀλοχόν*—*i. e.* a wife—*ἀλοχός* is a bed-fellow—a mistress.

⁶ *i. e.* horses with yellow manes—bright bays, or chesnuts.

⁷ Perishes.

⁸ Ready.

me in the ships to *my* dear native land, if he will; though I will by no means take him away by force.”

430 Thus he spake; and they were all mute with silence, wondering at his speech, for he spake with much vehemence. At length, however, the aged chief, Phœnix, addressed him, shedding tears profusely, for he feared much for the ships of the Achæans:

“ If indeed, illustrious Achilles, thou resolvest⁹ on return, and
 435 will not repel the consuming fire from the swift ships, because indignation hath fallen upon thy soul; how can I, dear child, then be left alone here apart from thee? For the aged chief, Peleus, sent me forth with thee, on that day, when he dispatched
 440 thee from Phthia to Agamemnon, still a boy, and skilled neither in war, equally destructive to all, nor in councils, where men become illustrious. On that account he sent me forth, to teach thee all these things, to become a speaker of words, and a doer of deeds. So then, my beloved child, I would not be left behind
 445 by thee—not if a god would himself promise, stripping off my old age, to render me a blooming youth again, such as when I first quitted Hellas, famed for beautiful women, flying the reproaches of my father Amyntor, son of Ormenus; who was enraged
 450 with me on account of a fair-haired girl, whom he himself loved, and thus dishonoured his wife, my mother. For my mother was always supplicating me by the knees¹, that I should first have connection with the girl, that she (*the girl*) might hate the old man. Her I obeyed, and did so; and my father immediately discovering it, uttered many execrations, and invoked the
 455 horrible furies that no beloved son, sprung from me, should ever be placed upon his knees: and the gods fulfilled his execrations, the Infernal Jove (*Pluto*) and relentless Proserpine. Then my soul within my breast no longer at all endured to abide in the
 460 house with a father thus enraged. My friends, indeed, and relatives, on all sides, detained me there within the halls by their entreaties. And many fat sheep and slow-footed crumple-horned oxen they slaughtered, and many fat swine were extended
 465 for roasting over the fire², and much of the old man’s wine was drunk *contained* in earthen jars. Nine nights did they continue with me³; and in turns kept guard; nor were the fires ever extinguished, one in the portico of the well-walled court, and another in the vestibule, in front of the chamber doors. But
 470 when the tenth shady night had come upon me, then at last I

⁹ Cast into the mind—*i. e.* as a fixed resolve.

¹ Expressive of the act of supplication.

² Over the flame of Vulcan.

³ Nine nights they spent the night round me myself.

rushed forth, having burst the strong⁴ doors of the apartment, and easily overleaped the wall of the court, unobserved⁵ by the men on guard, and female slaves. Then I fled far away through spacious Hellas, and came to fertile Phthia, mother of sheep, to 475 king Peleus; and he kindly received me, and loved me, even as a father with ample possessions loves his dear and only son. And he made me rich, and bestowed upon me much people⁶, and I dwelt on the frontiers of Phthia, ruling the Dolopians. 480 Thee also, O Achilles, equal to the gods, have I rendered what thou art⁷, loving thee from my soul; for thou wouldst not go with another to thy meals, nor take thy food in the mansion, until seating thee upon my knees I satisfied thee with food, previously cutting it up for thee, and supplying thee with wine. 485 Often hast thou wetted the tunic upon my breast, spitting out the wine in froward infancy. Thus very many things did I bear for thee, and much did I labour, regarding this, that the gods had not produced offspring from myself. And I made thee my son, Achilles, equal to the gods, that thou mightest 490 ever repel from me foul wrongs. But, O Achilles, subdue thy proud spirit; it becomes thee not to have a pitiless heart. For even the gods themselves are flexible, whose virtue, and honour, and might are greater *than thine*. Even them, by sacrifices, 495 and appeasing vows, and incense, and odours do men turn from their anger, when one transgresses or errs. For even Prayers are mighty Jove's daughters—lame and wrinkled⁸, and with eyes 500 glancing sideways⁹; which, following after Violence, are full of anxiety. But Violence is strong and firm of foot; and therefore he far outstrips them all, and arrives first at every land, doing injuries to men; and they afterwards cure them¹. Who-soever respects the daughters of Jove, approaching near him, 505 him they greatly benefit, and listen to him who prays *for their aid*. But whoever denies and obstinately rejects them, then indeed, drawing near to Jove, son of Saturn, they intreat that Violence may overtake him, that he, by suffering, may pay the penalty of wrong. Now, Achilles, do thou also yield to the daughters of Jove that respect, which bends the minds of other 510

⁴ Skilfully fitted, or fastened.

⁵ Eluding the view of the men guards.

⁶ *i. e.* appointed me governor.

⁷ Such—*i. e.* as thou now art—till you grow up.

⁸ Or thin, as worn with anxiety.

⁹ *i. e.* not looking straight-forward—from want of confidence.

¹ Αἴτιη is a personification of Violence, or whatever prompts to wrong; and Αἴτια of the motives which are calculated to prevent the overt acts of Violence; or failing to prevent, to remedy the ill effects.

good people². For if Atrides brought not gifts, and did not name others to be given hereafter, but was still always obstinately unjust, I would not advise thee to throw aside thine anger, and defend the Argives, although greatly in need. But
 515 now he at once gives much on the spot, and promises more hereafter; and he has despatched the chief men to supplicate thee, having selected them, throughout the Achæan army, who are dearest to thyself of the Argives. Do not thou despise their sentiments nor their embassy³; although before fault was not to
 520 be found with thee, because thou wert enraged. Thus also have we heard the tales of heroes of former days, when violent anger came upon any, they were accessible to gifts, and reconcilable by words. I remember this ancient, and by no means modern, deed, how it was; and I will repeat it to you, who are
 525 all dear to me. The Curetes and Ætolians, obstinate in battle, fought round the city of Calydon, and slaughtered each other; the Ætolians in defence⁴ of lofty Calydon, and the Curetes eager to lay it waste by war. For among them too had Diana, of the
 530 golden throne, excited evil, indignant because CENEUS had not offered the first fruits in sacrifice at the vintage⁵; for the other gods feasted on hecatombs, and to the daughter of the mighty Jove alone he sacrificed not. Either he forgot or did not think of it—but he committed a great offence⁶. For she, the daughter
 535 of Jove, delighting in arrows, enraged, sent against *him* a fierce wild boar, with white teeth, which did much mischief, frequenting the lands of CENEUS. For many tall trees, from the soil, did he cast upon the ground, with their very roots and the blossoms of their fruits. And Meleager, the son of CENEUS, slew him, assembling huntsmen and dogs from many cities; for he would
 540 not have been subdued with a few men—so mighty was he, and he caused many to ascend the sad funeral pile. And she stirred up about him (*the boar*) a great tumult and war, for the head and bristly skin of the boar, between the Curetes and brave
 545 Ætolians. And as long as warlike Meleager fought, was it ill with⁷ the Curetes; nor were they able, although numerous, to remain without their walls⁸. But when at length anger came upon Meleager,—which swells the soul of even others, the

² *i. e.* who when wronged suffer themselves to be appeased.

³ Their word and feet.

⁴ Defending.

⁵ Because CENEUS had not done the primary sacrifices with the produce of the vineyard—or, perhaps, at the vintage.

⁶ *i. e.* whatever it was, it was an act of great imprudence, and he suffered for it.

⁷ So long it was badly with.

⁸ *i. e.* the Ætolians drove the Curetes within the walls of their town (Pleuron.)

wisest, within their breasts—then, indeed, enraged in his heart 550 with his own mother Althæa, he remained⁹ *at home* with his wedded wife, the fair Cleopatra, daughter of Marpessa, the handsome-ankled child of Evenus, and Idas, who was the bravest in his time of earthly men, and even drew a bow against king 555 Phœbus Apollo, for the sake of his handsome-ankled spouse. And her (*Cleopatra*) at that time her father and venerable mother used to call, in the palace, by the surname of Alcyone, because her mother, having the destiny of the sorrowful Alcyon, 560 wept when the far-darting Phœbus Apollo stole her away. Beside her he (*Meleager*) remained at home nursing his bitter rage, indignant because of the curses of his mother, she, who, much grieving, had prayed to the gods *for vengeance* on account of the murder of her brother¹. And often did she strike with her hands the productive earth, calling upon Pluto and the 565 dreaded Proserpine, bending upon her knees, whilst her bosom was wet with tears, to give death to her son; and Erinnyes, who dwells in darkness, with an implacable heart, heard her out of Erebus.—Soon the noise and tumult rose round their gates², the 570 towers being battered. And the elders of the Ætoliens intreated him; and they sent the chief priests of the gods, that he would come forth and defend them, promising them a mighty gift—where the plain³ of fertile Calydon was richest, there they bade him choose for himself a beautiful farm of fifty acres⁴, one half 575 of vine-land⁵, and the other half of it clear⁶ arable; and cut it from the plain⁷. And much did the aged chief, Æneus, beseech him, having ascended to the threshold of his lofty-roofed chamber, shaking the closed⁸ doors, and imploring his son. And 580 much also did his sisters and venerable mother intreat him, but he the more refused; and much the friends who were worthiest and dearest of all; but not even thus did they persuade the soul within his breast, until at last his chamber was frequently struck, and the Curetes were mounting the towers and setting fire to 585 the great city. For then, at length his beautiful spouse, lamenting, supplicated Meleager, and recounted all the disasters which befal men⁹ whose city is captured—some slay the men, and fire reduces the city to ashes; and others carry off the children and 590 deep-zoned women. And his soul was stirred when he heard¹

⁹ He lay.¹ Whom her son had slain.² *i. e.* of the Ætoliens.³ As if it were a common—unappropriated soil.⁴ Of course the dimensions of the γουον are not known with any precision.⁵ *i. e.* with trees upon it, for the vines to hang on.⁶ *i. e.* clear of trees.⁷ *i. e.* detach or enclose it.⁸ Fastened.⁹ Which are to men.¹ The soul of him hearing.

these evil deeds, and he hasted and girt his body in glittering armour. So he repelled the evil day from the Ætolians, yielding to the impulse of his own feelings². And him they did not
 595 make many and pleasing gifts, but he repelled the evil even thus.³ Do not thou then meditate the same things within thy mind, my friend; nor let the deity thus turn thee; for it would be worse⁴ to protect the ships, when *actually* burning. But on these offers—come⁵; for the Achæans will honour thee equally
 600 with a god. For if thou enterest the battle, destructive of men, without these gifts, thou wilt not be in equal honour, although thou shouldst ward off the war⁶.”

Him, answering, the swift-footed Achilles addressed; “Phœnix, my father, old man, beloved of Jove, I have no need of this honour, for I think I have been honoured by the will of Jove,
 605 which will keep me at my curved ships, as long as breath remains in my bosom, and my knees bear me up. And I tell thee something else, and do thou cast it in thy mind. Disturb not my soul *with thy* weeping and lamenting, to gratify⁷ the hero
 610 Atrides; nor ought thou to love him, that thou mayst not be hated by me, who love thee. It is right for thee along with me to annoy him who annoys me. Reign on equal terms with me⁸, and share half of my authority. These will bear back my message; but do thou, remaining here, recline upon a soft bed,
 615 and, with the appearing morn, we will consult whether we shall return to our *homes* or remain.”

He said, and in silence motioned⁹ to Patroclus, to strew a thick bed for Phœnix, that they (Ajax and Ulysses) might think forthwith of returning from the tent. And the godlike Telamonian Ajax addressed to them a speech:

620 “Most noble son of Laertes, wise Ulysses, let us be going, for the end of our address appears not to me to be in this way, at least attainable¹; and we must² with all haste report the message, unpleasant though it be³, to the Danaans, who are now sitting in expectation. For Achilles lays up within his breast
 625 a fierce and haughty spirit, unyielding, nor regards the friendship of his comrades—that with which we have honoured him at the ships beyond others. He has no pity—yet some have ac-

² *i. e.* not yielding to intreaties, or to offers of gifts, but prompted by his own conviction of the necessity.

³ *i. e.* without the gifts.

⁴ *i. e.* more discreditable—or less profitable.

⁵ *i. e.* concede on these terms.

⁶ Although repelling the war.

⁷ Bringing pleasure.

⁸ Rule equally with me, and obtain by lot half my honour.

⁹ With his brows—*i. e.* with his head—nodded.

¹ To be accomplished.

² It is necessary to.

³ Although being not good.

cepted compensation even for a brother's death, or their own slaughtered son; whilst the *murderer* remains at home⁴ among 630 his people, having paid large fines, and the heart, and noble soul of the other is appeased, receiving compensation. But in thy breast the gods have put an implacable and evil mind, for the sake of a single girl; though we now offer thee seven of the very best, and many other gifts besides them. Take then gen- 635 tler feelings, and respect thy house, for we are *guests* beneath thy roof from the army⁵ of the Danaans, and desire to be most regardful and friendly to thee beyond all the Achæans⁶."

And to him the swift-footed Achilles, answering, said: "Noble Ajax, son of Telamon, commander of men, thou appearest to me 640 to say all *this* from thy soul; but my heart swells with indignation when I recollect those things, how contemptuously Atrides treated me in the presence of the Argives—as if I were some miserable exile. Go ye then, and carry back my message, for 645 I will not think of bloody war, before the son of warlike Priam, noble Hector, slaughtering the Argives, reach the tents and ships of the Myrmidons, and set the ships on fire. Around my tent and black ship, however, I think that Hector, however 650 furious, will refrain from battle."

Thus he spake; and they, each having taken up a double goblet, *and* made libations, went back along the ships, and Ulysses led the way. And Patroclus gave orders to his comrades and female slaves, to make, with all haste, a thick couch for Phœnix; and they, obedient, spread a bed, as he commanded, 655 sheep skins, and a blanket, and the finest flax⁷; where the old man reposed, and awaited the heavenly morning. And Achilles slept in a recess of his well-made⁸ tent; and beside him slept a dame, whom he brought from Lesbos, the beautiful-cheeked 660 Diomeda, daughter of Phorbas. And Patroclus on the other side of the tent reclined: and beside him also slept the beautiful Iphis, whom the noble Achilles gave him, when he took⁹ rocky Scyros, the town of Enyeus¹.

And when they (*Ulysses and Ajax*) at length were within 665 the tents of Atrides, the sons of the Achæans, one after another received them with golden cups, rising, and made inquiries. And first the king of men, Agamemnon, interrogated them:

"Come, tell me, excellent, Ulysses, great glory of the Achæans,

⁴ There in his house.

⁵ Multitude.

⁶ Beyond the rest, as many Achæans as are.

⁷ *i. e.* the softest—well-heckled—not linen sheets.

⁸ Well-built—convenient. They were encamped in *huts*, not tents.

⁹ Taking.

¹ *i. e.* of which Enyeus was chief.

670 will he repel hostile fire from the ships, or does he refuse, and rage still possess his haughty soul?"

And to him in reply, the much-toiling noble Ulysses said:
 "Son of Atreus, most glorious, Agamemnon, king of men, he will not extinguish his resentment, but is still more filled with
 675 rage, and spurns thee and thy gifts. He bids thee thyself consult among the Argives, how thou canst preserve both the ships and the people of the Achæans; and he threatens that, with the appearing morn, himself will launch into the main his well-
 680 benched vessels, impelled on both sides with oars; and says that he advises the rest of you also to sail away homeward, since ye will no longer effect the destruction of lofty Ilium²; for far-sounding Jove much protects it, and the people are full
 685 of confidence. Thus he spake; and here are these, who accompanied me, Ajax, and the two heralds, both discreet men, to confirm these words³. But the aged Phœnix sleeps there; for thus Achilles commanded, in order that in the morning, he might accompany him in the ships to his dear native land, if he wishes, for he will not take him by force."

Thus he spake, and they were all in silence, wondering at
 690 his speech, for he had harangued with great vehemence⁴. And long were the sorrowing sons of the Achæans mute, till at length the gallant Diomedes addressed them:

"Son of Atreus, most glorious, Agamemnon, king of men, would that thou hadst not supplicated the noble son of Peleus,
 695 offering numerous gifts, for he is haughty enough otherwise; and now again thou hast excited him much more to insolence. But, however, let us leave him *to himself*, whether he go or stay; for he will then fight again when his spirit within his
 700 breast prompts, and a god impels him. Come then, let us all be advised to do as I say. Now take your rest, after cheering your hearts with food and wine, for that is force and vigour. And when the fair rosy-fingered morn appears, forthwith draw up the men and horses⁵ before the ships, inciting⁶ them; and fight
 705 thyself likewise among the foremost."

Thus he spake, and all the kings assented, admiring the speech of Diomedes, tamer of horses. Then, after offering libations, they departed each to his tent; where they lay down, and took the gift of sleep.

² *i. e.* ye have no longer a chance of doing so, as he entirely withdraws.

³ To say these things.

⁴ *i. e.* Achilles had done so.

⁵ *i. e.* the cars—in which the chiefs, of different ranks, alone fought.

⁶ *i. e.* rousing them to battle.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Diomedes and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

ALL the other chiefs of the Achæans slept all night at the ships, overpowered by gentle slumber; but sweet sleep held not Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, shepherd of the people, revolving many things in his mind. And as when the spouse of the fair-haired daughter Juno darts his lightning, preparing 5 either much heavy rain, or hail, or snow-showers—whenever snow covers the fields¹, or somewhere the vast mouth of bitter war² *is open*—so frequently³ groaned Agamemnon in his breast from the bottom of his heart, and his bosom trembled within 10 him. For truly when he looked towards the Trojan plain, he was amazed at the numerous fires which were burning before Ilium, at the clangor of pipes and horns, and the tumult of men. And when he beheld⁴ the ships and army of the Achæans, he 15 plucked many hairs from his head by the roots, *accusing* Jove who dwells on high, and in his generous heart he groaned aloud. This counsel then appeared best to his judgment—to repair to Neleian Nestor, the chief among heroes, *and see* if with him he could contrive some good plan, which might be a means of pro- 20 tection⁵ to all the Danaans. Rising, therefore, he girded his tunic on his breast, and under his smooth feet he bound the

¹ *i. e.* in winter.

² *i. e.* at the time of some impending battle, when Jove gives signs of his anger or his will.

³ *i. e.* Agamemnon sighs as often, as it sometimes lightens, before the tempest breaks.

⁴ *i. e.* thought of—for he was in his tent.

⁵ A repeller of evils.

handsome sandals; and then he around threw him the tawny skin of a lion, fierce and large, stretching to his feet, and seized
 25 his spear. And in like manner a tremor seized Menelaus, for neither did sleep rest upon his eyelids, *through fear*, lest the Argives should suffer any thing, who on his account had come over the wide sea to Troy, waging daring war. First he covered his broad shoulders with a spotted panther's skin; and
 30 next, lifting up his brazen helmet, he placed it upon his head, and took a spear in his powerful hand. And he set out to rouse⁶ his brother, who had the chief command of all the Argives, and was honoured by the people like a god. And him he found
 35 about his shoulders putting his bright armour at the prow of his ship; and to him was his arrival welcome⁷.

To him first brave Menelaus said: "Why thus in arms, my brother? Art thou despatching one of thy friends to be a spy among the Trojans? But I very much fear lest no one will
 40 undertake this work, to reconnoitre the enemy, going alone, in ambrosial night. He will be a bold man *who does*."

And to him king Agamemnon, answering, said: "O Menelaus, beloved of Jove, both you and I have need of some prudent counsel⁸, which will protect and preserve the Argives and
 45 their ships, for the mind of Jove is changed. He has indeed rather given his mind to Hector's sacrifices; for never have I beheld, nor heard from one relating, that one man planned so many arduous deeds in a day, as Hector, beloved of Jove, has
 50 executed upon the sons of the Achæans, in this way, though the dear son neither of a goddess nor of a god. And he has done so many deeds as I conceive will long and for many a day be cause of care to the Argives⁹—for *he has done* as many evils as he devised against the Achæans. Go then, call now Ajax and Idomeneus, running hastily to their ships; and I will repair to
 55 noble Nestor, and exhort him to arise, that he may go to the sacred company of guards and give orders; for to him will they most readily listen; and his son commands the guards, along with Meriones, the comrade of Idomeneus; for to them in chief we intrusted the command of the guard¹."

60 And to him then brave Menelaus replied: "How then dost thou by thy order enjoin me, and command? Should I remain

⁶ But he went to go to rouse.

⁷ And coming he was welcome to him—*i. e.* to Agamemnon.

⁸ Need to thee and me of prudent counsel—*i. e.* is come.

⁹ *i. e.* will remember with sorrow.

¹ For them we intrusted chiefly—*i. e.* to command the guard.

there² with them, waiting till thou comest, or run back again to thee, when I have duly given them thy directions³?”

And to him, in return, the king of men, Agamemnon, said: “To wait there, lest somehow in coming we miss one another; 65 for there are many ways throughout the camp. And shout aloud, where thou goest, and command them to be watchful, giving each man a name from his father’s family, addressing all respectfully; nor bear thyself with a haughty spirit. But let us ourselves also labour⁴; so does Jove inflict on us at our birth⁵ 70 heavy calamity⁶.”

Thus saying he dismissed his brother, after duly charging him. And himself went in search of Nestor, shepherd of the people. And him he found on his soft couch beside his tent and black ship, and by him was lying his beautiful armour, a shield, 75 and two spears, and a glittering helmet: beside him also was lying the embroidered belt with which the old man girded himself, when he armed himself for man-destroying war, leading on his people; for he did not give way to miserable old age. And 80 raising himself then upon his elbow, and lifting up his head, he addressed the son of Atreus, and questioned him in *these* words:

“Who art thou, who thus comest alone through the army to the ships, in the dark night, when other mortals sleep? Art thou come in search of any of the guards, or any of thy comrades? Speak, nor approach me in silence; what wantest 85 thou⁷?”

And him then answered Agamemnon, king of men: “O Nestor, son of Neleus, great boast of the Achæans, thou wilt recognize Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whom beyond all Jupiter places in difficulties continually, as long as breath remains in my breast, and my knees bear me up⁸. I am roaming thus, because sweet 90 sleep sits not on my eyes; and the war troubles me, and calamities of the Achæans. For I greatly fear for the Danaans, neither is my heart firm, but I am in great distress. My heart leaps without my breast, and my good limbs tremble beneath me. 95 But if thou canst do aught—since neither upon thee does sleep come—come, let us go down to the guards, that we may see them, lest worn out by toil and sleepiness, they slumber, and altogether forget their watch. For the enemy lies near⁹; nor do 100

² *i. e.* not at their tents, but with the guards.

³ When I shall have well ordered.

⁴ *i. e.* in summoning the chiefs—themselves, not by heralds.

⁵ Upon us born—when born.

⁶ *i. e.* such is our fate.

⁷ What necessity (comes to) you.

⁸ *i. e.* as long as I live and can move.

⁹ And hostile men sit near.

we at all know whether they may not be planning to fight even during the night."

And to him then the Gerenian chief, Nestor, replied: "Agamemnon, most glorious, son of Atreus, king of men, never will wise Jove accomplish for Hector all the thoughts which he now doubtless hopes *to effect*; but I think that he will labour under even more cares *than we*, should Achilles turn away his own heart from obstinate resentment. I will, however, readily accompany thee; and we will moreover rouse others, both Diomedes, skilful in the spear, and Ulysses, and the swift Ajax, and the gallant son¹ of Phyleus. But I wish some² one, going after them, would call those too, both godlike Ajax, and king Idomeneus; for their ships are very far off, and by no means near at hand. And Menelaus, loved and respected though he be, I will scold, shouldst even thou be displeased with me, nor will I be silent, because he sleeps, and suffers thee alone to toil. Now ought he to labour, supplicating among all the chiefs, for necessity, no longer bearable, is come."

And him Agamemnon, king of men, addressed in return: "Old man, at other times I even bid thee blame him, for he is often remiss, and desires not to labour; not relaxing through slothfulness, nor through incapacity³ of mind, but looking to me, and awaiting my directions. This time, however, he was up long before me, and stood beside me; and I have sent him beforehand to call those whom thou seekest. Let us go then, and we shall find them in front of the gates among the guards; for there I gave orders for them to assemble."

And him then, the Gerenian chief, Nestor, answered: "So, none of the Argives will blame him nor disobey him, when he exhorts or gives orders to any."

Thus saying, he put on his tunic⁴ over his breast, and under his shining feet he bound the handsome sandals, and fastened about him with a clasp his scarlet cloak, double⁵ and ample; and the shaggy pile was thick upon it; and he seized a tough spear, pointed with sharp brass; and set out to go down to the ships of the brazen-mailed Achæans. First then the Gerenian chief, Nestor, roused Ulysses, equal to Jove in counsel, from his sleep, calling him. And the voice immediately penetrated into his heart⁶, and he came forth from the tent, and addressed this speech to them:

¹ Meges. ² If any one would—*scil.* I should be glad—or something similar.

³ *i. e.* not from sloth, or ignorance.

⁴ χιτων, the under garment of men and women.

⁵ *i. e.* thick.

⁶ But the voice immediately came to him round his mind.

“Why roam ye thus alone through the army down to the ships, in ambrosial night? what so great necessity now comes on you?”

And him answered then the Gerenian chief, Nestor: “O most noble son of Laertes, ever ready Ulysses, do not blame us—so great a sorrow oppresses the Achæans. But follow, that we may rouse up another too, whomsoever it becomes, to consult, whether to fly or fight.” 145

Thus he spake, and the wise Ulysses returning into his tent, put over his shoulders a variegated shield, and went after them. And they went on to Diomedes, son of Tydeus, and him they found without in front of his tent, with his armour; and his comrades slept around him. And beneath their heads they had their shields, and their spears were stuck upright *in the ground* on their points; and the brass glittered afar off, like the lightning of father Jove. And that hero slumbered, and under him was spread the hide of a wild bull; and under his head was stretched a bright bolster⁷. Standing by him the Gerenian chief, Nestor, awoke him, stirring him with the heel of his foot⁸, and aroused him up, and in front of him thus upbraided him: 155

“Wake up, son of Tydeus, why all night dost thou indulge sleep? Knowest thou not that the Trojans lie on the hill of the plain, close to the ships, and that now small space separates us.” 160

Thus he spake; and Diomedes leaped up very hastily from slumber, and addressing him uttered *these* winged words:

“A tough one art thou, old man; thou never ceasest from labour. Are there not other sons also of the Achæans younger, who, going in every direction, might wake up each of the princes? For thou art not capable of doing this thyself, old man.” 165

And him then, in turn, the Gerenian chief, Nestor, addressed: “Truly, my friend, all this thou sayst rightly. I have good sons, and I have many people, any one of whom might go and call them. But a very great necessity presses the Achæans; for in short, it stands upon the edge⁹ with all, whether the Achæans will perish or be saved¹. Go then, rouse now the fleet Ajax, and the son of Phyleus—for thou art younger—if thou pitiest me.” 175

⁷ *ἑσπερῆς φαιβίως*—of a bright colour—perhaps of red cloth or blanketing.

⁸ Moving him with his foot—heel-wise.

⁹ Proverbial—it is a most critical, or rather perilous, moment.

¹ Whether there will be to the Achæans a very lamentable destruction—or to live.

Thus he spake; and Diomedes put on, round his shoulders, the skin of a huge fierce lion, reaching to his feet, and took a spear. And forth he issued²; and the hero, having roused them, led them thence.

180 And when now they came to the assembled guards, they found not the commanders of the guards slumbering, but all were sitting vigilantly with their arms. And as dogs keep anxious watch round the sheep in a fold—having heard a fierce beast,
185 one that comes between the hills, down the forest—and great is the clamour of men and dogs at him, and sleep utterly forsakes them³; so sweet slumber departed from their eye-lids, keeping guard during the evil night. For they were ever turned towards the plain, when they heard the Trojans in motion⁴. And
190 the old man, beholding them, was delighted, and encouraged them with his words, and addressing them, uttered *these* winged words:

“Thus now, my dear children, keep watch; nor let sleep seize upon any, lest we become a mockery to the enemy.”

Thus saying, he crossed the ditch; and him accompanied the
195 princes of the Argives, as many as were summoned to council.

And along with these went Meriones, and the noble son of Nestor; for *them* they summoned to consult with them. And having passed over the dug ditch, they sat down upon a clear
200 space, where a piece of ground appeared free of dead bodies—whence the impetuous Hector, after destroying the Argives, had returned back, when night at length enveloped them. There sitting down, they talked with each other; and among them the Gerenian chief, Nestor, began in *these* words:

“O friends, what man now would not obey his own daring
205 spirit, to go to the bold Trojans—and *try* if he could capture one of the enemy in the outskirts⁵ of the camp—or learn some intelligence among the Trojans, what they are planning together; whether they intend to remain here by the ships, so
210 near⁶, or return back again to the city, now they have defeated the Achæans? Could he learn all this, and come back to us in safety, great under heaven would be his glory amongst all men, and great shall be his reward. For as many chiefs as are in
215 command of vessels, they will give, each of them all a black sheep, a ewe, with a lamb at its udders—to that indeed no possession will be equal—and always shall he be a *guest* at our banquets and feasts.”

² And he went to go.

³ Has utterly perished to them.

⁴ Advancing.

⁵ Being in the extremity of it.

⁶ At a distance—or rather, a small distance.

Thus he spake ; and they all became then silently quiet ; and the gallant Diomedes, in the midst of them, said :

“Nestor, my heart and bold spirit prompt me to enter the 220 camp of the hostile Trojans, now so near⁷; but if some other man would go along with me, there would be more pleasure⁸, and it would be more encouraging. For when two go together, the one observes before the other, how it may be an advantage to act. But if one, by himself, does observe any thing, yet is 225 his perception more slow, and his decision feeble⁹.”

Thus he spake ; and the greater number¹ desired to accompany Diomedes. The two Ajaxes wished it, servants of Mars. Meriones wished it ; and the son of Nestor very much wished it ; and the son of Atreus, Menelaus, skilful with the spear, 230 wished it, and the daring Ulysses wished to penetrate into the camp of the Trojans ; for the spirit within his breast was ever daring. And among them, Agamemnon, the king of men, spake :

“Diomedes, son of Tydeus, dear to my soul, the comrade thou shalt choose, whom thou wilt—the best of those who present² 235 themselves, for many are ready to go. Nor do thou, from feelings of respect³, leave the better, and take the worse, yielding to false delicacy—looking to birth—nor if he be a greater king than the rest.”

Thus he spake ; for he feared for the yellow-haired Menelaus ; 240 but the gallant Diomedes again spake amongst them :

“If then ye bid me myself select a comrade, how can I now forget the godlike Ulysses, whose heart is prompt above others, and his soul bold amid all dangers ; for Pallas Minerva loves 245 him. If he accompany me, even from burning fire, we shall both return, for he is skilful in counsel beyond others⁴.”

And him in return the resolute and noble Ulysses addressed : “Son of Tydeus, neither praise me beyond measure, nor at all blame, for thou art speaking among Argives who know these 250 things. Let us be going then, for the night declines fast⁵, and the morning is near. And the stars have already far advanced, and the greater portion of the night, by two parts, has gone by, but the third portion still remains.”

Thus they spake, and girded on their terrible armour. To Tydides, Thrasymedes, firm in war, gave a two-edged sword, for 255

⁷ Being near.

⁸ Hope, or perhaps confidence.

⁹ *i. e.* neither so shrewd in observation, nor so decisive in action.

¹ *i. e.* of the council.

² Appear—show themselves.

³ Having respect for in thy feelings.

⁴ He knows how to think or deliberate—above others.

⁵ Much.

his own was left at the ships, and a shield. And upon his head he placed his bull's hide helmet, uncombed and uncrested, which is called cataityx⁶, and protects the head of vigorous youths. 260 And Meriones gave a bow, and quiver, and sword, to Ulysses, and put upon his head a helmet made of hide; and within, it was firmly fastened with many thongs; whilst without, the white 265 teeth of an ivory-tusked boar in rows on either side covered⁷ it well, and skilfully; and in the midst it was stuffed with felt⁸. That Autolycus once brought from Eleon, the city of Amyntor, the son of Hormenus, when he broke into his strong mansion⁹. In Scandeia, however, he gave it to Amphidāmus, the Cythe- 270 rian; and Amphidāmus bestowed it upon Molus, to be a gift of hospitality, and he, again, gave it to his son, Meriones, to be worn. Then at last, fastened round, it pressed the head of Ulysses. And they, when they were girt in dreadful arms, set out to go, and left all the chiefs at the same place. And to them, 275 near their road, Pallas Minerva sent a heron upon the right hand; and they discerned it not with their eyes, because of the dark night, but heard it screaming. And Ulysses was delighted on account of the bird, and prayed to Minerva:

“Hear me, child of ægis-bearing Jove, who dost ever stand by me in all labours, nor do I ever stir unseen by thee. Now 280 again, O Minerva, especially favour me; and grant that, covered with glory, we may return back to the ships, having performed some mighty deed, which will distress the Trojans¹.”

Then the brave Diomedes, in his turn, next prayed: “Now hear me also, daughter of Jove, invincible. Accompany me, as 285 when thou didst accompany my father, noble Tydeus, to Thebes, what time he went as an ambassador for the Achæans; and left the brazen-mailed Achæans at the Asopus, and bore thither² himself a mild message to the Cadmæans; and returning, performed very arduous deeds, with thy aid³, O noble goddess, when 290 thou didst stand beside him, propitious. So now willingly stand by me and protect me; and in return I will sacrifice to thee an heifer of a year old, broad-fronted, untamed, which man has not yet brought under the yoke. This I will sacrifice to thee, gilding its horns⁴.”

295 Thus they spake, praying; and Pallas Minerva heard them. And after they had supplicated the daughter of mighty Jove,

⁶ A lighter sort of helmet so named—a skull-cap.

⁷ Had.

⁸ Felt was fitted.

⁹ *i. e.* in sacking a captured town.

¹ Will be a care to them—*i. e.* a calamity, which they will not soon forget.

² *i. e.* to Thebes.

³ With thee.

⁴ Pouring gold round its horns.

they went onward, like two lions, in the dark night, through slaughter, through dead bodies, through arms and black blood.

Nor did Hector allow the bold Trojans to sleep; but summoned together all the chiefs, as many as were leaders and 300 commanders of the Trojans. Having called them together, he proposed⁵ a prudent plan :

“ Who will undertake to execute⁶ for me this deed, for a great reward? For his reward shall be ample; for a car and two horses, with arching necks, which excel in speed, at the 305 swift-sailing ships of the Achæans⁷, will I give to him who will venture—and he will win glory for himself—to go down close to the quick-sailing ships, and learn whether the swift ships are guarded as formerly, or whether now, defeated by our hands, 310 they are meditating flight among themselves, or are⁸ unable to keep watch during the night, worn out with grievous toil⁹.”

Thus he spake; and they were all silently quiet. But there was among the Trojans one Dolon, a son of Eumedes, a divine herald, possessed of much gold and much brass, who in appear- 315 ance was indeed contemptible, but swift of foot; and he was an only son, with five sisters. He then, standing by, addressed himself to the Trojans and Hector :

“ Hector, my heart and bold spirit prompt me to go down close to the quick-sailing ships, and learn *what is going on*. 320 Come, then, raise up thy sceptre to me, and swear to me, that thou wilt give me the horses, and the car adorned with brass, which bear the illustrious son of Peleus; and I will not be an useless spy to thee, nor disappoint thine expectation¹. For I 325 will go into the camp, right through till I reach Agamemnon's ship, where the chiefs, perchance, are planning either to fly or fight.”

Thus he spake; and Hector took the sceptre in his hands, and swore to him: “ Let Jove himself now know, the loudly-thundering spouse of Juno—no other man of the Trojans shall be 330 borne by those horses²; but I declare that thou shalt exult for ever in the possession of them.”

Thus he spake, and swore, what³ was not destined to be ac-

⁵ Framed—perfected.

⁶ Undertaking, will execute, &c.

⁷ ἀριστευσωσι—i. e. which are among the best, belonging to the Achæans now at their ships.

⁸ Will not.

⁹ He wishes to know whether they are keeping watch—and if not, whether the neglect arises from their preparation for flight, or from sheer exhaustion.

¹ Nor from expectation.

² Shall ride—or be driven in that car.

³ ἐπιόρκων—falsely, or a false oath—not with a false intent—he only swore to grant his request, if in his power of course.

335 accomplished, and urged him to set out. And immediately he threw around his shoulders his bent bow, and put on over it⁴ the hide of a grey wolf, and upon his head a casque of weasel-skin; and seized a sharp javelin. And he set out from the camp, towards the ships—never, however, to bring back intelligence to Hector, returning from the ships. And when now he left behind him the crowd of horses and men, he with eagerness held on his
340 way. And him advancing, the godlike Ulysses observed, and said to Diomedes :

“That man, Diomedes, is coming from the camp—I know not whether as a spy upon our vessels, or to plunder some of the dead bodies. But let us suffer him first to pass by a little along
345 the plain, and then, rushing suddenly upon him, seize him. And if he outstrip us in speed, pursuing him with a spear, let us constantly push⁵ him from the camp towards the ships, lest by chance he escape towards the city.”

350 Then having thus spoken, they lay down out of the path among the dead bodies; and he with imprudence, ran hastily past. And when now he was as far off as are furrows made by
mules⁶—for they are better than oxen to drag the strong plough through the deep fallow—the two ran after him; and he halted,
355 hearing a noise. For he hoped within his heart, that his comrades had come from the Trojans to turn him back, Hector having given fresh orders⁷. But when now they were distant a spear's cast, or even less, he knew the men were enemies, and
360 moved his swift knees to fly; and they immediately started in pursuit of him. And as when two strong-toothed dogs, skilled in hunting, ever unremittingly pursue through the woody ground either a fawn or a hare, and it runs screaming before them; so did Tydides, and Ulysses, destroyer of cities, pursue
365 him ever steadily, cutting him off from his people. And when now, flying towards the ships, he would have speedily mingled with the guards, then indeed Minerva put fresh might into Tydides, that none of the brazen-mailed Achæans might be beforehand in boasting that he had wounded him, and he himself come second. For the gallant Diomedes, rushing on him with his spear, addressed him :

370 “Either stop, or I will overtake thee with *my* spear; nor do I think that thou wilt long escape certain destruction from my hand.”

He said, and hurled his spear, but intentionally missed the

⁴ Outside.

⁵ *i. e.* let us try to push, &c.

⁶ *i. e.* the length of a furrow in a field so ploughed.

⁷ Hector having again ordered.

man. And over his right shoulder the point of the well-polished spear stuck in the ground. And then he stopt and trembled, stammering, while his teeth chattered⁸, pale through fear. 375 Panting they overtook him, and seized his hands; and weeping, he thus spake :

“Take me alive, and I will ransom myself; for I have at home⁹ brass, and gold, and well-wrought iron; from which my father will bestow upon you an immense ransom, if he learn that I am 380 alive at the ships of the Achæans.”

And him the wily Ulysses answering, said: “Take courage, nor let death be at all in thy mind; but come, tell me this, and state it correctly. Why comest thou thus alone from the camp 385 towards the fleet, in the dark night, and when other mortals sleep? Is it to plunder any of the dead bodies; or did Hector send thee forth to reconnoitre every thing at the hollow ships? Or did thy own spirit prompt thee?”

And him then Dolon answered, while his knees trembled 390 under him: “Into great troubles, contrary to my will, has Hector led me, who promised to give me the solid-hoofed horses of the illustrious son of Peleus, and his car ornamented with brass. And he bade me, setting out, in the swift black night, approach 395 near the enemy, and learn whether the swift ships were guarded as before, or whether now, defeated by our hands, ye were planning flight among yourselves, and were not able to keep watch during the night, worn out with severe labour.”

Then, smiling, the wily Ulysses addressed him: “Well, cer- 400 tainly thy spirit aimed at mighty gifts—the horses of the warlike Æacides; for they are difficult to be controlled by mortal men, and to be driven by any other than Achilles, to whom an immortal mother gave birth. But come, tell me this, and state it correctly; where now, coming hither, didst thou leave Hector, shep- 405 herd of the people? Where lies his martial armour, and where his horses? And how *are* the stations and the beds of the other Trojans *placed*? What are they planning among themselves? Do they intend to remain there at a short distance from the 410 ships¹, or will they return again to the city, now² they have defeated the Achæans?”

And Dolon, the son of Eumedes, in reply, said to him: “I will indeed tell these things to thee very exactly. Hector, with those who are counsellors, is planning plans by the tomb of the 415 divine Ilus, apart from the tumult; and *as to the* guards of which

⁸ And there was a chattering of teeth in his mouth.

¹ By the ships, a little way off.

⁹ Within *my house*.

² After, or since.

thou inquirest, hero, no selected³ *band* protects or watches the camp. All the fires⁴ belong to the Trojans, whose business it is, 420 and they keep awake, and exhort each other to be on their guard. But the allies summoned from afar, on the contrary, sleep; for they leave it to the Trojans to keep watch, for neither *their* children nor their wives lie near them⁵.”

And to him, the wily Ulysses, answering, said: “But now how 425 do they sleep, mingled with the Trojans, tamers of horses, or apart? Tell me, that I may know.”

And him then Dolon, the son of Eumedes, answered: “I will indeed state also these things with the utmost correctness. Towards the sea, *are* the Cares and Pæones, armed with bent bows, 430 and the Leleges and Caucones, and noble Pelasgi. And towards Thymbra, the Lycians have their stations,⁶ and the noble Mysians, and the Phrygians, tamers of horses, and the Mæonian cavalry⁷. But why inquire ye of me these particulars? For if ye now seek to penetrate into the camp⁸ of the Trojans—there are the Thracians newly arrived, they are apart, the farthest off of *all* the others. And among them is their king Rhesus, the 435 son of Eioneus, whose horses are the most beautiful and largest I have seen⁹. They are whiter than snow, and like the winds in speed¹. And his car is beautifully adorned with both gold and silver; and he himself comes, with armour, golden, prodigious—a wonder to be seen; and not at all fit for mortal man to 440 wear, but for immortal gods. But now take me to the swift ships, or binding me with a ruthless bond, leave me here until ye go and make trial of me, whether I have spoken to you 445 cording to truth or not.”

And then brave Diomedes, looking sternly, addressed him: “Do not put in thy mind the thought of escape from me, Dolon —though reporting good tidings—since thou hast come into my hands. For if we should now dismiss thee, or let thee go², 450 hereafter again thou wouldst surely return to the swift ships of the Achæans, either to explore, or to fight against us. But if, subdued by my hands, thou lose thy life, thou wilt never afterwards be an injury to the Argives.”

He said; and the other was about to supplicate him, taking

³ *κεκριμενη*, scil. *φυλακη*—selected, or appointed—*i. e.* there is no particular guard, but all are on the alert.

⁴ Fire-places.

⁵ As if they had only themselves to take care of.

⁶ Have their lot.

⁷ *i. e.* who fought in cars—for there were plainly no cavalry in the modern sense.

⁸ The crowd, or body.

⁹ Perhaps, the most beautiful I ever beheld.

¹ To run.

² Or, leave thee unhurt.

him by the chin with his broad hand; but flying at him with 455
his sword, Diomedes smote him upon the middle of the neck,
and cut through both tendons; and his head, still muttering, was
mingled with the dust. And from his head they took the
weasel-skin helmet; and the wolf-skin, and his bent bow and 460
long spear: and the noble Ulysses raised them aloft with his
hand to Minerva, the goddess of plunder³, and praying, spake⁴:

“Rejoice, O goddess, in these; for thee, first of all the im-
mortals in Olympus, do we invoke⁵; but conduct us likewise to
the horses and beds of the Thracian men.”

Thus he said; and raising them high above himself, he hung 465
them on a tamarisk tree. And he placed a conspicuous mark,
pulling up reeds, and the wide-spreading branches of the tama-
risk, lest they should not find them again⁶ when they returned
in the swift black night. Then both advanced forward through
weapons and black gore: and proceeding, they speedily came to 470
the division of the Thracians. And these were sleeping, over-
powered with toil, and their beautiful armour lay upon the
ground beside them, in good order⁷, in three rows; and a pair of
horses *stood* by each of them. And, in the midst, slept Rhesus,
and near him his swift horses were fastened by the reins to the
body of the car⁸. And Ulysses first observing him, pointed out 475
to Diomedes:

“That *is* the man⁹, O Diomedes, and those *are* the horses,
which Dolon, whom we slew, told us of. Come then, now,
exert thy mighty strength, nor becomes it thee to stand idle
with weapons; but loosen the horses; or slaughter thou the 480
men, and the horses shall be my care.”

Thus he spake; and the blue-eyed Minerva breathed valour
into Diomedes, and he slaughtered away around him¹, and a
great groaning of those smitten with the sword arose; and the
earth was red with blood. And as a lion, coming upon un- 485
guarded flocks of goats or sheep, rushes on them meditating de-
struction², so the son of Tydeus fell upon the Thracians until
he had slain twelve. And as to wise Ulysses—whomsoever

³ ληστιδί—plunderer—which warrants the usual interpretation of ἀγέλειη.

⁴ Uttered a word.

⁵ The future used as the present tense—but the Homeric use either of tenses or moods must not be appreciated by the more absolute standard of later days.

⁶ Should escape them—not be seen by them. ⁷ Well—in, or as to order.

⁸ Apparently the *hinder* (πυματης) part of the αντυξ, E. 728. The επιδιφριας is equivalent to αντυξ—for διφρος is nothing but the part of the car in which the parties stood.

⁹ The man for thee—or that is your man.

¹ *i. e.* right and left.

² Evil things.

490 Tydides, coming close, struck with the sword, him Ulysses dragged back³, seizing him by the foot; designing these things in his mind⁴, that the beautiful⁵ horses might pass through with ease, nor be alarmed, *when* treading over the dead bodies, for as yet they were unused to them. And when now the son of
 495 Tydeus had reached the king,—him, the thirteenth, he deprived of sweet life, while panting⁶; for by the counsel of Minerva an ill dream stood over his head in the night, *in the form* of the son of Tydeus⁷: and in the mean time the courageous Ulysses was untying the solid-hoofed horses. And with the reins he
 500 bound them together, and drove them from the crowd, striking them with his bow, because he had not thought of taking in his hands the splendid lash from the well-wrought car; and then whistled, giving a signal to the noble Diomedes. For he, remaining, was debating with himself⁸ what more daring deed he
 505 should do; whether, seizing the car⁹, where lay the embroidered armour, he should drag it out by the pole, or carry it out away, lifting it aloft¹: or take away the life of still more of the Thracians. Whilst he was revolving these things within his mind, Minerva in the mean time standing near addressed the noble Diomedes:

“Think now of return to the hollow ships, son of brave Ty-
 510 deus, lest thou go, when put to flight; or lest, perchance, some other god rouse also the Trojans.”

Thus she spake; and he perceived the voice of the goddess who addressed him², and he hastily mounted the horses³. And Ulysses lashed *them* with his bow, and they fled to the swift ships of the Achæans.

515 Nor had Apollo, of the silver bow, been unobservant⁴. As soon as he beheld Minerva inciting⁵ the son of Tydeus, enraged with her he descended into the vast army of the Trojans, and roused Hippocoon, a counsellor of the Thracians, the gallant cousin of Rhesus. And he, leaping up from sleep, when he be-
 520 held the place empty where the fleet horses had stood, and the men panting amidst the foul slaughter, wailed aloud, and called⁶

³ Or apart.

⁴ *i. e.* he did so, with this view.

⁵ καλλιπργες—refers rather to the coat than the mane.

⁶ *i. e.* with fright occasioned by his dream.

⁷ Οινειδαο.

⁸ Or, considering.

⁹ *i. e.* the seat, or rather—for there was only standing room—the body of the car—very small and light.

¹ *i. e.* upon his head or shoulders.

² Speaking to.

³ *i. e.* they *rode* the horses—leaving the car behind.

⁴ Had not kept a negligent look-out.

⁵ μετα—επουσαν. So in E. 329.

⁶ And named.

upon his dear companion by name. And a clamour and mighty tumult of the Trojans running together arose, and they looked with wonder at all⁷ the sad deeds, which had been done by the 525 men who were now returned to the hollow ships.

And when now they had come to the spot, where they slew the spy of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove, stopped his fleet horses⁸. And Tydides, leaping to the ground, placed in the hands of Ulysses the bloody spoils, and then mounted the horses. And he lashed the steeds, and both, not unwilling, fled towards 530 the hollow ships, for thither it was agreeable to their minds to go⁹. And Nestor first heard the sound, and said :

“ O friends, leaders and princes of the Argives, shall I speak false, or say the truth? For my heart bids me speak. The sound of swift-footed steeds strikes upon my ears. O that now 535 Ulysses and the gallant Diomedes may be thus speedily driving *some* solid-hoofed horses from the Trojans. But greatly do I fear in my mind, lest these bravest of the Argives suffer something from the pursuit of the Trojans.”

The whole speech was not yet uttered, when they themselves 540 arrived. And then they alighted on the ground, and *their friends* rejoicing, saluted them with the right hand and kind expressions. And *first* the Gerenian chief, Nestor questioned them :

“ Come, tell me, most excellent Ulysses, great glory of the Achæans, how took ye these horses? Penetrating into the 545 camp of the Trojans? or did some god, meeting, give them to you? Greatly are they like the rays of the sun¹. I am always fighting² with the Trojans, nor can I say that I, though an aged warrior, remain at the ships; but I have never seen nor remarked such horses, and I think that some god, meeting you, has given them. For cloud-compelling Jove loves you both, 550 and the daughter of the ægis-bearing Jove, the blue-eyed Minerva.”

And to him the wise Ulysses, answering, said; “ O Nestor, offspring of Neleus, great glory of the Achæans, easily could a 555 god, were he willing, have given better horses even than these,

⁷ As many as.

⁸ The same phrases are used, as if they were *driving* a car.

⁹ By construction the phrase applies to the horses—not to Ulysses and Diomedes. It is of frequent occurrence (for instance, A. 520), though inappropriate here. Such malapropos phrases are attributable to the lack of critical skill in the ancient or original editors of Homer.

¹ *i. e.* dazzling white.

² Mingling—*i. e.* in conflict. Though I am much in the field, and so see much of the Trojan horses, I never observed *such* among them.

for there are far better³. But these steeds about which thou inquirest, old man, are Thracian, newly arrived; and the brave
 560 Diomedes slew their lord, and beside him twelve companions, all the noblest. The thirteenth, a spy, we killed, near the ships—a man whom Hector sent forth, and the other illustrious Trojans, to reconnoitre our army⁴.”

Thus saying, he drove the solid-hoofed horses across the
 565 ditch⁵, exulting in glory; and with him went the other Achæans rejoicing. And when they came to the well-constructed tent of Tydides, they fastened the steeds with good⁶ halters at the horse-crib, where stood the swift-footed horses of Diomedes
 570 eating sweet corn. And in the stern of his vessel Ulysses laid the bloody spoils of Dolon, until they⁷ could make them ready as a sacred gift to Minerva⁸. Then going into the sea, they washed off the great sweat from their legs, and their neck, and
 575 their thighs. And when the water of the sea had washed off the great sweat from their bodies, and their hearts were refreshed⁹, then entering the well-polished baths, they bathed; and both having bathed and anointed themselves with rich oil, they sat down to a feast, and taking from a full bowl, they made an oblation of sweet¹ wine to Minerva.

³ Possibly—for they are far more powerful than men—meaning the gods are, Φ. 264.

⁴ To be an explorer of our army.

⁵ *i. e.* by the ὄδος ἰππηλασία. H. 340.

⁶ Well cut—*i. e.* from skins—the halters were strips of hide.

⁷ *i. e.* Ulysses and Diomedes.

⁸ *i. e.* till they could dedicate—or suspend them in some temple of Minerva.

⁹ Refreshed as to their hearts—when they had thus cooled themselves.

¹ With the sweetness of honey.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomedes is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax, with Menelaus, flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles.

AND Aurora rose from her couch, beside the beautiful Tithonus, that she might carry light to immortals and to mortals; and Jupiter sent forth Discord to the swift ships of the Achæans, holding in her hands the signal of war; and she stood¹ upon the huge² black ship of Ulysses, which³ was in the midst⁴, that she might be heard⁵ on both sides, as well at the tents of the Telamonian Ajax, as at those of Achilles; for those *two* had drawn up⁶ their good⁷ ships at the extremities, relying on their valour and the might of their hands. There the goddess, standing, at the top of the voice⁸, shouted loudly and terribly to the Achæans; and implanted mighty strength in each heart, to fight and combat incessantly. And immediately war became more sweet to them, than to return in the hollow ships to their dear native land. And the son of Atreus shouted aloud, and ordered the

¹ *i. e.* in a more artificial construction—When Aurora rose, Jove sent Discord, and she stood, &c.

² As large as a whale.

³ ἡ ῥα—*i. e.* the ship which, &c.

⁴ *i. e.* in the middle of the line or lines.

⁵ To shout audibly to.

⁶ Or hauled on shore.

⁷ εἶσας.

⁸ οὐδία.

Argives to be girded; and himself put on his splendid armour.⁹
 First, round his legs he put his beautiful greaves, fitted with
 20 silver clasps; next, on his breast he put the corselet, which
 Cinyras once gave him, to be a memorial of hospitality. For he
 had heard at Cyprus¹ a great rumor, that the Achæans were
 going to sail against Troy in ships; and on that account gave
 him this, gratifying the king. And ten stripes of it (*the corselet*)
 25 were of dark metal², and twelve of gold, and twenty of tin³; and
 three azure serpents on each side stretched towards the neck,
 like rainbows, which the son of Saturn fixes in the clouds, a
 sign to articulate-speaking men. Then round his shoulders he
 30 threw his sword⁴, and on it glittered golden studs; and the
 sheath around it was of silver, attached to the belt by golden
 suspenders. Next he seized his good⁵ shield, ample⁶, variously
 wrought, *and* beautiful, round which were ten brazen rings.
 35 And upon it were twenty white bosses of tin, and in the midst⁷
 was *one* of dark metal. And a grim-visaged Gorgon crowned⁸
 it, looking horribly; and around *were* Terror and Flight. And
 its handle⁹ was of silver, and an azure snake was twisted round
 it, and there were three heads entwined, sprung from one neck.
 40 And upon his head he placed his helmet, double coned, with four
 bosses¹, and a crest of horse-hair, and the crest nodded awfully
 from above. And he took two tough spears, pointed with brass,
and sharp; and the brass glittered from them afar, even to
 45 heaven; and *Minerva* and *Juno* thundered above to honour the
 king of wealthy Mycene².

Then each gave orders to his own driver to hold there his
 horses in good order by the ditch; and themselves armed on foot,
 with their weapons, rushed forth; and a mighty clamour arose,
 55 before morning. Quickly, along with the drivers, were they
 drawn up in front at the ditch—but the drivers were a little
 behind; and the son of Saturn excited a dreadful tumult, and

⁹ Brass.¹ Κύπρονδε—*i. e.* one which has reached even to Cyprus.² χρυσεός—the specific metal is not ascertained.³ The corselet, apparently, was of chain or scale mail; and the *οιμοί*, layers, laminæ, or lines, which were, successively, or in some particular order, of different metals.⁴ *i. e.* hung by a belt.⁵ ἀσπίδα θούριον—light—or rather, one which from its construction he could move about with facility.⁶ Covering the man—ἀμφι—from top to toe.⁷ *i. e.* of the twenty.⁸ *i. e.* was in the centre of it.⁹ The *τελαμώνων* here is the *fixed* handle—not the flexible belt, with which the shield was suspended from the shoulders.¹ See E. 743.² Mycene with much gold.

sent down a shower of blood³ from the air above, because he was going to despatch many gallant men⁴ to Hades. 55

And the Trojans, again, on the other side, *formed* on the hill of the plain round mighty Hector, and good Polydamas, and Æneas, who, among the Trojans was honored by the people as a god, and the three sons of Antenor, Polybus, and the noble Agenor, and the youthful Acāmas, like immortals. And Hector 60 in the van bore his shield, equal on all sides⁵. And as a portentous star makes its appearance from the clouds, shining, and then again enters the black clouds; so Hector, giving orders, appeared now among the first, and now among the last; and he 65 was all glittering with brass, like the lightning of ægis-bearing Jove.

And they—as reapers opposite to each other, form swathes of wheat or barley along the field of a rich⁶ man, and the frequent 70 handfuls fall,—so Trojans, Achæans, leaping upon one another, slew; and neither thought of pernicious flight. And they held their heads equal in combat; and they rushed on like wolves, and cruel⁷ Discord, looking on, exulted; for she alone of the gods was then present with them, whilst contending. And the 75 other gods were not with them, but sat quiet in their mansions; where beautiful apartments were built for each, along the ridges of Olympus. And all were finding fault with the cloud-collecting son of Saturn, because he wished to give glory to the Trojans. These, however, the father regarded not; and retiring by 80 himself, sat down apart from the others exulting in glory, looking both at the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achæans, and the splendour of armour⁸, and the destroyers, and destroyed.

As long as it was morning, and the sacred day was increasing, so long the weapons flew fast upon both sides, and the people 85 fell. But at the time when the wood-cutter gets ready his dinner in the glens of a mountain, when he has wearied⁹ his hands cutting lofty trees, and exhaustion¹ has come upon his spirit, and the desire of agreeable food seizes his breast; at that time the Danaans by their valour, broke through the phalanxes, cheering 90 their companions along the ranks. And Agamemnon first sprang forward, and slew the hero Biānor himself, shepherd of people, and then his comrade, Oileus, his driver. For he then, leaping

³ Dews wet with blood—or whose moisture was blood.

⁴ Heads.

⁵ A periphrasis, which may mean *round*, or *square*, or, what is perhaps the case here, *oblong*, the opposite sides of which are equal. Z. 117.

⁶ Happy.

⁷ Of many groans—*i. e.* causing them.

⁸ Brass.

⁹ Satiated.

¹ Satiety.

from the car, stood against him; but Agamemnon smote him, as
 95 *he was* rushing straight forward, with his sharp spear, in the
 forehead; nor did the helmet of stout brass retard the weapon,
 but it passed through both it, and the bone, and all the brain
 within was scattered. Him, then, while rushing towards him,
 he subdued. And Agamemnon, king of men, left them there
 100 with their bosoms bare, when he had stript off their tunics.
 Next he went to slay Isus and Antiphus, two sons of Priam,
the one illegitimate, and *the other* legitimate, being both in one
 car. The spurious *son* drove the car, whilst the illustrious An-
 tiphus fought². 'These Achilles once bound with soft osiers on
 105 the summits of Ida, taking them when watching over their
 flocks; and he set them at liberty for a ransom³. Now, however
 the son of Atreus, the wide ruling Agamemnon, struck one
 upon the breast above the pap with his spear; and, again, he
 smote Antiphus beside the ear with his sword, and dashed him
 110 from the car. In haste⁴ he plundered them of their beautiful
 armour, recognising them; for he had formerly seen them at
 the swift ships, when the swift-footed Achilles brought them
 from Ida. And as a lion easily crushes the little fawns of the
 115 nimble stag, seizing them in his strong teeth, entering into their
 covert, and deprives them of⁵ their tender life; and she, although
 she happen *to be* very near, cannot ward off the peril, for a
 dreadful tremor comes over herself; but hastening, she rushes
 fleetly through the dense oak-thickets and forests, sweating⁶ at
 the attack of the savage beast. So no one of the Trojans was
 120 then able to ward off destruction from those *two*, but were them-
 selves also routed by the Argives. Next Agamemnon *attacked*
 Pisander and bold Hippolochus, sons of the warlike Antimachus
 —he who, in particular, accepting gold—rich gifts from Alexander
 —would not suffer⁷ him to restore Helen to the yellow-haired
 125 Menelaus. His two sons, then, the king of men, Agamemnon,
 seized—being in one car, for they drove their fleet horses to-
 gether—for the splendid reins had dropt from their hands, and
 they were confounded. And the son of Atreus rushed against
 them like a lion; and they, on the other hand, supplicated from
 130 the car:

“Take us alive, son of Atreus, and receive thou worthy ran-
 som. For many treasures lie in the houses of Antimachus, brass,

² Fought from the chariot.

³ Receiving a ransom.

⁴ Hastening.

⁵ And takes away from them.

⁶ *i. e.* with flight, or with her own exertions to escape.

⁷ *i. e.* resisted the proposal on the part of the Trojans to restore her.

gold, and well-wrought iron⁸. From these our father will present thee with a boundless ransom, if he hear that we are alive at the ships of the Achæans.”

Thus both, weeping, addressed the king with soothing words; but received no soothing answer⁹. “If indeed ye be the sons of the warlike Antimachus, who once, in an assembly of the Trojans, advised them there to put to death Menelaus, though coming as an ambassador along with the godlike Ulysses, and not to send him back to the Achæans—now surely ye shall receive punishment for the foul insult of your father.”

He said, and drove Pisander from his horses to the ground, striking him on the breast with his spear; and he was stretched supine upon the soil. And Hippolochus leapt down; and him next he slew upon the ground, lopping off his hands with his sword, and cutting off his head¹; and *it*, like a mortar, he hurled forward to roll through the crowd. These then he quitted; and where most phalanxes were in conflict, thither he ran, and with him other well-greaved Achæans. Foot slew foot flying from necessity, and horse, horse² (and under them arose the dust from the plain, which the loud-sounding feet of the horses threw up) slaughtering with the sword³; but the king, Agamemnon, constantly slaying, pursued, cheering the Argives. And as when devouring fire falls upon a forest full of trees, and the whirling wind bears it on all sides, and the branches fall with the roots, overcome by the violence of the flame; so fell the heads of the flying Trojans, under *the hands* of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, and many high-necked horses rattled their empty cars along the field of battle⁴ without their brave drivers; for they lay upon the earth, far more dear to vultures than to their wives.

Jove withdrew Hector from the weapons, and from the dust, and from the slaughter, and from the blood, and the tumult; and Atrides pursued, vehemently exhorting the Danaans. And *the Trojans* rushed along the middle of the plain, past the tomb of Ilus, the son of old Dardanus, towards the wild fig-tree⁵, eager to reach the city; and Atrides, shouting, still followed them, and stained his invincible hands with gore. But when now they reached the Scean gates and the beech-tree⁵, there at length they halted, and awaited each other.

⁸ Or, much—perhaps manufactured articles of iron—swords, pikes, &c.

⁹ But heard an unkind word.

¹ Neck.

² *i. e.* the warriors from the cars.

³ With brass.

⁴ The bridges of war—*i. e.* the spaces between the lines of the combatants.

⁵ The fig-tree, and beech-tree, may express, not single trees, but plantations, or groves of these trees.

Others, however, still fled through the middle of the plain, like *herds of cows*, which a lion, coming at the milking hour⁶ of night, puts trembling to flight—all, but to some one dreadful destruction is apparent. And of that one he breaks
 175 the neck, seizing it in his strong teeth; and then sucks both the blood and all the entrails. So the son of Atreus, king Agamemnon, pressed upon them, always killing the hindermost, while they fled. And many fell prone and supine from their cars beneath the hands of the son of Atreus; for around, and
 180 before *the rest*, he raged with his spear. But when now he was on the point of reaching⁷ the city and the lofty wall, then at last the father both of men and gods, seated himself upon the tops of Ida, abounding in springs—descending from heaven. And he held the lightning in his hands, and dispatched the golden-
 185 winged Iris with a message⁸.

“Away, swift Iris, deliver this message to Hector. As long as he sees Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, raging among the foremost combatants, destroying ranks of men, so long let himself keep in the rear, and let him exhort the rest of the
 190 army to fight with the enemy in fierce battle. But when he (*Agamemnon*), either struck by a spear, or wounded by an arrow, shall leap into his car⁹, then will I supply himself (*Hector*) with strength¹ to kill (*the Achæans*) until he reach the well-benched ships, and the sun set, and awful² darkness come on.”

195 Thus he spake, nor did the rapid Iris, swift on her feet as the wind, disobey; but descended from the heights of Ida towards sacred Ilium. And she found the noble Hector, son of warlike Priam, standing in the midst of the horses and compact cars; and standing near him, the swift-footed Iris said:

200 “Hector, son of Priam, equal to Jove in counsel, Jupiter has sent me forth to deliver this message to thee. As long as thou seest Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, raging among the foremost combatants, and destroying ranks of men, so long do
 205 *thou* withdraw from combat, and exhort the rest of the army to fight with the enemy in fierce battle. But when either struck by a spear, or wounded by an arrow, he shall leap into his car, then will he (*Jove*) supply thee with strength to kill, until thou reach the well-benched ships, and the sun set, and awful darkness come on.

210 Thus having spoken, the swift-footed Iris departed. And

⁶ Or rather the dead or depth of the night—whatever the derivation of ἀμολγος.

⁷ When he was soon going to arrive, &c.

⁸ Announcing.

⁹ Lit. leap upon his horses—*i. e.* shall step into his car.

¹ Then will I put strength into his hands to him. ² Sacred.

Hector sprang with his armour from his car to the ground, and brandishing sharp spears, ranged on all sides through the army, encouraging them to fight; and stirred up furious battle. Then rallied they again, and faced the Achæans; and the Argives, on the other hand, strengthened their columns. And the battle was renewed, and they stood front to front³. And Agamemnon first rushed out, for he wished to fight far in front of all. 215

Tell me now, ye Muses, possessing Olympian mansions, who first now came opposed to Agamemnon, either of the Trojans themselves, or of their noble allies. Iphidamas, son of Antenor, both handsome and tall, who was brought up in fertile Thrace, mother of sheep. Cisseus, his maternal grandfather, who begot the fair-cheeked Theano, brought him up in his house while yet a little one: and when he had attained the full measure of glorious youth, he there detained him; and he gave him his own daughter. And having married her, he went from the bridal-chamber, on the rumour of the Achæans⁴ with twelve curved ships, which accompanied him. The good ships indeed he afterwards left at Percôpe; and he, on foot, arrived at Troy—it was he who then came against Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. And when these, advancing against each other, were now near, the son of Atreus missed, and his spear was turned aside past him; but Iphidamas struck him upon the belt, under⁵ the corselet; and he drove *the spear* with great force, trusting to his heavy hand⁷. Yet the point pierced not the embroidered belt⁸, but encountering the silver long before, was bent like lead. And the wide-ruling Agamemnon, seizing it in his hand, pulled it towards him, exasperated, like a lion, and wrenched it out of his hand⁹; and with his sword smote him upon the neck, and loosened his limbs. Thus he, falling there, slept the brazen sleep, assisting his fellow-countrymen,—unhappy man, *far* from his young wedded virgin, whose favours he had not known¹, and for whom he had given² much—first he gave an hundred oxen, and next pledged himself for a thousand goats and sheep together, which were guarded for him in great numbers. Then, however, Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stript the body, and hastened, bearing the rich armour, to the army of the Achæans. And when Coon, the eldest born of Antenor, distinguished among men, beheld him, strong grief seized his eyes³, for his 220 225 230 235 240 245 250

³ Opposite.

⁴ *i. e.* of their expedition against Troy.

⁵ With high curved prows.

⁶ Within. ⁷ *i. e.* with all the force of his heavy hand. ⁸ *i. e.* the inner belt.

⁹ Out of the hand of Iphidamas—Iphidamas did not hurl the spear, but used it like a pike.

¹ Or rather had had but brief enjoyment.

² *i. e.* to her parents.

³ Covered him as to the eyes.

fallen brother; and he stood sideways with his spear, unseen by the noble Agamemnon. And he wounded him in the middle of the arm; below the elbow, and the point of the shining spear pierced through to the other side. Then did Agamemnon, king
 255 of men, shudder; yet not even thus did he abstain from battle and war, but rushed upon Coon with his strong spear⁴. He (Coon) indeed was eagerly dragging by the foot Iphidamas his brother, and begot by the same father⁵, and was calling upon all the chiefs; but *Agamemnon* wounded him with his polished
 260 brazen spear below the bossy shield, whilst *thus* dragging his brother through the crowd, and loosened his limbs; and, standing beside him, cut off his head over⁶ Iphidamas. There the sons of Antenor, fulfilling their destiny by *the hands* of the king, son of Atreus, descended down to the abode of Pluto.

And Agamemnon ranged about along the ranks of the other
 265 men, with his spear, and his sword, and huge stones, whilst the warm blood yet spouted from the wound. When, however, the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased *to flow*, sharp pains penetrated⁷ into the vigour of the son of Atreus. And as when the
 270 sharp *and* bitter weapon of pain seizes⁸ a woman in labour,—the pain which the Eileithyæ, presides over child-birth, inflict, the daughters of Juno, keeping bitter pains in their possessions; so did sharp anguish penetrate the strength of the son of Atreus. And he sprang into his car, and gave orders to the driver to push
 275 on towards the hollow ships; for he was tortured in his heart. And crying out, he shouted aloud to the Danaans:

“O my friends, leaders and princes of Argives, keep ye off horrid battle from the sea-crossing ships, since Jove, the counsellor, permits me not to combat throughout the day with the Trojans.” Thus he spake; and his driver lashed his beautiful⁹
 280 horses towards the hollow ships; and they, not unwilling, flew. And their breasts were covered with foam¹, and they were sprinkled beneath with dust, bearing the afflicted king apart from the battle.

And Hector, as soon as he observed Agamemnon retreating,
 285 exhorted both the Trojans and Lycians, shouting aloud: “Ye Trojans, Lycians, and spear-fighting Dardans, be men, my friends, and exert² your vigorous energies. The bravest hero is gone;

⁴ Fed by the winds—grown in a place exposed to the winds; or possibly, thrown with the force of the wind. ⁵ *i. e.* not of the same mother.

⁶ *i. e.* as he fell upon the dead body of Iphidamas, which he was dragging away.

⁷ Entered—sunk into.

⁸ Has.

⁹ καλλιτριχαε—which probably refers rather to the hair of the body, than of the mane. ¹ They foamed their breasts. ² Remember.

and Jove, the son of Saturn, gives me great glory³. Straight-way then urge your solid-hoofed horses against the gallant Danaans, that ye may win more ample glory.”

Thus saying, he excited the courage and spirit of each. And as when perchance some huntsman animates his white-toothed dogs against a wild boar or lion; so did Hector, son of Priam, equal to man-slaughtering Mars, against the Achaëns, animate the bold Trojans. And he himself, with high thoughts⁴ advanced among the first, and leaped⁵ into battle, like to a storm blowing from above, which, rushing down, rouses up the dark ocean.

Then whom first, and whom last, did Hector, son of Priam, slay, when Jove gave him glory? Assæus first, and Antonoiæ, Opites, and Dolops, son of Clyteus, and Opheltius, and Agelæus, and Æsymnus, and Orus and stout Hipponoüs. These leaders then of the Danaans he slew; and afterwards the multitude⁶. As, when the west wind drives the clouds of the rapid south, striking *the waters* with a mighty blast; and many a huge billow rolls along, and the foam scatters on high under the force of the gusty wind; so in crowds were the people⁷ subdued by Hector. Then indeed would there have been destruction, and irremediable deeds been done, and the flying Achæans would have rushed into the ships, had not Ulysses called upon Diomedes, son of Tydeus:

“Son of Tydeus, why⁸ is it that we are forgetful of our aggressive force? Come hither then, my friend, stand by me; for it will indeed be a disgrace if the plumed Hector take our ships.”

Then gallant Diomedes, answering, said unto him: “Certainly I will remain and resist; but little will be our service, for cloud-compelling Jove chooses now to give glory to the Trojans rather than to us.”

He said, and dashed from his car to the ground Thymbræus, striking him with the spear upon the left breast; and Ulysses slew Molion, the godlike attendant of the king⁹. These then they quitted, when they had put an end to their fighting¹; and both advancing to the ranks, threw them into confusion, as when

³ *i. e.* the advantage is again with us.

⁴ Thinking great things—*i. e.* with magnificent expectations of success.

⁵ Fell. ⁶ The troops—rank and file—as distinguished from the commanders.

⁷ Heads of people—*i. e.* great numbers of people—where $\lambda\alpha\omega\nu$ is synonymous with $\pi\lambda\eta\theta\upsilon\nu$, in 305.

⁸ Suffering what—*i. e.* what is the matter with us, that we forget—do not exert, &c. ⁹ Hector.

¹ Made them cease from war.

325 two boars, full of courage², rush upon the hounds³—so renewing the charge, they cut down the Trojans; and the Achæans with pleasure breathed again, escaping the noble Hector. Next they took a car and *two* warriors, the bravest of the people, the two sons of the Percosian Merops, who, above all, was skilful in
 330 augury, and forbade⁴ his sons to march to the deadly war; but they did not obey him, for the destinies of black death led them on. Them indeed did Diomedes, son of Tydeus, expert in the use of the spear, depriving⁵ of life and breath, spoil of their
 335 beautiful armour. And Ulysses slew Hippodamus and Hypëirochus.

Then the son of Saturn, looking down from Ida, stretched battle among them on equal terms⁶; and they slaughtered one another. The son of Tydeus then wounded, with his spear, the hero Agastrophus, the son of Pæon, on the hip; for his horses
 340 were not at hand for him to escape; and he had done very foolishly, for his attendant kept them at a distance, and he himself rushed on foot through the foremost combatants, till he lost his life. But Hector quickly observed⁷ in the ranks, and hastened towards them, shouting; and with him followed phalanxes
 345 of the Trojans. And gallant Diomedes, beholding him, shuddered, and immediately addressed Ulysses, who was near:

“Against ourselves then at last that destruction rolls—the mighty Hector. But come, let us stand *firm*, and, awaiting, repulse *him*.”

He said, and brandishing his long spear, hurled it, and struck
 350 him; nor, in aiming at his head, did he miss the top of the helm. But the brass was repelled by the brass, nor reached the fair skin; for the triple-plated, beavered helmet stopt it—that which Phœbus Apollo gave him. And Hector hastily fell back a considerable space, and was mingled with the crowd; and
 355 sunk on his knees⁸, supporting himself with his strong hand on the earth, and black night covered his eyes. And whilst the son of Tydeus was following the direction⁹ of his spear far through the foremost combatants, where it stuck¹ in the earth, Hector recovered himself, and springing again into his car,
 360 drove into the ranks, and avoided black fate. And the brave Diomedes, rushing after him with his spear, said:

² Thinking greatly.

³ The hunting dogs.

⁴ Did not suffer.

⁵ Forcing them to quit.

⁶ *i. e.* neither gave way—as if each party tugged at the ends of a rope, with equal strength.

⁷ *i. e.* what Diomedes and Ulysses were doing.

⁸ Stood, fallen on his knees—*i. e.* remained, or was in that position.

⁹ The impetus, or force.

¹ Entered in.

“Again, dog, hast thou now escaped death. Truly destruction came close upon thee. Again has Phœbus Apollo, to whom thou art wont to offer up thy prayers, when going into the clash of spears, now rescued thee. But I will another time make an end of thee, falling in with thee again, if I too have an 365 helper among the gods². Now, however, I will go against others, whomsoever I may find.”

He said, and stript³ the good spearman, the son of Pæon. And Alexander the spouse of the fair-haired Helen, leaning on⁴ a pillar, at the tomb of Ilus⁵, the son of Dardanus, the aged leader, 370 bent his bow at the son of Tydeus, shepherd of the people. He (*Diomedes*) indeed was taking off the variegated corselet from the breast of the gallant Agastrophus, and the shield from his shoulders, and his heavy casque; and *Alexander* drew 375 the horn⁶ of his bow, and struck him—nor did the weapon in vain escape from his hand—on the surface of the right foot; and the arrow going right through, fixed in the ground. And, laughing with great joy, he sprang from his ambuscade, and, boasting, uttered *this* speech:

“Thou art struck, and the weapon fled not from me in vain. 380 Would that, striking thee in the bottom of thy belly, I had deprived thee of life. Thus would the Trojans breathe again from destruction, who now tremble at thee, as bleating goats at a lion.”

To him said, undismayed, the brave Diomedes: “Bow-shooter 385 —infamous—proud of thy curls—slave of women—if now in arms thou wouldst make trial of me, hand to hand⁷, thy bow would avail thee not, and numerous arrows⁸; though now, on scratching the top of my foot, thou boasteth in this way. I regard⁹ it no more than if a woman had wounded me, or a foolish 390 boy; for the arrow of a feeble, worthless man, *like thee*, is of no force¹. Otherwise, truly, from me—if even it but slightly touches *a man*—comes the sharp arrow, and instantly renders *him* lifeless; and the cheeks of his wife are both lacerated, and his children are orphans; for, staining the earth red with his

² If there is to me also (*i. e.* as well as you) one of the gods a helper.

³ Diomedes was turned towards the body of Pæonides, engaged in stripping it—and stooping, with the heel of one foot raised.

⁴ Reclined behind, *i. e.* screened or protected by it.

⁵ At the tomb, built for Ilus.

⁶ The elbow, or point in the middle, where the roots of the horns met—the point on which the arrow rested.

⁷ In opposition.

⁸ Diomedes upbraids him with being no *spearman*.

⁹ I regard it not, as if a woman, &c.

¹ Blunt.

395 blood, he rots; and there are more birds around him than women.”

Thus he spake; and Ulysses, skilful with the spear, coming near, stood before him; and Diomedes, sitting down behind him, drew the swift arrow from his foot; and sharp pain shot through his body. And he sprang into his car, and bade the driver push on towards the hollow ships; for he was pained at heart. And
400 the spear-skilled Ulysses was *left* alone; nor did any of the Argives remain beside him, for fear had seized upon all. Then, distressed, he *thus* communed with his own bold spirit:

“Alas! what will become of me?² Great indeed will be the
405 disgrace if I fly, alarmed at the multitude; but worse if I be taken alone: and the son of Saturn has struck with terror the rest of the Danaans. But wherefore does my spirit talk these things with me? for I know that cowards skulk from battle;
410 but he who is brave in combat, must firmly stand, whether he be attacked, or attack another.”

Whilst he was revolving these things within his mind and soul, ranks of the shielded Trojans came upon him, and enclosed him in the midst, bringing destruction with them. And as
415 when dogs and vigorous youths around rouse up a boar, and he comes forth out of a deep thicket, sharpening his white tusk within his crooked jaws; and they rush around³; and he grinds his teeth; and they nevertheless await him, terrible as he is—so rushed then the Trojans round Ulysses, beloved of Jove; but he wounded above the shoulder the brave Deïopîtes first, spring-
420 ing upon him with his sharp spear; and afterwards he slew Thoön and Ennomus. And with his spear he next wounded Chersidāmas, when leaping from his car, in the naval, below the bossed shield; and he, falling amid the dust, grasped the earth
425 with his hand⁴. These he left, and next wounded with his spear Charops, the son of Aippāsus, and own brother of the noble Socus. And Socus, godlike hero, advanced to give him aid; and approaching, he stood very near, and addressed him in these words⁵:

430 “Oh, illustrious Ulysses, inexhaustible in wiles and labours, to-day thou shalt either boast over both sons of Hippasus, having slain such heroes, and stripped off their armour, or else thou shalt lose thy life, smitten by my spear.”

435 Thus saying, he struck the shield, every where equal. And through the shining shield went the forceful weapon, and drove into the curiously-wrought corselet, and tore off all the skin

² What shall I suffer. See 313 of this book.

³ *i. e.* preparing for his onset.

⁴ With the palm of his hand.

⁵ Spake to him a word.

from his side. But Pallas Minerva suffered it not to penetrate to the entrails of the hero. And Ulysses perceived that the weapon had not gone fatally into him, and falling back, he addressed *this* speech to Socus:

“Ah! wretch; very soon will grievous destruction overtake thee. Thou hast indeed put a stop to my fighting against the Trojans; but I declare that death and black fate shall here be thine⁶ this day; and that, subdued by my spear, thou shalt give glory to me, and thy soul to Pluto, distinguished for his horses⁷.” 445

He said, and the *other*, turning again to flight, was retreating; but into his back, between the shoulders, while turned⁸, he (*Ulysses*) fixed the spear, and drove it through his breast. And falling, he made a crash, and the noble Ulysses gloried over him:

“O Socus, son of the warlike, horse-taming Hippasus, the end of death, overtaking, has seized thee, nor hast thou escaped⁹. Ah! wretch, thy father and venerable mother shall not close thine eyes for thee, though dead; and ravenous¹ birds shall tear thee, flapping their wings frequent over thee; but when I die, the noble Achæans shall pay me funeral honour.” 455

So saying, he plucked the strong spear of the brave Socus, from his own body, and bossy shield; and the blood gushed out as he drew it forth, and racked his spirit². And the bold Trojans, when they beheld the blood of Ulysses, all, exhorting each other along the crowd, pressed upon him; and he retreated backwards, and shouted for his comrades. Thrice did he then shout as loud as he was able³; and thrice the warlike Menelaus heard him shouting; and forthwith addressed Ajax, being near: 460

“Noble Ajax, son of Telamon, prince of the people, around me comes the voice of the intrepid Ulysses, like to him, as if the Trojans, cutting him off *from his comrades* in the keen battle, were pressing violently upon him, being alone. Let us go then into the throng; for it is better to assist him. I fear lest, being left alone, brave though he be, amidst the Trojans, he suffer aught, and there be great want⁴ of *him* among the Danaans.” 470

Thus speaking, he led the way, and the godlike hero followed along with him. Then they found Ulysses, beloved by Jove; and round him Trojans were trooping, like blood-thirsty wolves about a wounded horned stag in the mountains—one which a man has smitten with an arrow from a bow-string. Him in- 475

⁶ Be to thee.

⁷ Who used a car, as well as the rest of the gods.

⁸ To him turned.

⁹ *i. e.* has overtaken thee before thou couldst escape.

¹ Flesh-eating.

² But the blood of him, drawing it forth, gushed out to him.

³ As much as the head of man contains.

⁴ Desire.

deed, flying, it escapes by its speed⁵, as long as the blood is warm, and its knees bear it up; but when the swift arrow exhausts it, the ravenous wolves devour⁶ it in a shady thicket
 480 among the mountains. Chance⁷ however brings thither a destructive lion; and the wolves fly in terror, and he devours. So at that time followed the Trojans, numerous and brave, round the wise and warlike Ulysses; but the hero, charging with his spear, repelled the pitiless day⁸. Then Ajax came near, bearing
 485 his shield like a tower, and stood beside him; and the Trojans, in different directions, fled in alarm. The warlike Menelaus, meanwhile, taking him by the hand, led *him* from the throng, till his attendant drove his horses near. And Ajax, springing
 490 upon the Trojans, slew Doryclus, the son of Priam, a spurious son; and next wounded Pandocus. And Lysander he wounded, and Pyrasus, and Pylartes. And as when a full-flowing river comes down, a torrent, from the mountains upon the plain, swollen by the rain of Jove⁹, and bears along with it many dry
 495 oaks and many pines, and casts much debris into the sea; so the illustrious Ajax, routing *them*, pursued *them* along the plain, slaughtering both horses and men.

Nor as yet did Hector learn it; for he was fighting on the left¹ of all the battle, by the banks of the river Scamander; where
 500 fell the heads of men in greatest numbers, and a tremendous shout arose round the mighty Nestor and the warlike Idomeneus. Among these did Hector mingle, performing arduous deeds with his spear and car-fighting skill, and desolated the
 505 phalanxes of youths. Nor yet would the noble Achæans have retired from *their* position², had not Alexander, the husband of the fair-haired Helen, disabled³ Machaon, shepherd of the people, fighting bravely⁴—wounding him on the right shoulder with a triple-barbed arrow. For him trembled then the valour-breathing
 510 Achæans, lest perchance, the battle giving way⁵, the Trojans should slay him; and immediately Idomeneus addressed the noble Nestor:

“O Neleian Nestor, great glory of the Achæans, up, mount thy car, and let Machaon get in beside thee, and drive thy solid-hoofed horses with all speed to the ships; for a medical man is

⁵ Its feet.

⁶ Tearing in pieces, devour.

⁷ *δαιμων*—by which seems to be expressed the ordinary course of events—not a special direction. ⁸ *i. e. his day*—*his fate*—defended himself successfully.

⁹ Accompanied by the shower of Jove.

¹ With reference to the Trojans.

² *κελευθος*, in a military sense—like *γεφυρα*.

³ Made to cease.

⁴ *αριστευοντα*—equal to the bravest.

⁵ That of the Achæans.

worth many others, to cut out arrows, and to apply⁶ healing 515 remedies.”

Thus he spake, nor did the Gerenian chief, Nestor, refuse ; but forthwith ascended his car, and Machaon mounted beside him the son of Æsculapius, the excellent physician ; and he lashed the horses, and they flew not unwilling towards the hollow ships, 520 for thither it was agreeable to their inclination *to go*.

But Cebriones, mounted beside Hector, perceived the Trojans in confusion, and addressed him in these words: “Hector, we two are engaged with the Danaans here in the outskirt of horrid-sounding battle ; and now the other Trojans are in con- 525 fusion pell-mell, their horses and themselves ; and Telamonian Ajax is routing them ; and I know him well, for he bears upon his shoulders his broad shield. Let us also then direct our horses and car thither, where chiefly horse and foot, dealing forth destructive combat, slaughter each other, and a tremendous shout- 530 ing arises.”

Thus then having spoken, he lashed the beautiful horses with his loud scourge. And they, feeling the stroke, speedily bore the swift car among the Trojans and Achæans, trampling on both 535 corpses and shields. And with blood was the whole axle-tree beneath splashed, and the sides of the car⁷, which the drops from the horses' hoofs struck, and those from the tires of the wheels. And he was eager to enter the crowd of heroes, and to break through, springing upon them. And he sent evil tumult among the Danaans, and abstained little from combat⁸, and ranged 540 through the ranks of the rest of men with his spear, and his sword, and huge stones, but avoided the battle of Telamonian Ajax.

And Jove, aloft, excited fear within Ajax, and he stood paralyzed, and cast behind him his shield of seven bulls' hides. And he was alarmed, gazing about upon the throng like a wild beast, 545 retreating and turning again, *and* slowly moving knee after knee. And as dogs and rustic men drive a fierce lion from the stall of oxen—they permit him not to carry off the fatness of the cattle, watching all night ; but he, eager for food, rushes on, 550 yet does not succeed, for numerous darts fly against him from bold hands, and blazing torches, which he dreads, though dashing on ; and in the morning he stalks away with grieving heart : so Ajax, afflicted in his heart, then retired, much against his will, 555 from the Trojans ; for he feared for the ships of the Achæans.

⁶ To sprinkle—*sc.* dried herbs rubbed to powder.

⁷ The sides round the bottom (*δίπρος*) of the car.

⁸ From the spear—he lost no time in delay—or fought incessantly.

And as, when a lazy⁹ ass, upon whom many sticks have already been broken,¹ going a-field, forces his way in spite of the boys, 560 and entering in, crops the high grain; and the boys beat him with sticks, but their strength is feeble; and with difficulty they drive him out, when he is satiated with food; so then at length the bold Trojans and allies, summoned from afar, pressed constantly upon Ajax, the mighty son of Telamon, striking the 565 middle of his shield with missile weapons. And Ajax, sometimes wheeling about, exerted² his vigorous force, and checked the phalanxes of the Trojans, the tamers of horses, and sometimes he turned himself to fly. But he prevented all from advancing to the swift ships, and stopping, he raged between 570 the Trojans and Achæans. And the spears from daring hands, rushing forward, stuck, some in his ample shield; and many between, before they reached his white body, fell³ on the ground, though eager to be glutted with his flesh.

575 And as soon as Eurypylus, the noble son of Euæmon, perceived him to be hard pressed with many darts, advancing, he stood beside him, and hurled his shining spear; and struck Apisaon, the son of Phausias, shepherd of the people, in the liver, under the midriff; and at once relaxed his limbs. And Eury- 580 pylus sprang upon him, and stript the armour from his shoulders. And then, as soon as the godlike Alexander observed him stripping off Apisaon's armour, he instantly drew his bow at Eury- pylus, and struck him with an arrow upon the right thigh; and the reed was broken, and his thigh pained him. And he fell back into the column of his comrades, avoiding fate; and shout- 585 ing, cried with a loud voice to the Danaans:

“O friends, leaders and princes of the Argives, rally, and stand⁴, and ward off the pitiless day from Ajax, who is overwhelmed with darts; nor do I think that he can escape from 590 dire-sounding war. But by all means stand against *the foe*, round the mighty Ajax, the son of Telamon.”

So spake the wounded Eurypylus, and beside him they stood close together⁵ resting their shields upon their shoulders, and lifting up their spears. And Ajax met them, and, wheeling 595 about, stood *firm*, when he reached the column of his comrades. Thus they combated like to a consuming fire.

In the mean time the mares of the son of Neleus, sweating, bore Nestor from the battle, and carried Machaon, shepherd of the people. And the noble Achilles, swift of foot, looking forth

⁹ Persevering—dogged—obstinate.

¹ Been broken around it.

² Was mindful of.

³ Stood—*i. e.* fell, or pitched into the ground.

⁴ Rallying, stand.

⁵ *i. e.* to shield Eurypylus.

observed him; for he stood upon the prow of *his* large ship, 600
gazing at the dire struggle and lamentable rout. And immedi-
ately he addressed Patroclus, his comrade, calling from the ship;
and he, hearing him within the tent, came forth, like Mars: and
it was the commencement of misfortune to him⁶. Him first the
gallant son of Menœtius addressed:

“Why dost thou call me, Achilles, and what need hast thou 605
of me⁷?” And to him, the swift-footed Achilles, answering,
said:

“Noble son of Menœtius, dear to my soul, soon I think that
the Achæans will stand supplicating round my knees; for a ne-
cessity, no longer bearable, comes upon them. But go now,
Patroclus, beloved of Jove, ask Nestor what man is this *whom* 610
he brings wounded from the battle. Behind, indeed, he wholly
resembles Machaon, the son of Æsculapius, but I have not seen
the man’s face⁸ for the horses passed me, hastening forward.

Thus he spake, and Patroclus obeyed his beloved comrade, 615
and set out to run along the tents and ships of the Achæans.

And when they⁹ (*Nestor and Machaon*) came to the tent of
the son of Neleus, they themselves alighted on the fertile soil
and Eurymedon, the attendant of the old man, took the horses
from the car; and they dried off the sweat from their tunics¹, 620
standing towards the breeze beside the shore of the sea, and
then, entering the tent, sat down upon couches. And for them
did fair-haired² Hecamede prepare a mixture³—she whom the
old man brought from Tenedos, when Achilles laid it waste, the 625
daughter of the brave Arsinoüs,—whom the Achæans selected
for him, because he excelled all in counsel. First she brought
out for them a handsome, black-footed polished table; and upon
it a brazen tray, and on it an onion, a relish with the beverage,
and new honey, and the fruit of the sacred corn⁴ beside it. 630
Likewise a splendid cup near them, which the old man brought
from home, stuck full of golden studs. And its handles were
four, and round each two golden pigeons were feeding, and it

⁶ As is seen in the sequel. Patroclus, assuming the arms of Achilles, goes out to repel the assailing Trojans. He at first carries death and destruction with him, his appearance, as Achilles, creating the utmost confusion; but he is afterwards attacked and killed by Hector.

⁷ In what respect does need of me come to thee.

⁸ Eyes.

⁹ Nestor and Machaon.

¹ *i. e.* they cooled themselves—let their tunics dry on their bodies in the cool air.

² Or well-curled.

³ See the ingredients, 638—640.

⁴ *i. e.* bread or cakes.

635 had two bottoms⁵. Another indeed with difficulty would have lifted it, when full, from the table; but the aged Nestor raised it with ease. In it the dame, like to the goddesses, had made a mixture for them of Prameian wine, and grated over it goat-
640 *milk* cheese with a brazen rasp, and sprinkled white flour upon it; and bade them drink, as soon as she had prepared the beverage. And after by drinking they quenched the parching thirst, they amused themselves with conversation, talking to each other. And Patroclus stood at the doors, a godlike man.

And the old man, perceiving him, rose from his splendid seat,
645 and, taking him by the hand, led him in, and bade him be seated. But Patroclus, on the other side, declined, and uttered *this* speech:

“No sitting for me, O Jove-supported sage; nor wilt thou persuade me. To be revered and respected is he, who sent me forth to inquire who was this, whom thou wast bringing in
650 wounded; but I myself also know, for I see it is Machaon, shepherd of people. And now, to make my report, I, with the news⁶, will go back to Achilles; for well dost thou know, O Jove-supported sage, what an irascible man he is—he would soon find fault even with the faultless.”

And him answered then the Gerenian Chief, Nestor, “Why then does Achilles thus compassionate the sons of the Achæans,
655 as many as have been now wounded with weapons? Nor knows he at all how much of sorrow has arisen throughout the army; for the bravest lie in the ships, wounded with spears or arrows. The brave Diomedes, son of Tydeus, has been struck
660 with an arrow, and famed Ulysses wounded with a spear, and Agamemnon. Eurypylus also has been shot in the thigh with an arrow; and this other I have just brought from battle, struck with an arrow from a bow-string; yet Achilles, brave as he is,
665 cares not for the Danaans, nor pities them. Or waits he until at last the swift ships by the sea, in spite of the Argives, be consumed with hostile fire, and ourselves be slain one after another? For my strength is not as it formerly was, in my flexile limbs. Would that I were as young, and my might as
670 firm, as when a contest took place between the Eleians and us, about the driving away of some oxen, when making⁷ reprisals, I slew Itymoneus, the brave son of Hypeirochus, who dwelt in Elis: for he, defending his cattle, was smitten among the first by a javelin from my hand, and there fell, and his rustics fled in
675 confusion. And we drove from the plain very great booty, fifty

⁵ *i. e.* it was an ἀμφικυπελλον—a double cup. It would stand on either end, and each had two handles.

⁶ A messenger.

⁷ Driving.

droves of cattle, as many flocks of sheep, as many herds of swine, as many large flocks of goats, one hundred and fifty yellow⁸ steeds, all mares, and with many there were colts. And these 680 we drove within Neleian Pylus, *marching* in the night towards the city; and Neleus was delighted in his mind, because much *booty* had fallen to me, going a youth to war. And with the appearing morn heralds cried aloud for those to come, to whom 685 debts in rich Elis were due⁹; and the leading men of the Pylians, assembling, divided *the spoil*—for the Epeians¹ owed debts to many²—to such a degree had we in Pylus, being few, been impoverished³. For the mighty Hercules⁴, coming in former years, had done us mischief, and as many as were the bravest 690 were slain. For we were twelve sons of illustrious Neleus, of whom I alone was left, and all the rest perished. Emboldened by these things, the brazen tunicked Epeians, insulting us, had planned their iniquities.

“And the old man (Neleus) selected for himself adrove of cat- 695 tle and a large flock of sheep, picking out three hundred and the shepherds—for to him also was a great debt due in rich Elis, *namely*, four horses, victorious in the race⁵, with their chariots, going to the games⁶; for they were to run for a tripod; and 700 Augeas, king of men, seized them there; and dismissed the driver, grieved for his horses. On account of these words and deeds the old man, indignant, selected for himself immense numbers; and gave the rest to the people to divide, that no one might go defrauded of his just share. We indeed were busied 705 in all *these matters*⁷, and were performing sacrifices to the gods throughout the city; and on the third day came together all the townsmen themselves, and *their* solid-hoofed horses, in full force, and with them were armed the two Molions, being still youths, and not yet knowing how to make the best use of their vigorous force⁸. For there is a town, a lofty hill, Thryoëssa, far off, 710 on the banks of Alpheus, the last town of sandy Pylus—and this they invested eager to overthrow it. And when they had crossed the whole plain, Minerva, flying⁹ from Olympus, came to us

⁸ Chesnuts—or bright bays.

⁹ *i. e.* those whose property had been plundered, and for whose sake the reprisals had been made.

¹ Who occupied a portion of Elis.

² *i. e.* the Epeians had plundered many of the Pylians.

³ *i. e.* to such a degree had our numbers been reduced, that we were then unable to prevent their devastations—for a few years before, Hercules had killed, &c.

⁴ The Herculean might.

⁵ Bearers off of prizes.

⁶ Going to the prizes.

⁷ *i. e.* in distributing the booty.

⁸ Not yet well knowing their vigorous force.

⁹ Running.

in the night as a messenger, to arm us; nor did she assemble at
 715 Pylos people unwilling, but very desirous of fighting. And
 Neleus would not allow me to arm, and concealed my horses, for
 he said that I did not yet understand warlike matters. But
 even thus I was conspicuous among our horsemen, although on
 720 foot, for so did Minerva lead the battle¹. Now there is a certain
 river, the Minyeius, emptying *itself* into the sea near Arene,
 where we horsemen of the Pylians awaited the lovely morning,
 and bodies of men on foot poured in. Thence in full force, with
 725 our weapons, armed, we reached at mid-day the sacred stream
 of Alpheus. There having offered fine victims to almighty Jove,
 a bull to the Alpheus, and a bull to Neptune, and an unbroken
 heifer to the blue-eyed Minerva, we then took our meal through
 730 the army in divisions; and each slept in his armour by the
 streams of the river. The bold Epeians had already invested
 the town, eager to lay it waste; but first there was a mighty
 work of Mars for them²; for as soon as the bright sun arose
 above the earth, we engaged them in battle, praying *first* to
 735 Jove and to Minerva. And when now the strife of the Pylians
 and Eleians was begun³, I was the first who slew a man, the
 warrior Mulus, and carried off his solid-hoofed steeds; and he
 was the son-in-law of Augeas, and possessed his eldest daughter,
 740 the yellow-haired Agamede, who was acquainted with all medi-
 cal plants, which the wide earth produces⁴. Him, as he came
 against me, I smote with my brazen spear. And he fell in the
 dust; and, springing into his car, I stood then among the fore-
 most combatants: and the bold Epeians fled in all directions in
 terror, when they beheld the man fallen, the leader of their
 745 horse, who was their bravest in battle⁵. And I rushed upon
 them like to a black storm; and I took fifty chariots, and in
 each two men bit the ground with their teeth, subdued by my
 spear. And now indeed I should have slain the young Molions,
 750 the sons of Actor⁶, had not their father, wide-ruling Neptune,
 preserved them from the war, covering them with thick cloud.
 Then Jupiter bestowed great glory upon the Pylians; for so far
we followed over the shield-covered plain, both slaying them,
 and gathering up rich armour, until we had driven our horses to
 755 Buprasium, very fertile in corn, and to rocky Olenia and Alei-
 sium, where is the famous⁷ Hill—from thence Minerva turned

¹ So administer or direct the conflict—that, though I set out on foot, I was soon among the equestrians.

² Appeared—or presented itself.

³ Was. ⁴ As many as. ⁵ Was the best to fight. ⁶ *i. e.* their reputed father.

⁷ Is called—*i. e.* has the name of Κολωνη, or Hill—appellatively, from some special occasion not assigned.

again the army. There having killed the last man, I left him; and the Achæans drove back⁸ their horses from Buprasium to Pylus; and all gave glory to Jove, of the gods, and to Nestor, of 760 men. Such was I—if ever indeed I was⁹—along with men. But Achilles will enjoy alone his valour: truly I think that he will hereafter greatly lament, when the people have perished. O, my friend, thee Menœtius surely thus commanded on that day, when he sent thee from Phthia to Agamemnon. For, 765 being both of us within, I and noble Ulysses, we well heard every thing in the halls, how he charged thee; for we had come to the well-built¹ mansions of Peleus, collecting an army in fertile Achæis. There then we found the hero Menœtius within, 770 as well as thee, and Achilles beside thee; and the aged chief, Peleus, was burning the fat legs of an ox to Jove, who delights in thunder, within the court-yard of his palace², and held a golden cup, pouring the dark wine over the blazing sacrifice. You were both then busied about the flesh of the ox, and we at 775 the time stood in the vestibule; and Achilles, astonished, leapt up, and, catching us by the hand, led us in, and bade us be seated; and put before us the feast of hospitality, which are proper for guests. And when we had satisfied ourselves with eating and drinking, I began the discourse, exhorting you to 780 accompany us. Ye were both very willing, and they both gave you many injunctions³. The aged Peleus indeed bade his son Achilles always to be bravest, and be conspicuous above others: and to thee, again, Menœtius, the son of Actor, thus gave charge: ‘My son, by birth indeed Achilles is thy superior; but thou art 785 the elder. He is much better in strength; but do thou give him good advice, and suggest to him, and direct him, and he will surely be advised for his good.’ Thus did the old man command thee, and thou art forgetful: but even now mention 790 these things to the warlike Achilles—perchance he may be persuaded. For who knows but, advising him, thou mayst, with the gods’ assistance⁴, move his mind? For the persuasion of a friend is good. But if within his heart he avoid some oracle⁵, and his divine mother have stated any thing to him from Jove, let him at least send thee forth; and with thee let the rest of 795 the army of the Myrmidons follow, that thou mayst be some aid to the Danaans. Let him likewise give thee his beautiful

⁸ Held back⁹ See Γ. 180, and Od. Ω. 288.¹ “To the conveniently habitable.”² Literally “the grass”—that plot of grass within the court.³ Charged you much.⁴ With a god.⁵ *i. e.* on account of oracle—or especial intimation from his mother.

800 armour to wear in battle, that the Trojans, taking thee for him, may abstain from battle, and the brave sons of the Achæans, now exhausted, may breathe again, and there be a little rest for them from war. And easily will you, *who are* fresh in battle, drive back wearied men towards the city, from the ships and tents."

Thus he spake and he roused the spirit within *his* breast; and he set out to run along the ships to Achilles, the descendant of
805 Æacus. And when now Patroclus, running, arrived at the ships of the godlike Ulysses, where were the forum and seat of Justice, where also were the altars of the gods erected; there Eurypylus⁶, the noble son of Euæmon, wounded with an arrow
810 in the thigh, limping from the battle, met him. Down ran the sweat profuse from his shoulders and head, and from his severe wound the black blood gushed; nevertheless his spirit was firm. And beholding, the gallant son of Menœtius pitied him, and, grieving, uttered *these* winged words:

815 "Alas! wretched men, leaders and chiefs of the Danaans; so then were ye, far from your friends and native land, to glut the swift dogs at Troy with your white fat? Come, then, tell me this, O Jove-supported hero, Eurypylus, will the Achæans still
820 at all sustain the mighty Hector, or will they now be destroyed, subdued by his spear?"

And him, in return, the prudent Eurypylus addressed: "No longer, noble Patroclus, will there be defence⁷ for the Achæans, but they will fall back upon⁸ the black ships. For already all, as many as were once the bravest, lie at the ships, struck from
825 a distance, or wounded in close combat, by the hands of the Trojans—whose strength ever increases. But do thou now save me, leading me to *my* black ship; and cut the arrow from my thigh, and wash the black blood from it with warm water;
830 and spread upon it soothing herbs, salubrious, which they say thou wert taught by Achilles, whom Chiron instructed, the most just of the Centaurs. For as to the surgeons, Podaleirius and Machaon, the one, I think, lies wounded⁹ at the tents, and him-
835 self in want of a skilful surgeon; and the other still abides the sharp battle of the Trojans upon the plain."

And him again the brave son of Menœtius addressed: "How then will these things turn out? What shall we do, O hero Eurypylus? I am going that I may deliver a message to the warlike Achilles, with which the venerable Nestor, the bulwark

⁶ Resumed from line 595.

⁷ Strength.

⁸ Rush into—take refuge in them, as in M. 107.

⁹ Having a wound.

of the Achæans, entrusted me: but not even thus will I neglect thee in affliction¹.”

He said, and taking the shepherd of people in his arms², bore him to the tent; and his attendant, seeing him, spread under him bulls' hides. There, laying him at his length, Patroclus cut with a knife the sharp bitter arrow from his thigh, and washed the black blood from it with warm water. Then he put upon it a bitter root³, an anodyne, rubbing it in his hands, which removed all his agony: and the wound was dried up, and the blood ceased to flow.

¹ Afflicted.

² Under his breast.

³ *i. e.* dried, which he broke into powder, and sprinkled on the wound, to stop the bleeding—operating as a styptic.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

THUS then was the gallant son of Menœtius dressing the wounded Eurypylus at the tents; and the Argives and Trojans still fought in masses; nor was the ditch of the Danaans likely to keep them off any longer, nor the broad rampart above¹,
5 which they had erected for *the defence of* the ships; and had drawn a fosse around—but had not given sacred hecatombs to the gods—in order that it, containing them within, might protect their swift ships, and their great booty. And it was built against the will of the immortal gods, and on that account it was not
10 long destined to stand². As long as Hector was alive, and Achilles indignant, and the city of king Priam undestroyed; so long was the mighty wall of the Achæans firm. But when all³ the bravest of the Trojans were dead, and many of the Argives were, some subdued, and some left, and in the tenth year the
15 city of Priam was laid waste, and the Argives had departed in ships to their dear native land; then at length Neptune and Apollo took counsel to demolish the wall, bringing in the might of rivers, as many as flow into the sea from the Idæan mountains,
20 both the Rhesus and the Heptaporus, and the Caresus, and the Rhodius, and the Granicus, and the Æsepus, and the divine Scamander, and the Simois, where many shields and helmets⁴ had fallen in the dust, and a race of heroes⁵. The mouths of

¹ That is, above the fosse.

² On that account it was not long time firm.

³ As many as were.

⁴ Shields covered with the hides of oxen, and helmets with three cones.

⁵ Demi-god men.

all these to the same spot Phœbus Apollo turned, and for nine days directed the flood against the wall; and Jove in the mean time rained incessantly, that he might the sooner render the walls overwhelmed by the sea. And the shaker of the earth, himself, with the trident in his hands, led them on; and then sent among the waves all the foundations of beams and stones, which the labouring Achæans had laid. And he made all level along the rapid Hellespont, and again covered the vast shore with sand, demolishing the wall; and turned the rivers to go again to the channels, where they had before poured their sweet-flowing water.

Thus were Neptune and Apollo to act thereafter; but now the battle and the shout raged around the well-built wall, and the stricken beams⁶ of the towers resounded: and the Argives, subdued by the scourge of Jove, were kept huddled together at the hollow ships, dreading Hector, the furious causer of flight; for he fought as before like a whirlwind. And as, when a boar or lion, raging in his might, turns upon dogs and huntsmen, and they, drawing themselves up close like a wall, stand against him, and hurl numerous javelins from their hands; but never is his bold heart alarmed, nor is *he* put to flight, for his bravery kills him, and he frequently turns around attacking the lines of men; and wherever he directs his attack, there give way the lines of men: so Hector, going along the crowd, rolled along, exhorting his companions to cross the fosse. Nor did his swift-footed horses dare *it*; but neighed much, standing near the extreme brink; for the wide ditch affrighted *them*, nor indeed was it easy to come close and leap across⁷, or to pass it⁸, for the edges of it, on both sides, were elevated⁹; and above, it was fortified with sharp palisades, which the sons of the Achæans had fixed, numerous and large, as a defence against hostile men. There a horse dragging a swift-gliding car, might not easily enter, but the foot eagerly sought if they could accomplish it. Then indeed Polydamas, standing near, addressed the brave Hector:

“Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, unwisely¹ do we drive the fleet horses over the ditch, for it is very difficult to pass; since sharp palisades stand in it, and near them is the wall of the Achæans. There it is impossible for the carmen to descend, or to fight *on the other side*; for *the place* is narrow, where I think they will get wounded. For if indeed

⁶ *δοῦρατα* mean not the spears of the enemy, but the timbers of the towers.

⁷ *i. e.* they could not get close to the edge—to spring from it. The soil was thrown up at the edge of the ditch.

⁸ *i. e.* by going into the ditch, and climbing up on the other side.

⁹ Stood covered—or surmounted.

¹ *i. e.* to attempt to do so.

high-thundering Jove, designing evil against them, dooms them wholly to destruction, and wishes to assist the Trojans, then 70 should I be willing that this be done at once, that the Achæans perish here inglorious, *far* from Argos. If however they turn again, and there be a repulse from the ships, and we get hampered in the deep² ditch, I do not suppose that then even a messenger will return back to the city, through the Achæans 75 rallying again. Come then, let us all be persuaded to do as I shall advise. Let our drivers keep the horses at the ditch, and let ourselves on foot, with our weapons, armed, all follow Hector 80 in a body; and the Achæans will not await us, if indeed the ends of destruction hang over them³.”

Thus spake Polydamas; and the safe counsel pleased Hector: and immediately he leaped with his armour from his car to the ground. Nor did the other Trojans remain assembled in the cars, but sprang from them, as soon as they beheld the noble 85 Hector alight. Then each commanded his own driver to hold the horses in good order there at the ditch; and they, separating, arranging themselves, drawn up in five divisions, followed along with their leaders. Some then went with Hector and noble Polydamas, who were most numerous and brave, and most 90 resolute to break⁴ down the wall, and fight at the hollow ships. And Cebriones followed, a third; for Hector left another, of less note than Cebriones, with his car. And the second division⁵ Paris commanded, and Alcahous, and Agenor. And the third 95 Helenus and the godlike Deïphobus, two sons of Priam, and their third was the hero Asius—Asius Hyrtacides, whom fiery, large horses brought from Arisba, from the river Selleeïs. And Æneas, the brave son of Anchises, led the fourth; along with him were the two sons of Antenor, Archilochus, and Acamas, 100 well skilled in every *kind of* fight. And Sarpedon commanded the noble allies, and took, as *his lieutenants*, Glaucus and the warlike Asteropæus; for they appeared to him, next to himself, to be decidedly the bravest of the rest; but he himself surpassed all. And when then they had formed a close phalanx⁶ with 105 shields,⁷ they advanced, full of courage, straightway against the Danaans; nor did they think the Danaans would sustain them, but would rather fall back on the black ships.

There the rest of the Trojans, and allies, summoned from afar, obeyed the counsel of good Polydamas; but Asius, son of Hyrta-

² Dug. ³ *i. e.* if final destruction—if they were destined to perish.

⁴ Having broken to fight.

⁵ Others—the next.

⁶ Fitted each other—joined together with shields—forming a line or rampart of shields.

⁷ Made or worked bulls—*i. e.* shields covered with bulls' hides.

cus, prince of heroes, would not leave his horses and attendant 110
 driver, but with them advanced towards the swift ships—foolish
 man¹—never was he, escaping his evil destiny, to return again,
 exulting, with his steeds and car from the ships to lofty Ilium. 115
 For his unlucky fate first overwhelmed him, by the spear of
 Idomeneus, the illustrious son of Deucalion. For he rushed to-
 wards the left of the ships², where the Achæans returned³ from
 the plain with their horses and cars. Thither he drove his
 coursers and his car, nor at the gates found he the portals shut, 120
 or the long bar up⁴, but the men kept them wide open, that they
 might receive safe⁵ any of their comrades, flying from battle to-
 wards the ships. Thither in high spirits⁶ he his steeds drove
 straight, and his men, shouting aloud, followed along with him; 125
 for they supposed that the Achæans would no longer sustain
 them, but fall back upon the black ships⁷—fools, for at the gates
 they found two of the bravest men, the bold sons of the warlike
 Lapithæ, one, a son of Pirithous, the gallant Polypætēs, the
 other, Leonteus, equal to man-slaying Mars. These indeed 130
 stood in front of the lofty gates, as on the mountains stand high-
 topped oaks, which abide the wind and rain at all seasons⁸, fixed
 firm by their large and wide-spreading roots; so they, trusting 135
 to their prowess⁹ and strength, awaited the mighty Asius coming
 on, and fled not. And direct towards the well-built wall—lifting
 high their shields¹, advanced, with loud shouting, king Asius²,
 and Jamenas, and Orestes, and Acamas, son of Asius, and Ceno- 140
 maus. But they³ meanwhile, remaining within, exhorted the
 well-armed Achæans to fight in defence of the ships; and when
 they perceived the Trojans rushing to the wall,—and there was
 a cry and a rout of the Danaans,—both darting out fought be- 145
 fore the gates, like two wild boars, which catch the coming
 tumult of men and dogs in the mountains, and, advancing oblique-
 ly to the attack, break down the wood about them, cutting it off
 at the roots; and in their jaws is a grinding of teeth, till some
 one, having hurled *a spear*, deprive them of life. So rang the 150
 shining brass upon the breasts of these men, struck in front, for

¹ *νηπιος*—like a fool—or foolishly.

² Not the left of Asius—but of the ships. The *ὄδος ἰππηλασια* of H. 340—near the station of Ajax and Idomeneus.

³ *i. e.* where they *usually* did—the one common entrance.

⁴ The leaves of the gate opened inwards and were secured by a bar.

⁵ If they might save.

⁶ Thinking *highly*.

⁷ *i. e.* take refuge in them, and attempt to escape.

⁸ All days.

⁹ Hands.

¹ Dry bulls—*i. e.* hides—shields.

² *οἱ ἀμφὶ Ἀσίον*, &c. *i. e.* Asius and his troops.

³ Polypætēs and Leonteus.

they fought very bravely, trusting to the troops above⁴, and to
 155 their own valour. And others⁵ hurled stones⁶ from the well-
 constructed towers, in defence⁷ of themselves, the tents, and the
 rapid moving ships. And as snow-flakes fall to the ground,
 which a high wind, whirling along the shady clouds, pours down
 thick upon the fertile earth; so poured the weapons from the
 160 hands both of Achæans and of Trojans; and helmets and bossed
 shields, struck with large stones, rattling rang⁸. Then indeed
 Asius, son of Hyrtacus, groaned, and struck both his thighs, and
 bitterly uttered this speech:

“Father Jove, and thou too art now become plainly a liar; for
 165 I never thought⁹ the Achæan heroes would abide our might and
 invincible hands. And they, as wasps streaked in the middle¹,
 or bees, *which* make their nests by some mountain path, nor
 170 quit their hollow mansion, but, awaiting their pursuers², fight
 for their young; so these, though being only two, will not retire
 from the gates until they be either slain or taken.”

Thus he spake; nor did he, in saying these things, bend the
 mind of Jove, for his heart willed to bestow glory³ upon Hector.
 175 Meanwhile the rest maintained the combat at the other gates⁴;
 but it would be difficult for me, like a god, to relate all these
 things; for round the wall in every part arose a raging fire of
 stones; and the Argives, although hard-pressed, perforce de-
 fended their ships; and all the gods were grieved in their
 180 minds, as many as were well-wishers of the Danaans in battle.

But the Lapithæ⁵ began the battle and destruction. There,
 then, the son of Peirithous, the brave Polypætēs, with his spear
 smote Damäsus, through the brazen-cheeked helmet; nor did
 the brazen casque resist, but the brazen point broke quite
 185 through the bone, and all the brain within was scattered. And
 him, rushing on, he subdued; and afterwards he slew Pylon and
 Ormenus. And Leonteus, a branch of Mars, wounded Hippo-

⁴ *i. e.* on the wall.

⁵ *i. e.* the men on the wall on each side of the gate.

⁶ Stones such as fill the hand.

⁷ Defending.

⁸ Sounded a dry *sound* around.

⁹ *i. e.* relying upon some supposed assurances from Jove of the contrary.

¹ *μεσον αιολοι—αιολος* will express a quick, glancing motion, and may apply to the rapid movement of the wings, which seem as if they were in the middle of the insect. But more probably the phrase refers to the shape of it, and difference of colour. ² Hunters—*i. e.* those who are in pursuit of their honey.

³ *i. e.* that of first breaking in upon the ships.

⁴ *αλλο αλλοις*—some at one, some at another. There was but *one* gate accessible for cars by the road across the ditch—and that Asius attempted.

⁵ Polypætēs and Leonteus. 128.

mächus, the son of Antimächus, with his spear, striking him at the belt. And again, drawing his sharp sword from the scabbard, he, springing through the crowd, smote Antiphätes first, hand to hand; and he was stretched prone upon the earth; and then Menon, and Iämenus, and Orestes, all, one upon another, he brought to the fertile earth.

Whilst these were stripping them of their glittering armour, the youths, who were the most numerous and the bravest, followed Polydamas and Hector, and were very eager to break down the wall, and burn the ships with fire. They, however, still hesitated, standing by the ditch: for a bird flew over them while *thus* eager to cross *it*—a high-flying eagle, towards the left⁶, dividing the army, bearing in his talons a huge bloody serpent, alive, and still writhing; and not yet was it forgetful of fighting: for, twisting backwards, it wounded him, who grasped it, upon the breast, near the neck; and he cast it from him to the ground, afflicted with pain, and dropt it into the midst of the crowd, and, screaming, flew away on the blasts of the wind. And the Trojans shuddered when they beheld the twisting serpent lying in the midst, a prodigy of ægis-bearing Jove. Then Polydamas *thus* addressed the gallant Hector, standing beside: 210

“Hector, thou almost always chidest me in the assemblies, when I give my advice⁷, for neither seems it to thee right that a private man should ever speak independently⁸, either in council or in war; but he must ever enforce thy authority⁹. Yet I will again speak as appears to me to be best. Let us not then go to fight with the Danaans for their ships; for so do I conceive that it will end, if in reality this bird came upon the Trojans while eager to cross *the ditch*—as the high-flying eagle came, towards the left, dividing the army, and bearing in its talons a huge bloody living serpent, but presently dropped it, before it reached its loved nest, nor succeeded in carrying it to give to its young—so we, if even we shall with great force break through the gates and wall of the Achæans, and the Achæans give way,—not in good order¹ shall we return by the same ways from the ships; for we shall leave behind us many of the Trojans, whom the Achæans, contending for the ships, will subdue in arms. Thus indeed would the soothsayer, who is well skilled in auguries, interpret, and the people be convinced by him.” 225

⁶ That is, he flew between the Grecian and Trojan armies, having the latter upon his left.

⁷ Speaking good things—*i. e.* what appear to the speaker to be so—a periphrasis for advising, or delivering an opinion.

⁸ *παρεξ*.

⁹ But always to increase thy power.

¹ *i. e.* but with shameful rout.

230 And, looking sternly, the plumed Hector thus addressed him:
 “O Polydamas, thou no longer speakest what is agreeable to
 me. Thou mightest have known how to devise another counsel
 better than this. If however thou sayest this seriously, then
 indeed have the gods themselves taken thy senses from thee²,
 235 who bids me be forgetful of the counsels of high-thundering
 Jove, which he himself undertook for me, and confirmed. And
 thou exhortest me to pay obedience to winged³ birds—to them
 I turn not, nor regard at all, whether they fly to the right to-
 240wards the morning and the sun, or to the left towards the
 darkening west. We will be obedient to the counsel of
 mighty Jove, who rules over all mortals and immortals. The
 one best augury is—to fight for our country. Why fearest thou
 245 war and battle? For if even all the rest of us should perish at
 the ships of the Argives, thou needst not be afraid of perishing,
 for thy heart is neither staunch nor warlike. And if thou shalt
 skulk from the combat, or turn another from battle, dissuading
 250 *him from it* with thy words, forthwith, struck with my spear,
 shalt thou lose thy life.”

Thus then having spoken, he led on; and they followed him
 with a mighty shout. And Jove, delighting in thunder, sent a
 storm of wind from the Idæan heights, which bore the dust right
 255 towards the ships; and he damped the spirit of the Achæans,
 and bestowed glory upon the Trojans and Hector. Trusting
 then to his prodigies, and *their own* valour, they endeavoured
 to break down the vast wall of the Achæans. And they tore
 down the embrazures of the towers, and demolished the battle-
 ments, and wrenched away the projecting piles, which the
 260 Achæans had placed first in the earth, to serve as supports of
 the towers. These then they tore down, and hoped to break
 through the wall of the Achæans.

The Danaans however did not yet retire from their position;
 but covering the breastworks with their shields⁴, they shot, from
 behind them, the enemies, as they came up to the wall. And both
 265 the Ajaxes ranged in every direction upon the towers, exhorting
the troops, and rousing the valour of the Achæans. One *they*
encouraged with kind, another they railed at with severe words,
 whomsoever they beheld at all relaxing in the battle:

“O my friends, the best, the middling, and the worst of the
 270 Argives—for all men are not alike in war—now is there work
 for all; and ye yourselves perhaps know that. Let no one turn
 back towards the ships, listening to the threatener (*Hector*); but

² The speech so far is the same as that of Paris to Alexander, H. 357—360.

³ Which expand their wings.

⁴ Ox-hides.

go forward⁵ and exhort each other, that Olympian Jove, the darter of lightning, may grant us repulsing the battle, to pursue 275 the enemy to the city."

Thus they shouting in front, excited the Achæans to combat⁶. And as flakes of snow fall thick upon a wintry day, when provident Jove has begun to snow upon mankind, producing his 280 arrows, and, having lulled the winds, he pours them⁷ down without ceasing, till he covers the tops and highest peaks of the lofty mountains, and the lotus-plains and rich works of men, and likewise they are poured upon the bays and promontories of the hoary sea, and the approaching wave melts⁸ them; but all other 285 things are covered beneath, when the shower of Jove comes down heavily; so flew the stones of these hurling thick on both sides, some against the Trojans, and others from the Trojans against the Achæans; and along the whole wall rose the tumult.

Nor even then would the Trojans and illustrious Hector have 290 burst open the gates of the wall, and the long bar, had not the provident Jupiter urged on his own son, Sarpedon, against the Argives, like a lion against curly-horned oxen. For he immediately held before him his shield on all sides equal, beautiful, 295 brazen, plated; which the smith had plated over, and underneath fastened together numerous bull's hides, with closely connected golden wires round its orb. This then holding before him, he advanced on, brandishing two spears, like a mountain-bred lion, which has been long in want of food, and his bold 300 spirit prompts him, in order to get at the sheep, to go in even to the close fold. For even if he find there the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks with dogs and spears, he cannot bear to fly without attempting the fold; but, springing in, either 305 snatches up one, or is himself wounded among the first by a javelin from a swift hand. So then did his spirit impel the godlike Sarpedon to attack the wall, and to burst through the bulwarks; and instantly he addressed Glaucus, son of Hippolochus:

"Glaucus, why are we most honored in Lycia, in seat⁹, in 310 meats, and in full cups, and why do all look to us, as to gods? Why possess we also a large and beautiful tract of vine-bearing and corn-bearing lands by the banks of Xanthus? For this—it now behooves us, advancing among the foremost Lycians, to 315 stand firm, and to encounter burning battle; in order that some

⁵ *i. e.* rather keep your face to the enemy.

⁶ Stirred up the battle of the Greeks. ⁷ His $\kappa\eta\lambda\alpha$ —snows, &c.

⁸ Checks.

⁹ Perhaps in council—or, more likely, at the head of the table.

of the closely-armed Lycians may say, ‘not ingloriously¹ do our
 320 kings govern Lycia, and eat the fat sheep, and the choice sweet
 wine; but their valour likewise is excelling, for they fight
 among the foremost Lycians.’ O my friend, if by avoiding this
 war, we could be forever exempt from old age and death²,
 325 neither would I myself combat in the van, nor urge thee into
 glorious battle. But now, notwithstanding ten thousand fates
 of death press upon us, which it is not possible for a mortal to
 escape or shun, let us go on—either we shall give glory to some
 one, or some one to us.”

Thus he spake, nor did Glaucus shrink, or refuse, but both
 330 went on, leading a vast body of Lycians. And seeing them,
 Menestheus, son of Peteus, shuddered, for they advanced to-
 wards his tower³, bringing destruction. And he looked round
 along the rampart⁴ of the Achæans, if he might see any of the
 335 leaders, who could repel the battle from his comrades; and ob-
 served the two Ajaxes, insatiable of war, standing, and Teucer,
 just come from his tent, near at hand. Yet it was not at all in
 his power, shouting, to be heard; for so great was the din; and
 the clash reached to heaven of stricken shields, and of horse-
 340 haired helmets, and of the gates. For all were closed; and they
 standing beside them, endeavoured to burst⁵ them open by force,
 and enter. And he hastily dispatched the herald Thoötes to
 Ajax:

“Go, noble Thoötes, run and call⁶ the Ajaxes—both in pre-
 345 ference, for that would be best of all—since fatal ruin will soon
 reach us here. For so much upon us press the leaders of the
 Lycians, who, before, have ever been impetuous in hard conflicts.
 And if to them also, there, labour and contest arise, let the brave
 350 Telemonian Ajax alone come, and with him let Teucer follow,
 well skilled in the bow.”

Thus he spake, nor did the herald, having heard him, diso-
 bey, but ran⁷ along the wall of the brazen-mailed Achæans, and
 proceeding, stood beside the Ajaxes, and immediately addressed
 them:

“Ye Ajaxes, leaders of brazen-mailed Achæans, the beloved
 355 son of Jove-supported Peteus, adjures you to go thither, that
 ye may share⁸ his toil, though ever so little *a while*—both indeed
 in preference, for that would be far the best of all—since fatal
 ruin will soon come there;—to such a degree press on him the

¹ Or, unworthily.

² Without old age, and immortal.

³ τον πύργον—*i. e.* the portion of the wall, where he was stationed.

⁴ πύργον—*i. e.* plainly, the wall.

⁵ Bursting to enter, &c.

⁶ Running, call, &c.

⁷ Went to run.

⁸ Meet, oppose.

leaders of the Lycians, who before have ever been impetuous 360
in hard conflicts. And if here also war and struggle arise, let
the brave Telamonian Ajax alone come, and with him let Teu-
cer follow, well skilled in the bow.”

Thus he spake, nor did the mighty Telamonian Ajax refuse.
Instantly he addressed the son of Oileus in these winged words: 365

“Ajax, here standing, do thou and the gallant Lycomedes
exhort the Danaans to fight bravely; and I will go thither and
share the battle; and will return again when I shall have well
assisted them.”

Thus then having spoken, Telamonian Ajax departed, and 370
with him went Teucer, his brother, and son of the same father;
and, along with them, Pandion carried the bent bow of Teucer.
As soon as they, going along within the wall, reached brave
Menestheus's tower—and they came up to them when they
were hard pressed, for the gallant leaders and chiefs of the Ly- 375
cians were mounting upon the bulwarks, like to a dark whirlwind
—then they set-to to battle against them, and the shout arose.
And Telamonian Ajax first slew a man, a comrade of Sarpedon,
the brave Epicles, striking him with a rugged stone, one which, 380
within the wall, large, lay at the top, by the battlement. A man
would not easily raise it with both hands, not even although in
his prime, one of such as men now are; but he, lifting it on
high, threw it, and burst the four-coned helmet, and crushed
along with it at once all the bones of the skull; and he, like to 385
a diver⁹, fell from the lofty tower, and his breath left his bones.
Teucer likewise, from the high wall, wounded, with an arrow,
Glaucus, the brave son of Hippolochus, *as he was* rushing on, *in*
the part where he saw his arm bared; and made him cease from
combat. And he sprang back from the wall, concealing himself, 390
that none of the Achæans might perceive him wounded, and
exult over him with words. And a pang came upon Sarpedon,
on account of the departure of Glaucus¹, for he perceived it at
once; but yet he was not neglectful of the contest; for he
struck Alcmaon, son of Thestor, hitting him with his spear, and 395
tore out the spear again; and Alcmaon, following the weapon,
fell prone, and his armour, diversified with brass, rattled about
him. And Sarpedon then seizing the battlement with his
strong hands, pulled, and it all gave way together; and the wall
above was laid bare, and it made a way for many². Then Ajax 400
and Teucer together charging, the one smote him with an arrow

⁹ *i. e.* head foremost.

¹ Glaucus departing.

² But they were prevented from passing through by Ajax.

upon the splendid belt³ of his huge shield, around his breast; but Jupiter averted the fate of his son, that he might not be slain at the stern of the ships. And Ajax, springing upon him, 405 struck his shield; and the spear pierced quite through, and forcibly repelled him, while rushing on. And then he fell back a little from the battlement, but did not altogether retreat, because his spirit hoped yet to bear away glory. And, turning round upon the godlike Lycians, he exhorted them:

“O Lycians, why thus do ye abate your vigorous exertions? 410 It is difficult for me, strong as I am, alone, breaking down *the wall*, to make a way to the ships. But follow along with me; the effect⁴ of numbers is better⁵.”

Thus he spake; and they, dreading their sovereign's rebuke, pressed on with more alacrity round their counselling king. 415 And the Argives, on the other side, strengthened their columns within the wall, and their work seemed great. For neither could the gallant Lycians, bursting through the wall of the Danaans, make their way to the ships, nor were the warlike Danaans 420 ever able to drive back the Lycians from the wall, since first they approached it. And as two men dispute in a common⁶ field respecting their boundaries,—holding measures in their hands—and contend in a small space about their just share⁷; so did the battlements separate these *warriors*, and, for them, each 425 struck the circular ox-hide shields and light bucklers on their breasts. And many were wounded upon the body with ruthless brass—both he of the combatants whose back, being turned, was exposed, and many quite through the shield itself. Every 430 where were towers and battlements sprinkled on both sides with the blood of heroes, from Trojans and Achæans. Yet not thus could they put the Achæans to rout⁸; but they held themselves, as an industrious⁹ and just woman *holds* scales, who, balancing¹ both the weight and the wool, weighs them, making 435 them equal on both sides, that she may procure a miserable support² for her children. Thus equally was their battle and war suspended, before *the time* when Jove gave superior glory to Hector, son of Priam, who first leaped within the wall of the

³ The *πελαμων* here seems to be the belt, by which the shield was suspended and which went across the breast—in the same manner as the sword-belt, only in a contrary direction.

⁴ Work.

⁵ The more we are the better our chance of success.

⁶ A portion of which—that upon which they stand—is claimed by both.

⁷ *ισης scil. μοιρας.*

⁸ Cause a flight of the Greeks.

⁹ One who works for her livelihood.

¹ Holding.

² Reward.

Achæans, and shouted with a loud voice, exclaiming to the Trojans:

“Push on, ye horse-taming Trojans; burst through the wall 440
of the Argives, and hurl the blazing fire among the ships!”

Thus he spake, cheering them on; and they all heard him with their ears, and advanced in great numbers right towards the wall; and then mounted the battlements, holding their sharp-pointed spears. And Hector, seizing a stone, bore it along 445
—one which stood before the gates, thick at the bottom, but above it was sharp; and it not two, the best men of the people, such as men now are, could easily raise with levers from the ground upon a wagon; but he, though alone, with ease brandished it, for the son of the wily Saturn had rendered it light 450
to him. And as when a shepherd carries without difficulty the fleece of a ram, taking it in one hand, and but a small weight presses him; so Hector, raising the stone, bore it right against the panels³ which strengthened the gates, very closely compacted, with double leaves, and lofty, and two cross bars held 455
them within, and to them one bolt was fitted⁴. Advancing, he stood very near, and, with his legs well apart, applying all his force, that the weapon might not be without effect, struck them in the middle. And he tore away both hinges, and the stone fell within through its weight: and the gates crashed around; 460
nor did the bolts withstand it, and the panels were split asunder in different directions by the force of the stone. And then illustrious Hector rushed in, resembling swift night in his aspect; and he glittered in terrible brass, which he had on around his body. And he held two spears in his hands, nor could any one, 465
opposing, restrain him, except the gods, after he had leaped within the gates; for his eyes flashed with fire. And, turning, he animated the Trojans throughout the crowd to climb over the wall, and they obeyed him exhorting *them*. And immediately some crossed the wall, and others poured in by the well-made⁵ gates; and the Danaans fled in terror to the hollow ships, 470
and a mighty tumult ensued.

³ As if they were both secured by one bolt—of course things of which no type exists, must be more or less obscure.

⁴ The panels clamped with the frame constituted the strength of the gates—but we know as little of the carpentry as of the fitting of the bars and bolts.

⁵ Made—as the effect of labour and art—strength is probably the idea meant to be conveyed.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who, losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus, having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcahous, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcahous.

But Jupiter, when he had brought¹ the Trojans and Hector to the ships, left them to sustain beside them labour and toil incessantly: and himself turned² from them his shining eyes, looking away towards the land of the equestrian Thracians and
5 the close-fighting Mysians, and the noble Hippemolgi, who live upon milk³, and are inoffensive⁴ and most just. And he no longer now turned his glittering eyes upon Troy; for he did not expect⁵ in his mind that any one of the immortals would go to aid either the Trojans or the Danaans.

10 But king Neptune was not unobservant⁶; for he sat aloft upon the highest summit of the woody Thracian Samos, admir-

¹ *i. e.* enabled them to break through the rampart, which protected the ships.

² *παλιν τρεπε*.—from W. to N.

³ Eaters of milk—mare's milk.

⁴ *αβιωων*—*i. e.* if from *βια*; but if from *βιος*—poor, or, possibly long lived.

⁵ Or, had no apprehensions.

⁶ But king Neptune did not keep a blind lookout.

ing⁷ the war and the battle. For from thence all Ida was visible, and the city of Priam was visible, and the ships of the Achæans. There then was he sitting, having come from the sea, and he pitied the Achæans, subdued by the Trojans; and strongly blamed Jove. And presently he descended from the rugged mountain, rapidly advancing on foot; and the high hills and woods trembled beneath the immortal feet of Neptune, as he walked. Thrice he strode, advancing, and with the fourth *stride* he reached his point, Ægæ; for there in the depths of the sea, noble mansions, golden, splendid, ever incorruptible, had been built for him. Coming thither, he harnessed⁸ to the car his brazen-footed horses, swiftly flying, with golden manes⁹. And he clad his body in gold¹; and he took his golden lash, beautifully fabricated, and mounted his car. And he drove² over the billows; and whales sported beneath him in all directions from their recesses, and they recognised their king³. And the sea made way⁴ with joy; and they flew very rapidly; nor was the brazen axle wetted beneath. And his good-springing horses bore him to the ships of the Achæans. 15 20 25 30

And there is an ample cave in the abysses of the deep sea, between Tenedos and rugged Imbrus. There Neptune, shaker of the earth, stopped his horses, loosing them from the car, and cast beside *them* ambrosial food to eat. And round their feet he threw golden fetters, invincible, insoluble, that they might there steadily await their king's return; and he departed towards the army of the Achæans. 35

And now the Trojans, in crowds, like to a flame or a storm, insatiably eager, followed Hector, son of Priam, with noise and tumult; for they hoped to capture the ships of the Achæans, and slay all the Achæans on the spot. But the earth-encircling earth-shaking Neptune, coming from the deep sea, roused the Argives, in the person⁵, and with the indomitable voice of Calchas. The Ajaxes first he addressed, though prompt themselves: 40 45

“Ajaxes, ye will preserve the people of the Achæans, mindful of valour, not of direful flight⁶. For in other places I dread not

⁷ *i. e.* contemplating with admiration.

⁸ *τιτυσχετο*—strictly the word only applies to the *reins*.

⁹ Being haired, or maned with golden manes.

¹ He put on gold around his person—*i. e.* he put on his golden mail.

² He went to drive. ³ Nor did they not recognise their king.

⁴ Stood apart.

⁵ Making himself in person and voice like Calchas.

⁶ *i. e.* by exerting your valour, and not thinking of flight.

50 the strong⁷ hands of the Trojans, who in crowds are crossing the vast rampart, for the well-armed Achæans will keep them in check. But here, however, I am grievously afraid lest we suffer something, where, like a flame, leads on that maddened Hector, 55 who boasts to be a child of almighty Jove. But may some of the gods thus put it in your minds⁸ to stand firmly yourselves, and to exhort others—by that means ye may drive him impetuous as he is, from the ships, though the Olympian himself urge him on.”

The earth-circling Neptune said, and touching both with his 60 sceptre, filled them with resolute courage, and made their limbs light—their feet below⁹, and hands above. And himself, as a swift-winged hawk springs to fly—one which, rising from a rugged lofty rock, rushes forward to pursue another bird over the 65 plains, so from them darted the earth-shaking Neptune. And of the two, fleet Ajax, son of Oileus, recognized him first, and immediately then addressed Ajax, the son of Telamon :

“*Courage!* Ajax, for one of the Gods who occupy Olympus, in the form of the prophet, exhorts us to fight beside the ships. 70 That is not Calchas, the prophetic augur, for I readily knew him from behind by his feet and legs¹, as he went away; and indeed Gods *are* easily known. And in myself the spirit in my bosom 75 is more excited to war and to fight, and my feet beneath and hands above ardently desire it.”

And to him the Telamonian Ajax, answering, said: “So also now do my strong hands desire to grasp the spear, and my courage rises, and by both my feet under me, am I urged along 80 —and I eagerly desire, even alone, to combat with Hector, son of Priam, insatiably ardent to fight.”

Thus they such words spoke to each other, eager with the desire of battle, which the God had infused into their minds. And, mean while, the earth-shaker roused the Achæans in the rear, who were recruiting their vigour² at the swift ships; for 85 their limbs were at once enfeebled with toilsome labour, and grief was in their minds, beholding the Trojans, who, in great numbers, had surmounted the vast rampart. Beholding them, they shed tears beneath their brows, for they said they should 90 not escape destruction: but the shaker of the earth going amongst them, easily roused the brave phalanxes. To Teucer and Leitus he came first, exhorting them, and to the hero Peneleus, and

⁷ Untouched, or that cannot be touched—*i. e.* not easily repelled.

⁸ So make it in the minds to you.

⁹ Understand εψεξθε. Comp. 75 of this book.

¹ Traces of legs and feet—*i. e.* his step and gait.

² Their heart.

Thoas, and Deipyrus, and to Meriones and Antilochus, skilful in war. These, encouraging, he addressed in winged words:

“O shame! Argives, young men; I trusted to you, by fight- 95
ing, to preserve our ships, but if ye relax in the destructive
battle, now is the day come to be subdued by the Trojans. Ye
gods, a marvel great is this I behold with my eyes—shocking, 100
what I never expected would come to pass—the Trojans ap-
proaching our ships—they who formerly resembled flying stags,
which in the forest, roaming there, feeble and not *fit* for combat,
are the prey of lynxes, pards, and wolves. So the Trojans for-
merly would not stand against the courage and strength of the 105
Achæans—not the least. And now, far from their city, at the
hollow ships they combat, through the cowardice³ of our com-
mander, and the indifference⁴ of the troops⁵, who, quarrelling
with him, will not defend the swift ships, but are slain among 110
them. But although in reality the hero, the son of Atreus, the
wide-ruling Agamemnon, be altogether in fault, because he in-
sulted the swift-footed son of Peleus, still it is not for us to
abandon the battle. But let us rather repair *the evil*; the hearts 115
of the brave are the repairers. Not with honour relax ye from
your brave exertions, the bravest as ye are in the army; nor
would I quarrel with a worthless man who skulked from combat;
but with you I am indignant at heart. O my friends, soon will 120
ye create some greater evil by this indifference: do then each
of you in your own hearts think of your own shame, and the
censure of *mankind*⁶; for now begins the mighty struggle.
Already the gallant Hector, victoriously, wars at the ships, and
has broken the gates and long bar.”

Thus then did the earth-shaker, exhorting, rouse the Achæ- 125
ans. And round the two Ajaxes stood firm phalanxes, which not
even Mars, coming amongst them, could have found fault with⁷,
nor Minerva, the stirrer-up of the people; for the bravest,
selected, awaited the Trojans and the noble Hector, joining 130
spear to spear, shield to shield, in closest order⁸. Then shield
supported shield, helmet helmet, and man man; and their
helmets, crested with horsehair, touched each other with their
splendid cones as they nodded⁹, so close they stood to one another;

³ Or iniquity.

⁴ Or secession.

⁵ *i. e.* of Achilles—or rather, the troops generally—as if they had become indif-
ferent to the contest from their disapprobation of Agamemnon’s conduct towards
Achilles.

⁶ *i. e.* the shame and blame that will follow your own negligence.

⁷ *i. e.* would have beheld with admiration.

⁸ From the roots.

⁹ Of them nodding.

- and quivering spears were brandished from their daring hands,
 135 and their minds were alert¹, and they burned to fight. But the collected Trojans first made the attack, and Hector led impetuous against them. As from a rock a stone, destructive in its course, which a wintry torrent hurls from the mountain top, bursting with a mighty flood the barriers of a rugged rock, flies bounding along, and the forest resounds beneath it: and irresistibly it runs unchecked till it reach the plain, and then rolls no longer, impetuous as it was—so Hector for a time threatens to come with ease as far as the sea, to the tents and ships of the Achæans, slaughtering. But when now he met with the firm phalanxes, he stopt, being come in close contact; and the opposing sons of the Achæans, striking with their swords and double-pointed spears, drove him from them; and, retreating, he was repulsed, and *he* cried, shouting aloud to the Trojans:
- 150 “Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardan warriors, stand firm. Not long will the Achæans withstand me, although they have drawn² themselves up like a rampart. But I think they will retreat from my spear, if in truth the best of the Gods, high-thundering husband of Juno, urges me on.”
- 155 So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each. And Deïphobus, son of Priam, went amongst them, proudly, and held his shield equal on all sides, before him, proceeding with light step, and advancing covered with his shield³; and Meriones took aim with his shining spear, and struck—nor missed—the bull’s-hide shield every where equal; but it pierced not through, for the long spear far before was broken at the extremity. And Deïphobus held away from him his bull’s-hide shield, and dreaded in his heart the spear of the warlike Meriones; and that hero
 165 fell back into the column of his comrades, and was grievously enraged on both accounts, as well for the *loss* of the victory, as for the spear which he had broken. And he set out to go along the tents and ships of the Achæans to fetch a long spear which had been left by him in his tent; and the rest continued fighting and a mighty tumult arose.
- 170 And Telamonian Teucer first slew a hero, warlike Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich in steeds; for he dwelt at Pedæum before the sons of the Achæans arrived, and had married Medesticaste, a spurious daughter of Priam. But when the ships of the Danaans, with oars on both sides, arrived, he came back to Ilium,
 175

¹ They thought straight—or their minds were right onward—*i. e.* they were eager to advance.

² Having drawn.

³ Going on lightly with his feet, and under his shield putting one foot before the other.

and was conspicuous among the Trojans; and dwelt with Priam, who honoured him equally with his own sons. Him then the son of Telamon smote under the ear with his long spear, and wrenched it out again; and he, on the other hand, fell like an ash, which, on the summit of a mountain conspicuous from afar, 180 cut down with an axe⁴, brings its young foliage to the earth. So he fell, and his armour diversified with brass, rang about him. And Teucer ran in, eager to strip him of his armour; and Hector hurled his shining spear at him *thus* running. But he however seeing the brazen spear coming in front, swerved a little; 185 and *Hector* wounded on the breast with his spear, Amphimachus, son of Cteas *who was* son of Actor, advancing to the battle; and, falling, *he* made a crash, and his arms rang upon him. And Hector rushed to tear from the head of the brave Amphimachus the helmet fitted to his brows; and Ajax hurled with his shining spear at Hector, while rushing in. But it never reached his 190 person, for indeed he was all covered with terrible brass; though he smote the boss of his shield, and drove him himself back with great violence; and he fell back from both bodies, and the Achæans dragged them off—Stichius and noble Menestheus, leaders 195 of the Athunians, took Amphimachus to the army of the Achæans; and the two Ajaxes, eager for impetuous combat, Imbrius. As two lions bear a goat through the thick underwood, snatching it from dogs with jagged teeth⁵, holding it high above the earth in their jaws; so the two warriors, the Ajaxes, holding him 200 (*Imbrius*) aloft, stripped off his armour; and the son of Oileus, enraged on account of Amphimachus, cut off his head from his soft neck, and rolling it, sent like a ball through the crowd, and it fell in the dust before the feet of Hector. 205

Then indeed was Neptune grieved at the heart for his grandson, fallen in dreadful combat; and hastened⁶ past the tents and ships of the Achæans, exhorting the Danaans, and preparing disasters for the Trojans. And the spear-famed Idomeneus met him, returning from a comrade, who had lately come to him 210 from the battle, wounded in the ham with a sharp spear, whom his comrades had carried in—he, having given directions to the surgeons, was returning from his tent, for he still desired to participate in the combat. And him king Neptune addressed, 215 assimilating his voice to that of Thoas⁷, the son of Andræmon, who governed the Ætoliens throughout all Pleuron and the lofty Calydon, and who was honored by the people as a god:

⁴ With brass.

⁵ *i. e.* from the dogs which had the care of the flocks.

⁶ βῆ ἰσχυρᾷ.

⁷ Assimilating himself, as to voice, to Thoas.

“ Idomeneus, commander of the Cretans, where are gone the
220 threats with which the sons of the Achæans threatened the
Trojans ?”

And to him, in reply, Idomeneus, the leader of the Cretans,
said ; “ No man, O Thoas, as far as I know, is now at least in
fault ; for we all know how to fight³. Neither does dispiriting
fear detain any one, nor does any one, yielding to sloth, avoid the
235 dire battle ; but thus, it seems, some how or other, to be agreea-
ble to the all-powerful son of Saturn, that the Achæans should
perish inglorious here, far from Argos. But, Thoas—for of old
thou also wert warlike, and didst rouse up another when thou
230 sawest him negligent—therefore neither now desist thyself, but
exhort each man.

And him answered then Neptune, the shaker of the earth :
“ Never may that man, O Idomeneus, more return from Troy,
but let him here be the sport of the dogs, whosoever of his own
will shall this day desist from fighting. Come then, fetch thy
235 weapons and come hither ; for it behooves us to be active to-
gether², that, though but two, we may be of some service. The
combined force of men, even of the worthless, is something—and
we both know how to fight even with the brave¹.”

So saying, the God departed again to the battle² of heroes.
240 And Idomeneus, when now he had arrived at his well-con-
structed tent, put on *his* rich armour round his body, and seized
two spears ; and hastened to go like to a thunder-bolt, which
the son of Saturn, seizing in his hand, hurls from the glittering
245 Olympus, showing a sign to mortals, for its rays are brilliant ;
so shone the brass around his breast as he ran³. And then
Meriones, his brave comrade, met him while yet near the tent ;
for he was going to fetch a brazen spear ; and the mighty Ido-
meneus⁴ addressed him :

250 “ Meriones, son of Molus, swift of foot, dearest of my com-
rades, why comest thou thus, quitting the war and the battle ?
Art thou at all wounded, and does the point of a spear afflict
thee ? Or comest thou after me with some message⁵ ? For I
myself am not desirous to sit within my tent, but to fight.”

255 And to him, in reply, the prudent Meriones said : “ Idome-
neus, commander of the brazen-mailed Cretans, I come, if any
spear be left thee in thy tents, to fetch it ; for we have just

³ *scil.* and of course *ready* to fight.

² To hasten these things.

² ἀμ. πονον for ἀνα πονον—to the toil.

⁴ The might of Idomeneus addressed.

¹ *i. e.* we are capable of fighting, &c.

³ Of him running.

⁵ Supply ἔνεχα.

broken what I had before, striking⁶ the shield of bold Deïphobus.”

And to him, in reply, Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, said: “Spears certainly, if thou wish them, one-and-twenty thou wilt 260 find, standing in the tent against the shining walls—Trojan ones, which I have taken from the slain; for I never think of fighting⁷, standing afar off, with foe-men. Therefore I have spears and bossy shields, and helmets, and corselets, brightly 265 shining.”

And to him, in reply, the prudent Meriones said: “In my tent too⁸ and black ship are many spoils of the Trojans; but they are not at hand to take them. For neither do I think that I am forgetful of valour⁹, but stand among the foremost in glorious¹ battle, whenever the strife of war arises. By others 270 of the brazen-mailed Achæans I may not have been observed fighting; but I think thou must thyself have seen me².”

And to him, in reply, Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, said: “I know what thou art as to valour; why needst thou name 275 these things? For if now at the ships all the bravest of us were selected for an ambuscade, where the courage of men is especially perceived, where the coward, and he who is brave is made apparent—for the colour of the coward varies³ from this 280 to that, nor is his heart within his bosom repressed, so as to sit quietly, but he cowers, and sits upon both his feet, and his heart greatly beats within his breast, expecting death, and there is a chattering of his teeth,—but the colour of the brave man neither changes, nor is he at all disturbed, after he first sits down in the 285 ambuscade of heroes, for he prays to mingle, as soon as possible, in direful fight—*no one*, in that case, would disparage thy courage and might. For if, labouring *in the battle*, thou wert wounded from a distance, or smitten in close fight, the weapon would not fall upon thy neck behind, nor upon thy back; but 290 either pierce thy breast, or thy belly, as thou wert rushing forward⁴ in the conflict of foremost combatants. Come then, let us no longer talk of these matters, like fools standing⁵; lest perhaps some one unjustly chide us; but, go to the tent, and choose thee a strong spear.”

Thus he spake, and Meriones, equal to swift Mars, speedily 295 took from the tent a brazen spear; and went, very eager for

⁶ Having struck.

⁸ To me at *my* tent.

¹ Giving glory to men.

³ Is turned, or turns.

⁵ Standing—*i. e.* doing nothing.

⁷ For I do not think to war.

⁹ *i. e.* am without it.

² Meriones was his second in command.

⁴ Of thee, rushing forward.

war, after Idomeneus. And as man-destroying Mars enters the battle, and with him follows Terror, his dear son, at the same time
 300 powerful and fearless, who strikes fear even into the resolute warrior—they⁶ then, from Thrace, arm against the Ephyri or the brave Phlegyans; nor listen to both, but give glory to one or the other⁷. Such advanced to battle Meriones and Idome-
 305 neus, leaders of heroes, armed in glittering brass: and Meriones first addressed him in these words:

“Son of Deucalion, where dost thou purpose to enter the throng? To the right of all the army, or at the centre—or upon the left? Since no where in the battle do I think that the
 310 long-haired Achæans so much require support⁸.”

And to him again in return Idomeneus, the leader of the Cretans, said: “At the ships in the centre there are both others to assist them, and the two Ajaxes⁹ and Teucer, who is the best of the Achæans in archery, and is also brave in standing fight;
 315 they will harass, to satiety¹, Hector, son of Priam, though eager for battle, and be he ever so stout. Hard will it be for him, although burning to fight, overpowering their might and strong hands, to set fire to the ships, unless the son of Saturn himself
 320 cast a flaming torch upon the swift ships. Not indeed will the mighty Telamonian Ajax yield to *any* man, who is a mortal, and eats the fruit of Ceres, and is penetrable to brass and huge stones. Nor would he give way to warlike² Achilles, at least in
 325 standing *fight*, though he is by no means able to contend with him with his feet. On with us, therefore, to the left of the army, that we may quickly know whether we shall give glory to any one, or any one to us.”

Thus he spake. And Meriones, equal to rapid Mars, began to proceed until they came to *that part of* the army where he
 330 bade him. But they, when *they* beheld Idomeneus, in his might resembling a flame, both himself and his comrade in curiously-wrought armour, exhorting each other along the crowd,—all advanced against him, and their battle was hand to hand at the sterns of the ships³. And as, when storms sweep along, *driven*
 335 by roaring winds, on a day when the dust upon the roads *is* very

⁶ Mars and Terror.

⁷ *i. e.* Both appealed to Mars, but He and Terror help only one. So the aid of Idomeneus and Meriones were alike required right and left, but they decide to go to the left.

⁸ In want of—defective in war—*i. e.* inferior in force, as in the left.

⁹ The Ajaxes had quitted the left to go to the assistance of Mnestheus. M. 373

¹ ἀδην.

² Who by his valour breaks the ranks of the enemy.

³ And the contest of them stood equal at the sterns of the ships.

abundant, and they (the winds) at the same time raise⁴ a large cloud of dust; so came on the battle of these together, and⁵ they were eager in their minds to slaughter one another throughout the throng with sharp brass. And horrible grows the combat, deadly to mortals, with the long spears which they held sharpened⁶; and the brazen splendour dazzled their eyes from the 340 glittering helmets, the newly-burnished corselets, and shining shields, coming together. Truly very brave-hearted would he have been, who beholding *their* toil, could then have rejoiced, and not been disturbed.

The two mighty sons of Saturn, favouring different sides, 345 prepared sad griefs for heroes⁷. On the other hand Jupiter willed victory to the Trojans and to Hector, glorifying the swift-footed Achilles; and did not desire to destroy entirely the Achæan people before Ilium, but honoured Thetis and her gallant-hearted son. On the other hand, Neptune, emerging 350 from the hoary deep, coming secretly amongst them, encouraged the Argives; for he grieved that they should be subdued by the Trojans; and was vehemently angry with Jupiter. Certainly to both the birth was the same, and their family one, but Jove was born first, and possessed more knowledge⁸. For this reason 355 also *Neptune* avoided assisting them openly, but always privately encouraged them in the army, in the shape of a man. These therefore, alternating, stretched out over both the rope of hard contest and destructive war, infrangible, and insoluble, 360 which relaxed the limbs⁹ of many.

Then, though advanced in years¹, Idomeneus, exhorting the Danaans, excited terror² among the Trojans, springing upon them; for he slew Othryoneus, who had come from Cabetes to Priam's³. He had lately arrived, on the report of the war⁴, and demanded Cassandra, the most beautiful in form of the 365 daughters of Priam, without giving a dowry, but he had promised a mighty deed, to drive in spite of them the sons of the Achæans from Troy. And to him the aged Priam had promised her, and engaged⁵ to give her; and he fought, trusting to his 370 promises. But Idomeneus took aim at him with his shining

⁴ Make to stand.

⁵ *i. e.* both parties.

⁶ Fit for cutting bodies,

⁷ Men *who are* heroes—heroic men.

⁸ And knew more things—*i. e.* had more experience—universally, in Homer, age measures knowledge.

⁹ Knees.

¹ Half grey.

² *i. e.* had routed them.

³ Being within from Cabetes—*i. e.* being a guest of Priam.

⁴ Unless the phrase means—in pursuit of martial glory.

⁵ *κατεβυσε*—bowed with the head.

spear, and hurling it, smote him, stalking proudly along; nor did the brazen corselet which he wore resist⁶ it, but he fixed it in the middle of his belly; and falling, he made a crash; and the *other* gloried *over him*, and said:

“Othryoneus! above all mortals will I extol thee, if thou
 375 wilt now in truth accomplish all which thou didst undertake for Priam, descendant of Dardanus, when he⁷ promised thee his daughter. We likewise will promise the same things, and accomplish them for thee. And we will give thee the fairest of the daughters of the son of Atreus to wed, fetching her from
 380 Argos, if along with us thou wilt destroy the well-inhabited city of Ilium. Follow then, that we may settle with thee about the marriage at the sea-crossing ships; for we are by no means bad fathers-in-law⁸.”

So saying, the hero Idomeneus dragged him by the foot through the fierce battle. But Asius came as an avenger to him
 385 on foot, before his (own) horses—and them his attendant driver always kept breathing upon his shoulders—for he burned in his soul to strike Idomeneus; but anticipating him, Idomeneus smote him with his spear in the throat, below the chin, and drove the
 390 weapon quite through. And he fell, as when some oak falls, or white poplar, or lofty pine, which builders⁹ have cut down upon the mountains with newly-sharpened axes, to become ship-timber. So he lay, stretched before his horses and chariot, gnashing his teeth, *and* grasping the bloody dust. And his driver was deprived¹ of the senses, which he before had, nor did he dare—
 395 escaping from the hands of the enemy—to turn back his horses; and him stout Antilochus, hitting, transfixing in the middle with his spear; nor did the brazen corselet which he wore resist *it*, but he fixed it in the middle of his belly. Then, panting, Asius
 400 fell from the well-made car, and Antilochus, the son of the brave Nestor, drove away the horses from the Trojans to the well-armed Achæans.

And Deïphobus, enraged on account of Asius, approached very near to Idomeneus, and darted with his shining spear. But Idomeneus beholding it *coming* against *him*, avoided the brazen
 405 spear, for he concealed³ himself behind his shield equal on all sides, which he carried, formed of the hides of oxen and of glittering brass, furnished with two handles⁴. Behind this he collected himself entirely⁵, and the brazen spear flew over him.

⁶ Was not sufficient to repel it.

⁷ And he.

⁸ *i. e.* not illiberal ones.

⁹ Artificers of men.

¹ Was stricken as to, &c.

³ Was concealed.

⁴ Osiers.

⁵ *i. e.* he cowered under his shield.

And his shield returned a dry sound⁶, as the spear sprang close 410 over it. Yet *Deïphobus* sent it not in vain from his heavy hand, but struck *Hypsenor*, the son of *Hippäsus*, shepherd of people, upon the liver, below the midriff, and immediately loosened his knees under him. And *Deïphobus* gloried prodigiously over him, loudly exclaiming :

“Surely not unavenged lies *Asius*; and I think that he, in going to the strong-gated, massy *mansion* of *Hades*, will rejoice 415 in his mind, since I have given to him a companion.”

Thus he spake; and a pang came upon the *Argives* at his boast⁷; and particularly did he shake the soul of the warlike *Antilochus*. Yet, grieved as he was, he neglected not his comrade, but running, protected him, and covered him over with 420 his shield. Him then his two dear comrades, *Mecisteus*, son of *Echius*, and noble *Alastor*, supporting, bore to the hollow ships, *themselves* groaning deeply. But *Idomeneus* remitted not his mighty valour; and always burned either to cover some of the 425 *Trojans* with pitchy night⁸, or to fall himself with a crash, in repelling destruction from the *Achæans*. Then the hero *Alcathous*, the beloved son of princely *Æsyetas*—and he was the son-in-law of *Anchises*, for he had married *Hippodameia*, the eldest of his daughters, whom her father and venerable mother 430 loved from their hearts, *whilst* in their house, because she excelled all of her age in beauty, in accomplishments, and intelligence⁹, for which reason also the most distinguished man in wide *Troy* had married her—him then *Neptune* subdued under *Idomeneus*, blinding¹ his shining eyes, and fettered his fair 435 limbs. For he was able neither to fly back nor to turn aside; and, standing motionless, like a pillar or high-topped tree, the hero *Idomeneus* wounded him with his spear in the middle of the breast, and burst the brazen coat around him, which before warded off destruction from his body; and it then sent forth a 440 dry sound, severed by the spear; and falling, he gave a crash, and the spear was fixed in his heart, which, palpitating, shook even the handle of the spear; and there at length the strong *Mars*² remitted his *force*. And *Idomeneus* gloried greatly over 445 him, loudly exclaiming :

“Well, O *Deïphobus*, we consider, three³ being killed for one,

⁶ As *Virgil's* “*aridus fragor*.”

⁷ He glorying.

⁸ Night of *Erebus*—*i. e.* death.

⁹ Mind—*i. e.* prudence.

¹ *i. e.* by a sort of spell.

² *Αρης*—attributing every thing in battle to *Mars*—the word represents, occasionally, valour, arms, battle, &c.—as here it does the spear.

³ *i. e.* *Othryoneus*, *Asius*, and *Alcathous*, for *Hypsenor*, whom *Deïphobus* had killed.

at least some equivalent⁴, since thou boastest in this way. But stand thyself also, friend, against me, that thou mayest know what I am⁵, *who* come hither, the descendant of Jove—he who
 450 first begot Minos, the Governor of Crete; and Minos, again, begot Deucalion, his illustrious son, and Deucalion begot me, king over many men in extensive Crete. And now my ships have brought me hither, an evil both to thee and to thy father, and the other Trojans.”

455 Thus he spake, and Deiphobus hesitated between two measures⁶, whether, falling back, he should associate with himself one of the brave Trojans, or even alone make the attempt⁷; and to him, thus meditating, it appeared to be best to go in search of Æneas. And him he found standing in the rear of the army,
 460 for he was ever at enmity with noble Priam, because indeed Priam by no means honoured him, though valiant among heroes. And, standing near, he addressed him in *these* winged words:

“Æneas, commander of Trojans, now does it greatly behove thee to protect thy brother-in-law, if indeed any regard⁸ *for*
 465 *him* touches thee. Follow then that we may bring aid to Alca-thous⁹, who being thy brother-in-law, nourished thee whilst very young in his mansions, and whom spear-skilled Idomeneus hath slain.”

Thus he spake and roused the courage in his breast; and he went in pursuit of Idomeneus greatly desirous of battle. Yet
 470 fear seized not Idomeneus, like a young child, but he stood firm, as when some boar in the mountains, confident in his strength, which abides the mighty tumult of men coming against him, in a desert place, and upwards bristles his back; and his eyes flash
 475 with fire, and he sharpens his teeth, eager to repulse both dogs and men. So spear-famed Idomeneus awaited Æneas, rapid in combat, coming against him, nor retired; but shouted to his comrades, looking out to Ascalaphus, and Aphareus, and Deipy-rus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, skilful in fight. Exhorting
 480 these, he addressed them in winged words:

“Hither, my friends, and succour me here all alone, for I greatly fear swift-footed Æneas, charging, who is approaching me—who is very powerful to slay men in battle, and possesses the bloom of youth, which is the greatest advantage. For if

⁴ *i. e.* as good a ground of boasting as any deed of thine.

⁵ What a man I come.

⁶ Deliberated two ways.

⁷ *i. e.* against Idomeneus.

⁸ *κηδος*—*i. e.* affinity—or regard on account of affinity.

⁹ *i. e.* to bring off the body.

we were of the same age, with this spirit, either he would 485
quickly bear off great glory, or I *myself* should bear it off."

Thus he spake: and then all, having one determination in
their minds, stood near him, placing¹ their shields upon their
shoulders. And Æneas, on the other side, animated his compan-
ions, casting his eyes upon Deiphobus, and Paris, and the 490
noble Agenor, who, together with himself, were leaders of the
Trojans. And then followed the people, as sheep follow from
their pasture after the ram to drink; and the shepherd then
rejoices in mind. So was the soul of Æneas gladdened in his 495
breast, when he beheld a body of troops following himself.
These therefore engage hand to hand round Alcathous with long
spears, and on their breasts rang horribly the brass, each
aiming at the other in the crowd. But two warlike men, super-
ior to the rest, Æneas and Idomeneus, each equal to Mars, 500
burned to wound each other's bodies with the ruthless brass.
And Æneas first hurled his javelin at Idomeneus; but he perceiv-
ing it coming towards him, avoided the brazen spear; and the
spear of Æneas fell² quivering to the earth, for it sprang in vain
from his strong hand. And next Idomeneus smote CEnomäus in 505
the middle of the belly, and the spear burst the cavity of his
corselet, and, piercing, let out³ his entrails; and, falling amid
the dust, he grasp the earth with his hand⁴. And Idomeneus
plucked out the long spear from his body, but was unable to tear 510
off the other rich armour from his shoulders, for he was pressed
with weapons. For no longer were the joints of his feet firm as
he rushed, either to spring after his own weapon, or avoid *that*
*of another*⁵. Wherefore also in standing fight he warded off the
fatal day, nor did his feet longer bear him with ease in retreat- 515
ing⁶ from the battle. Against him, thus slowly retiring, Deï-
phobus hurled his glittering lance, for he had ever a rooted
hatred towards him⁷. But then too he missed him, and struck
with his javelin Ascalaphus, the son of Mars, and drove the
strong spear through his shoulder; and falling amid the dust, 520
Ascalaphus grasped the earth with his hand.

Not yet, however, had loudly-roaring, fierce Mars heard that
his son had fallen in the fierce fight; but he sat at the time
beneath golden clouds upon the summit of Olympus, excluded
from the battle by the counsels of Jove, where also the other

¹ *i. e.* making a line of shields for the protection of Idomeneus.

² Went. ³ And drank his bowels through—or tapped them. ⁴ Palm.

⁵ Firm to him attacking, neither indeed to rush on after his own weapon, nor to
avoid. ⁶ To fly.

⁷ *i. e.* because he had missed his aim at Idomeneus before.

525 immortal gods were restrained from the war. In the mean time they (*Trojans and Achæans*) engage hand to hand round Ascalaphus. And Deïphobus tore the shining helmet from Ascalaphus; and Meriones, equal to swift Mars, springing upon him, smote
 530 him with his spear in the arm, and the crested helmet, falling from his hand, rang upon the earth. And Meriones, again springing forward upon him, like a vulture, plucked out the tough spear from the lower part of his arm, and retired again upon the column of his comrades. And Polites his own brother⁸, throwing his hands round his middle, carried him out of the
 535 horrid-sounding battle, till he reached his fleet horses, which awaited him⁹ in the rear of the combat and the war, with the driver and a variegated car; which then carried him towards the city, groaning heavily, and exhausted; and the blood flowed from
 540 his lately-wounded hand. But the others fought on, and a mighty clamour arose; and Æneas, rushing upon Aphareus, the son of Caletor, struck him with his sharp spear upon the throat, as he was turned towards him. And his head hung on one side, and his shield followed, and his helmet; and destructive¹ death
 545 poured around him. And Antilochus, watching Thoas turning round, attacked and wounded him²; and cut away all the vein, which, running quite along the back, reaches the neck. All this he cut away; and Thoas fell prone in the dust, extending
 550 both hands to his beloved comrades. And Antilochus sprang upon him, and stripped the armour from his shoulders, looking around; and the Trojans around, on every side, struck his broad and ornamented³ shield with their darts, but they were not able to graze with the dire brass the soft skin of Antilochus behind it; because the earth-shaking Neptune protected the son of
 555 Nestor all around, even among many weapons. For never was he without his enemies⁴; but he turned himself about against them; nor did he hold his spear without motion, but ever brandished, it was whirled around; and he purposed in his mind either to hurl it at some one afar off, or to rush upon some one
 560 close at hand⁵. And intending this amid the throng, he escaped not the observation of Adamas, the son of Asius, who smote him in the middle of his shield with his sharp spear⁶, rushing close to him; but the azure-haired Neptune weakened the spear, grudging him the life of *Antilochus*. Part of it remained there,

⁸ *i. e.* of Ascalaphus.

⁹ Which stood for him.

¹ Which takes away the soul.

² Attacking, wounded him.

³ Or rather the shield that turned in all directions, with the quick movements of Antilochus.

⁴ *i. e.* they were on every side.

⁵ ακοντισσαι and σχεδον ὀρμηθηναι.

⁶ Brass.

like a stake burned in the fire, in the shield of Antilochus, and 565
 the other half lay upon the ground; and he retired back upon
 the column of his comrades, shunning death. But Meriones,
 following him as he retreated⁷ smote him with his spear between
 the groin and the naval, where a wound⁸ is particularly painful
 to miserable mortals. There he fixed the spear in him; and 570
 he falling⁹, struggled around the spear, as an ox, whom cow-
 herds in the mountains forcibly binding with twisted cords, lead
 away against his will. So the wounded man struggled, though
 for a short time—not very long—until the hero Meriones, coming
 near, plucked the spear from his body; and darkness covered 575
 his eyes.

And Helenus, close at hand, struck Deïpyrus with his huge
 Thracian sword upon the temple, and cut away the three-coned
 helmet; which dashed off, fell upon the ground—and some one
 of the combating Achæans lifted it up, while rolling at his feet
 —and pitchy night covered his eyes. Then grief seized the 580
 son of Atreus, the gallant Menelaus, and he advanced, threaten-
 ing the hero, prince Helenus, and brandishing his sharp spear;
 and the other drew the horn¹ of his bow. Together then they
 rushed—the one was eager to launch his sharp spear, and the 585
 other an arrow from the string. Then the son of Priam smote
 him with an arrow at the breast, on the cavity of the corselet,
 but the deadly arrow glanced off. And as when from a broad
 winnowing fan, in a large threshing floor, black-skinned beans
 or vetches rebound under the shrill blast and the violence of the 590
 winnower; so, strongly repelled off by the corselet of the glori-
 ous Menelaus, the deadly arrow flew afar. And then brave
 Menelaus, son of Atreus, struck the hand with which he (Helen-
 us) held *his* well-polished bow; and the brazen spear drove
 to the other side, through his hand, into the bow². And Hele- 595
 nus retired back upon the column of his comrades, avoiding
 death, *and* hanging down his hand at his side, and the ashen
 spear was dragged along with him. And *then* the noble Agenor
 extracted it from his hand, and bound up *the hand* itself with
 well-twisted wool³—a sling, which an attendant carried for him, 600
 the shepherd of the people. And Pisander went direct against
 the glorious Menelaus, for evil fate led him towards the goal⁴ of
 death, to be subdued by thee, O Menelaus, in dire battle. When

⁷ *i. e.* backward, with his face to the enemy.

⁸ ἀγρῆς. See 444 of this book.

⁹ Following.

¹ See A. 375.

² Perhaps—through the hand with the bow in it.

³ Sheep's wool—of which the sling was made. It was, apparently, untwisted,
 and applied as a bandage.

⁴ The end.

therefore they were near, advancing against each other, the son
 605 of Atreus missed his stroke, and the spear turned aside; and
 Pisander smote the shield of the glorious Menelaus, but was
 unable to drive the spear quite through; for the broad shield
 repelled it, and the spear was broken at the extremity; still
 he exulted in his mind, and hoped for victory. And the son of
 610 Atreus, drawing his silver-studded sword, sprang upon Pisander;
 and he (*Pisander*) took from beneath his shield a handsome
 battle-axe of brass, with an olive-tree handle, long and well-
 polished; and at once they rushed at each other. Then he
 (*Pisander*) cut away the cone of the helmet, thick with horse-
 615 hair, under the very crest; but *Menelaus smote* him, while
 advancing, upon the forehead, above the extremity of the nose;
 and the bones crashed, and both his eyes fell at his feet upon
 the ground in the dust, covered with blood: and falling, he
 writhed. And the other (*Menelaus*) placing his heel upon his
 breast, stripped him of his armour, and, boasting, uttered this
 speech:
 620 "Thus⁵ at length will ye leave⁶ the ships of the Danaans
 possessed of fleet horses, ye treaty-breaking Trojans, insatiable
 of dire battle. In other wrong and baseness were ye not want-
 ing, with which ye wronged me, ye worthless dogs; nor dreaded
 ye at all in your minds the severe anger of high-thundering
 Jove, *guardian* of hospitalities⁷, who will yet destroy for you
 625 your lofty city—ye who unprovoked departed, carrying off my
 own wedded wife and many treasures, after ye had been hospi-
 tably received at her house. Now, again, ye eagerly desire
 to hurl destructive fire upon our sea-crossing ships, and to slay
 630 the Achæan heroes. But ye shall yet be restrained, impetuous
 as ye are, from war. O, father Jove, they say indeed that thou
 exceedest others, *both* men and gods, in wisdom, yet from thee
 do all these things proceed—how much dost thou gratify these
 insolent Trojans, whose force is ever iniquitous, nor can they be
 635 glutted with destructive war! There is satiety of all things, of
 sleep, and of love, and of sweet singing, and of graceful dancing
 —things with which one is ever more eager to satisfy his desires,
 than with war; but the Trojans are insatiable in fight."
 640 Having thus spoken, the illustrious Menelaus, stripping the
 bloody armour from the body, gave *it* to his companions; and
 himself, advancing, was again mixed with the foremost com-
 batants. Then Harpalion, the son of king Pylæmenes,—who

⁵ Thus—*i. e.* by losing your chiefs one after another.

⁶ Leave—*i. e.* give up your attempt on the ships.

⁷ He is here alluding to the insult offered by Paris to him.

had accompanied his beloved father to Troy, to make war, leapt upon him, nor returned *he* back to his native land. He then, 645 near at hand, struck the middle of Atrides' shield with his lance, nor was he able to drive the brass through; but retired back upon the column of his comrades; avoiding death, looking round on all sides, lest any one should strike⁸ his body with a spear. Meriones, however, sent a brazen arrow at him, departing, and 650 struck him upon the right hip; and the arrow penetrated to the other side, through the bladder, below the bone. Sinking down, therefore, in the same place, and breathing out his life in the arms of his beloved comrades, he lay, stretched upon the 655 ground like a worm; and his black blood flowed and wetted the earth. Of him the brave Paphlagonians took care, and, lifting him upon a car, bore him to sacred Ilium, grieving *for him*; and with them went his father, shedding tears: but there was no revenge for his dead son.

And Paris was greatly enraged in his soul on account of the 660 slain⁹, for he had been his guest among many Paphlagonians; filled with anger on his account, he sent forth a brazen arrow. And there was one Euechor, a son of the seer Polyeidus, both wealthy and brave, inhabiting mansions at Corinth, who, well 665 aware of his fatal destiny, had arrived in a ship. For often had Polyeidus, the good old man, told him, that he would perish in his halls of a grievous disease, or be subdued by the Trojans at the ships of the Achæans; by this¹ then he avoided at once the severe fine² of the Achæans and odious disease, that he might 670 not suffer sorrows³ in his mind. Him he (*Paris*) smote below the jaw and ear; and the soul quickly departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness seized him.

Thus then they fought like to a glowing fire. And Hector, beloved of Jove, had not learned, nor at all knew, that at the 675 left⁴ of the ships his people were slaughtered by the Argives, and that the victory⁵ would soon be the Achæans⁷—for so much did the earth-shaking Neptune excite the Argives, and himself besides assisted with his might; but he (*Hector*) pressed on *in the direction* where first he had sprung within the gates and 680 wall, breaking the close ranks of the shielded Danaans. There were the ships of Ajax and Protesilæus, drawn up upon the shore of the hoary sea; and before⁶ them the wall was built

⁸ Touch.⁹ Harpalion.¹ *i. e.* by going to Troy.² Which would have been levied on him for refusing the service. Corinth was under the authority of Agamemnon.³ Or the pain of disease.⁴ *i. e.* with reference to the Achæans—towards the Simois.⁵ Glory.⁶ Above.

lowest⁷, where themselves and their horses were most impetuous
 685 in combat. And there⁸ the Bœotians and long-robed Iæonians,
 the Locrians, and the Phthians, and illustrious Epeians, kept
 him from the ships, fiercely rushing on; but were unable to
 drive away from them the noble Hector, resembling a flame.
 Of the Athenians, some stood in the van, and among them
 690 Menestheus, the son of Peteus, had the command; and with him
 followed Pheidias, and Stichius, and the Brave Bias. And Meges
 the son of Pyleus, and Amphion, and Dracius, commanded the
 Epeians; and at the head of the Phthians were Medon and
 stout Podarces—Medon was a bastard son of the noble Oïleus,
 695 brother of Ajax, and dwelt at Phylæce, away from his native
 country, having murdered a man, the brother of his step-mother
 Eriopis, whom Oïleus had married; but the other (*Podarces*)
 was the son of Iphiclus, son of Phylæcus—these in arms at the
 head of the brave Phthians, fought along with the Bœotians,
 700 defending the ships. And Ajax, the swift son of Oïleus, never
 at all stood apart from the Telamonian Ajax, not a little; but as
 in a fallow field two dark bullocks, possessed of equal spirit,
 drag the compacted plough, and much sweat breaks out about
 705 the roots of their horns, and the well-polished yoke alone divides
 them⁹, stepping along the furrow, and *the plough* cuts up the
 bottom of the soil; so they, joined together, stood very near to
 each other. Many and brave troops indeed followed the son of
 710 Telamon as comrades, who received from him his shield, when-
 ever fatigue and sweat came upon his knees¹. But the Locrians
 followed not the brave son of Oïleus, for their heart remained
 not firm to them in standing fight, because they had not brazen
 715 helmets, crested with horse-hair, nor had they good rounded
 shields and ashen spears; but they accompanied him to Ilium,
 trusting to their bows and their slings²: with which they, fre-
 quently throwing at them, broke the phalanxes of the Trojans.
 Then indeed did these (*the Ajaxes*) in the van, in their curiously
 720 wrought armour, fight against the Trojans and brazen-mailed
 Hector, and their *troops*, shooting in the rear, were unseen: nor
 were the Trojans any longer mindful of combat³, for the arrows
 threw them into confusion. Then would the Trojans have re-

⁷ *i. e.* where Ajax was posted—there the rampart was built lowest.

⁸ *i. e.* where Hector broke in and rushed upon the ships.

⁹ And the well-polished yoke alone between them keeps *them* apart.

¹ Upon him as to the knees.

² The well-twisted wool of a sheep. See 599 of this book.

³ *i. e.* they were too much occupied in protecting themselves from the missiles of the enemy—they did not themselves attack.

treated with loss from the ships and tents to lofty Ilium, had not Polydamas, standing near, addressed the brave Hector: 725

“Hector, art thou incapable of yielding⁴ to advice? Because God hath given thee, above *others*, warlike deeds⁵, for that reason dost thou also desire to be more skilled than others in council? But thou canst not by any means thyself obtain all things at once. For to one has God given the deeds of war; and to 730 another dancing; and to another the harp and singing; and in another, again, the far-sounding Jove implants a good understanding in his bosom, and many men reap the advantage of it; and it preserves cities; and the possessor himself especially knows *its value*. And I will speak as appears to me to be best; 735 for the circle⁶ of war burns round thee on all sides, and the brave Trojans, since they have crossed the rampart, some stand aloof with their arms, and others fight, the fewer against the more, scattered among the ships. But, retiring, *do thou* summon 740 hither all the chiefs. And there may we better discuss the whole matter—whether we shall fall upon the many-benched ships, or if the deity give us power, return back, whilst we are safe, from the ships; for indeed I fear lest the Achæans will ac- 745 quit their yesterday’s debt, since an hero, insatiable in war, still remains at the ships, who I think will certainly no longer abstain from battle.”

Thus spake Polydamas, and the prudent advice pleased Hector. And immediately he leaped with his armour from his car to the ground, and, addressing him, spake *these* winged words: 750

“Polydamas, retain thou here all the bravest, and I will go there⁷ and encounter the battle. And I will come back again forthwith, when I have given proper orders to the *troops*.”

He said, and rushed on like to a snowy mountain⁸ shouting, and flew through the Trojans and allies. And the *others* all 755 crowded round the valour-loving Polydamas, son of Panthous, when they heard the shout of Hector. And he (*Hector*) ranged through the foremost combatants, seeking Deiphobus, and the might of prince Helenus, and Adamas, the son of Asias, and Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, if he could any where find them. 760 And them he found no longer unhurt, nor undestroyed; for some now lay at the sterns of the ships of the Achæans, having lost their lives by the hands of the Argives; and others were within the rampart⁹, smitten from a distance, or wounded close at hand.

⁴ Or, there is no making thee yield, &c.

⁵ *i. e.* has given thee strength and daring to *perform*.

⁶ Crown.

⁷ *i. e.* to the left. See 675.

⁸ Compare Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 701.

⁹ *i. e.* by the ships.

765 But quickly found he, on the left of the lamentable¹ battle, noble Alexander, husband of the fair-haired Helen, encouraging his companions, and exhorting them to fight; and, standing near, *he* addressed him with insulting words:

“Accursed Paris, brave only in person, woman-mad, trickster,
770 where are Deiphobus and the might of prince Helenus, and Adamas, the son of Asias, and Asius, the son of Hyrtacus? Where also is Othryoneus? Now lofty Ilium all perishes from its summit—now its fearful destruction is sure.”

And to him in return, godlike Alexander said; “Hector, as thou art resolved² to blame me when blameless, *I must speak*.
775 At other times I may have seemed to skulk from battle, *but not now*; for neither did my mother bear me altogether unwarlike. For from the time thou didst stir up the battle of thy comrades at the ships, from that time, remaining here, have we engaged
780 incessantly with the Danaans: but *those* comrades are dead for whom thou inquirest. Deiphobus and the might of prince Helenus alone are withdrawn, both wounded in the hand with long spears; but the son of Saturn has warded off their death. Lead on them now, wheresoever thy heart and soul urge thee;
785 and we will follow with determined minds, nor do I think that thou wilt be at all in want of valour, as far as our strength will admit³. But it is not possible, even for him who keenly desires it, to fight beyond his strength.”

So saying, the hero soothed the rage⁴ of his brother. And onwards to the spot, where especially was the battle, and the
790 contest, hastened⁵ Cebriones, and good Polydamas, Phalces, and Orthæus, and godlike Polyphetes, and Palmys, and Ascanius and Morys, sons of Hippotion—who the morning before had come from fertile Ascinia, to take their turn of service⁶; for Jove
795 then urged them to fight. And they marched, like the blast of boisterous winds, which rushes down to the plain, *urged* by the thunder of father Jove, and mingles with the ocean in wild tumult; and in it *rise* many boiling billows of the far-sounding sea, swollen, whitened with foam, first some, and then others
800 after. So the Trojans, first some, in battle array⁷, and then others glittering in brass, followed along with their leaders:

¹ Causing tears.

² Since *it is thy* mind to thee.

³ As much strength as is present.

⁴ φρενες.

⁵ Βαν δ' ἡμεν—ἀμφι τε Κεβριονην, &c. *scil. οἱ*. Those about Cebriones set out to go—*i. e.* Cebriones and his troops, &c.

⁶ ἀμοιβαι—successors—reliefs. The length of the war, it may be supposed, had made such an arrangement expedient for the allies.

⁷ *i. e.* ἀρροστες—*i. e.* in compact bodies.

And Hector, the son of Priam, equal to man-slaying Mars, led the van, and held before him a shield, on all sides equal, thick with hides; and much brass was laid over them: and round his temples his refulgent helmet nodded. Stepping forward, he tried the phalanxes around on every side, if perchance they would give way to him, advancing under *cover* of his shield. Yet he disturbed not the courage of the Achæans in their breasts: and Ajax, advancing with long strides first challenged him:

“Come nearer, friend; why frightenest⁸ thou the Argives thus? Not unskilful in battle are we Achæans—but we are subdued by the evil scourge of Jove. Thy soul hopes, without doubt, to plunder the ships; but we too have hands to repulse thee speedily⁹. And long before¹ shall your well inhabited city be taken by our hands and destroyed. And to thee thyself I say, the time is near, when flying, thou shalt pray to father Jove and the other immortals, to have² beautiful horses, swifter than hawks, which shall bear thee to the city, raising up the dust on the plain.”

Whilst he was thus speaking, a bird flew over on the right—a lofty-flying eagle; and at it the people of the Achæans shouted, encouraged by the omen. And the illustrious Hector replied:

“O babbling and bull-headed³ Ajax, what hast thou said? Would that I were as surely so for ever⁴ a child of ægis-bearing Jove, and the imperial Juno had borne me, and that I were honoured as Minerva and Apollo are honoured, as that now this day certainly brings woe on all the Argives: and among them shalt thou be slain, if thou darest to abide my long spear, which shall tear for thee thy dainty person; and thou shalt glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans with thy fat and flesh, falling beside the ships of the Achæans.”

Thus then having spoken, he led on: and they followed along with him with a mighty shout, and the troops likewise shouted in the rear. And the Argives, on the other side, raised a shout, nor were forgetful of their valour, but awaited the bravest of the advancing Trojans. And the cry of both reached to the heavens, and to the splendours of Jove.

⁸ *i. e.* triest to do so.

⁹ To us also there are hands immediately to repulse thee.

¹ *i. e.* before you take our ships.

² That there be *to thee*, &c.

³ *Βουγαίς*—bull of the earth—brute—the epithet, doubtless, is levelled at the bulk, and implied stupidity of the hero.

⁴ All days.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon and the other wounded chiefs, taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno, having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians.

AND the shouting escaped not entirely the observation of Nestor, although drinking; but he addressed these winged words to the son of Esculapius: "Think, noble Machaon, how these things will be¹; greater certainly *grows* the shouting of the vigorous youth at the ships. But sit thou here now, and
5 drink² the dark wine, until the fair-haired Hecamede has heated the warm baths, and washed away thy bloody gore; and I, going with speed to a watch tower, will gather information³."

So saying, he took the well-made shield of his own son
10 Thrasymedes, tamer of horses, *which was* lying in the tent, shining with brass—for Thrasymedes had his father's shield—and seized a strong spear, pointed with sharp brass; and stood without the tent, and soon beheld a shocking work—the *Achæans*
15 in confusion, and the insolent Trojans routing them in their rear; and the rampart of the Achæans beaten down. And as when the vast sea with silent wave is perturbed—foreboding thus the rapid courses⁴ of shrill winds—and rolls neither one way nor the other, before some decisive blast comes down from Jove;
20 so meditated the old man, distracted in his mind between two opinions—whether he should go to the throng of Danaans, posses-

¹ *i. e.* what is, or is going to be the matter.

² Sitting, drink.

³ *i. e.* and going to some look-out (some open or elevated spot), I will soon learn the cause.

⁴ Ways.

sed of fleet horses, or towards Agamemnon, son of Atreus, shepherd of people. And to him, thus reflecting, it appeared to be preferable to proceed in search of the son of Atreus. And the armies meanwhile slaughtered each other, maintaining the fight⁵; 25 and the solid⁶ brass around their bodies rang, as they were smitten⁷ with swords and double-pointed spears.

And the royal chiefs, as many as had been wounded with the brass, Tydides, and Ulysses, and Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, met Nestor coming up from their ships. For very far away from the battle were their ships drawn up upon the shore of 30 the hoary deep; for they had dragged up the first⁸ ships towards the plain, and had built the rampart at their sterns. For, wide as it was, the shore was by no means able to contain their vessels⁹; and the people were crowded. Wherefore they dragged them 35 up in rows¹, and filled the wide mouth of the whole shore, as much as the promontories enclosed. There then were they walking together, leaning upon the spear, *for the purpose of* beholding the tumult and the battle; and their heart in their bosoms was grieved. And the aged Nestor met them, and alarmed the hearts in the breasts of the Achæans: and him first 40 king Agamemnon addressing, said:

“O Neleïan Nestor, great glory of the Achæans, why comest thou hither, leaving the murderous battle? I fear lest the impetuous Hector has at last made good his speech, as once he 45 threatened, while haranguing among the Trojans, that he would not return to Ilium from the ships, before he had lighted the barks with fire, and slain ourselves also—so he harangued, and now at last all will be fulfilled. Ye gods, surely the other well-greaved Achæans, as well as Achilles, lay up wrath against me 50 in their souls; and will not fight at the stern of the ships.”

And him the Gerenian chief, Nestor, answered: “Truly these things are done², nor can even the high-thundering Jupiter himself contrive them otherwise; for the wall, in which we trusted that it would be an impregnable defence to the ships 55 and to ourselves, has now fallen. And they wage a furious battle at the swift ships incessantly; nor can you any longer distinguish, though closely examining, in what quarter the Achæans, confounded, are most routed—so pell-mell are they slain, and the 60 shout reaches the heaven. Let us however deliberate what must be done³, if counsel can do aught; but I do not advise that

⁵ Fighting. ⁶ Unsubdued. ⁷ Of them struck. ⁸ *i. e.* the first line.

⁹ *i. e.* all in one line.

¹ *περὶ ἑαυτῶν*—in lines one behind the other.

² These things are ready done—*i. e.* they are done and cannot be undone.

³ How these matters shall be.

we enter the battle; for it is not practicable for the wounded to fight.”

And to him, in reply, said Agamemnon, king of men: “Nes-
 65 tor, since they are combating at the sterns of the ships, and the
 rampart constructed avails not aught, nor the ditch at which the
 Danaans toiled much, and hoped in their minds that it would be
 an impregnable defence to the ships and to themselves—so seems
 70 it to be agreeable to all-powerful Jove, that the Achæans perish
 here inglorious, far from Argos. For I knew⁴, when he willingly
 gave assistance to the Danaans; and now I know that he, to-
 gether with the blessed gods, glorifies the Trojans, and shackles
 our courage and hands. Come then, let us all be persuaded to
 do, as I shall advise. Let us drag away the ships, as many as
 75 are drawn up first near the sea, and launch them all into the vast
 ocean. Let us moor them to anchors in the deep, till the still
 night arrive, if even in it the Trojans abstain from battle, and
 80 then we will drag out all the vessels; for there is no disgrace in
 flying from evil, not even in the night. It is better for a man
 to escape evil, flying from it, than be taken.”

And him then wise Ulysses, looking sternly, addressed: “Son
 of Atreus, what speech is this which has escaped the barrier of
 thy teeth? Dastard⁵, would that thou didst command some other
 85 worthless army, and ruled not us, to whom Jove has given, from
 youth even to old age⁶, to accomplish toilsome wars until we
 each of us perish. Dost thou then so desire to abandon well-
 90 streeted Troy, on account of which we have endured many
 woes? Be silent lest some other of the Achæans hear a speech,
 which no man ought to have uttered⁷,—*no one* who understands⁸
 in his mind how to give sound advice⁹, who is a prince¹, and
 95 Argives. For now do I reprobate thy judgment in what thou
 hast said, who commandest us, whilst the war and battle are
 raging², to drag the well-benched ships to sea, in order that their
 wishes may be still better fulfilled to the Trojans, victorious
 though they be, and dire destruction fall upon us; for the Achæ-
 100 ans will not maintain the fight, if the ships are dragged down
 to the sea, but will look back³ and shrink from combat. Then
 will thy plan be injurious, O prince of the people.”

⁴ *i. e.* I was conscious of it—I was fully convinced by certain signs of the will of the gods.

⁵ Lost—worthy to be lost.

⁶ *i. e.* through life.

⁷ Brought through his mouth.

⁸ *i. e.* who is in his senses.

⁹ To speak wise things.

¹ A sceptre-bearer.

² The war and shout being made to stand together—being joined.

³ *i. e.* for the means of refuge.

And him answered then Agamemnon, the king of men: "Ulysses, thou hast cut⁴ me to the soul with thy severe reproof; yet I bade not the sons of the Achæans, against their will, drag 105 down the well-benched ships to the sea. And I wish there were any one, either young or old, who would suggest a better plan than this; I should be delighted with him⁵."

And the gallant Diomedes spake also among them: "Near is the man—we shall not seek long for him, if ye will be advised. 110 And be none of you offended⁶, because I *who thus speak* am in age the youngest amongst you; for I also boast to be by birth of a noble father, Tydeus, whom the piled-up earth covers at Thebes. For to Portheus were born three distinguished sons, 115 and *they* dwelt in Pleuron and the lofty Calydon—Agrius, and Melas, and the third was noble⁷ Æneus, the father of my father; and he was conspicuous among them for valour. He indeed remained there in the same spot; but my father, roaming⁸, dwelt at Argos, for so Jove doubtless willed, and the other gods. And 120 he married one of the daughters of Adrastus, and he inhabited a mansion abounding in opulence⁹; for numerous corn-fields were his¹, and there were many orchards of trees around him, and his flocks were numerous. And he surpassed the Achæans in the use of the spear; but these things ye must yourselves have 125 heard to be true. Therefore do not, regarding me by birth worthless and impotent, treat with contempt the sentiments publicly expressed, which I shall utter with good intention². Come, then, let us go the battle, wounded as we are, since necessity urges³. There then let us ourselves abstain from combat, out of *the reach* of weapons, lest any one receive wound 130 upon wound; but, by encouraging, we will excite others, who before, indulging themselves⁴, stood apart, and did not fight."

Thus he spake: and they all listened readily, and obeyed. And they hastened onward⁵, and the king of men, Agamemnon, led them.

Nor was the illustrious shaker of the earth an inattentive 135 spectator⁶, but went amongst them in the semblance of an aged

⁴ Reached.

⁵ To me glad would he (or it) be—*i. e.* he would be welcome.

⁶ Do not each of you at all regard with anger, &c.

⁷ ἵππота—horseman—a knight—a chief—as distinguished from the canaille.

⁸ *i. e.* was an exile, on account of some homicide. ⁹ Means of life.

¹ And there were corn-producing fields in abundance to him.

² Which I shall speak well. ³ From necessity.

⁴ Bring gratification to their minds. ⁵ Nor had he—or kept a bad look-out.

⁶ *i. e.* because he does not see, that he must be involved in the common ruin.

man, and caught the right hand of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, and, speaking these winged words, addressed him :

“Son of Atreus, now doubtless the revengeful heart of Achilles
 140 rejoices in his breast, beholding the slaughter of the Achæans; for there is no common sense, in him, not the smallest. May he however, thus perish, and may a god cover him with disgrace. For the blessed Gods are not yet altogether enraged with thee; but again the leaders and chiefs of the Trojans will doubtless
 145 raise the dust upon the wide plain, and thou shalt behold them flying towards the city from the ships and the tents.”

So saying, he shouted aloud, rushing over the plain. As loud as shout nine or ten thousand men, beginning the contest of
 150 Mars; so loud a cry did king Neptune send from his breast; and infused great vigour into every heart among the Achæans, to war and to fight without ceasing.

And Juno of the golden throne, standing, looked with her eyes from the summit of Olympus, and immediately recognized
 155 her own brother, *who was* also her husband's brother, exerting himself in the glorious battle, and she rejoiced in her soul. Jupiter also she beheld, sitting upon the highest top of Ida, of many rills, and he was hateful to her soul. And then the large-
 160 eyed imperial Juno, considered how she could beguile the mind of ægis-bearing Jove⁷. And this plan appeared best to her mind—setting herself off to the best advantage, to go to Ida, in order that he might desire for love to sleep beside her own person, that she might infuse into his limbs and vigilant mind care-
 165 less and easy sleep. And she hastened to the chamber, which Vulcan, her dear son, had made for her, and had fitted the doors close to their frames by a mysterious lock; for it no other god⁸ could open. There entering in, she closed the shining doors.
 170 And first with ambrosia she washed all impurities from her lovely person, and bathed herself with rich oil, ambrosial, diffusive, that which was her perfume⁹; and the odour of it, though shaken in the brass-paved mansion of Jove, reached even to earth and to heaven. With this then having bathed her beautiful person, and combed her hair, with her hands she wreathed her curls, bright, beautiful, ambrosial, *which fell* from her immortal head. And next she threw round her an ambrosial robe, which Minerva, adorning, had prepared for her, and put in it many embroideries; and she fastened it upon her bosom with
 180 golden clasps. And she girded herself with a zone, adorned with an hundred fringes, and in her well-perforated ears she

⁷ And so divert his attention from the battle.

⁸ *i. e.* than Juno.

⁹ τὸ τέρψωμενον.

put her triple-gemmed, beautiful pendants, and much grace shone from her. And above, the most august of the goddesses covered herself with a veil, beautiful and newly made, and it 185 was white as the sun; and under her shining feet she fastened her elegant sandals. And when she had arranged all her ornaments around her person, she proceeded straight from the chamber; and having called Venus apart from the other divinities, she addressed to her *this* speech:

“Wilt thou now be at all persuaded by me, dear child, to do 190 what I say? Or wilt thou refuse, being angry in thy mind at this, that I assist the Danaans, and thou the Trojans?”

And her answered then Venus, the daughter of Jove: “Juno, imperial goddess, daughter of mighty Saturn, speak thy wish¹; 195 for my soul bids me accomplish it, if I at least can accomplish it, and if it be accomplishable.”

And imperial Juno, meditating guiles, addressed her: “Give me now that loveliness and desirableness with which thou subduest all the immortals, as well as mortal men: for I am going to visit the boundaries of the fertile earth, and Oceanus, parent 200 of gods, and Tethys, *my* mother², who nursed and brought me up with care in their abodes, receiving me from Rhea, what time far-sounding Jove cast down Saturn beneath the earth and the unfruitful sea. These I am going to visit, and I will put an end 205 to their eternal quarrels. For now have they abstained a length of time from the bed and embrace of each other, because anger has fallen upon their minds. And if, persuading their hearts with my words, I should lead them back to the bed, to be united again in love, then shall I always be called by them beloved and 210 respected.”

And her again the smiling Venus addressed: “It is not possible, nor is it seemly to refuse thy request, for thou reclinest in the arms of Jove, the Omnipotent.”

She said, and loosed from her bosom the embroidered, variegated zone; and there in it were all blandishments. There in 215 it were love, and desire, and the soft converse, and the seduction, which steals away the senses even of the prudent. This then she placed in her hands, and spoke, and addressed her by name:

“Take *this*—put now this variegated zone, in which all things are contained, in thy bosom; and I think that thou wilt 220 not return without effecting whatever thou desirest in thy mind.”

Thus she spake, and large-eyed, imperial Juno smiled, and, smiling, then put it in her bosom. Venus, the daughter of Jove,

¹ What thou thinkest.

² *i. e.* nurse.

225 then departed to his mansion; and Juno, hastening, quitted the brow of Olympus; and, having passed over Pieria and fertile Emathia, swept over the snowy mountains of the equestrian Thracians, very lofty ridges, nor touched³ the ground with her
230 feet. And from Athos she passed over the foaming deep, and reached Lemnos, city of divine Thoas, where she met with Sleep, the brother of Death; and grasped his hand, and addressed him, and called him by name:

“O Sleep, lord⁴ of all gods and all men, if ever thou didst
235 hear my entreaty, be now also again persuaded; and I shall be for ever obliged to thee⁵. Close in sleep for me the bright eyes of Jove under his eye-lids, instantly after I recline with him in love; and I will give thee a gift—a handsome throne, ever incorruptible, golden. And my limping son, Vulcan, shall
240 make it, adorning it, and he shall place below thy feet a foot-stool, upon which thou mayest rest thy resplendent feet when feasting.”

And to her, sweet Sleep, answering, said: “Juno, august goddess, daughter of mighty Saturn, *any* other of the everlasting
245 gods I would readily lull to sleep, and even the streams of Ocean-river, who is the parent of all; but I cannot come near to Jove, son of Saturn, nor lull him to sleep, unless he himself command me. For once before he gave me a lesson by his threats,
250 on that day when that brave son of Jove⁶ sailed from Ilium, after plundering the city of the Trojans. Then I lulled the mind of ægis-bearing Jove, diffused sweetly around him; for thou didst plan mischief against him⁷ in thy mind, rousing the blasts of tempestuous winds over the deep, and didst then carry
255 him away apart from all his friends to the well inhabited Cos. But Jove, on waking, was enraged, dashing about the gods throughout the mansion, and me chiefly he sought of all, and would have cast me down, out of sight, from the æther into the deep, had not Night, vanquisher of gods and of men, preserved
260 me. To her I went fleeing for refuge; and he restrained himself, angry as he was; for he scrupled⁸ to do things which werè disagreeable to swift Night. And now again thou urgest me to accomplish this other desperate deed.”

And to him again large-eyed, imperial Juno spoke: “O Sleep, why thinkest thou these things in thy mind? Supposest thou
265 that the far-sounding Jove so favours the Trojans, as he was enraged on account of Hercules, his own son? Come then *oblige*

³ Caught.

⁴ *αναξ*.

⁵ Have gratitude to thee all days.

⁶ Hercules.

⁷ Hercules.

⁸ *i. e.* he had too much respect for her, &c.

me, and I will give thee one of the younger Graces to wed, and to be called thy spouse—Pasishea, whom day after day⁹ thou ever desirest.”

Thus she spake; and Sleep was delighted, and, answering, 270 said to her: “Well, swear to me now by the inviolable water of the Styx, and touch with one hand the fertile earth, and with the other the marble sea—so that all the gods beneath, which are¹ around Saturn, may be witnesses between us that thou wilt 275 give me one of the younger Graces—Pasishea, whom I myself for ever desire.”

Thus he spake, nor did the white-armed goddess Juno refuse, but swore as he bade her, and named all gods who dwell under Tartarus, which are called Titānes, And when she had sworn, 280 and completed her oath, they both proceeded, leaving the city of Lemnos and Imbrus, mantled in a cloud, quickly making their way; and came to Ida of many streams, the mother of wild beasts, to Lectos², where first they quitted the sea: and they both advanced over the land, and the tops of the forests were 285 shaken beneath their feet. There Sleep indeed remained, before the eyes of Jove should behold him; ascending a very lofty pine, which then growing the highest upon Ida, reached through the air to the clouds³. There he sat, closely covered with the pine branches, like to a shrill bird in the mountains, 290 which the gods call Chalcis, and men Cymindis.

And Juno proceeded hastily to Gargārus the summit of lofty Ida; and cloud-collecting Jove beheld her. And as soon as he saw her, desire took entire possession of⁴ his grave senses, just as when first they were connected in love, frequenting the bed, 295 without the knowledge of their fond parents. And he stood before her, addressed her, and called her by name:

“Juno, wherefore, hastening from Olympus, comest thou hither, and thy horses and car are not near, which thou mayst mount?”

And him august Juno, meditating guiles, addressed: “I am 300 going to visit the boundaries of the fertile earth, and Oceanus, parent of gods, and my mother Tethys, who nursed and brought me with care to their mansions. Them I am going to see, and will put an end to their eternal quarrels. For now have they long-abstained from the bed and embrace of each other, because 305 anger has fallen upon their minds. And my steeds, which will bear me over wet and dry, stand near the foot of Ida of many

⁹ All days.

² The first point of Ida—forming a sea-promontory.

³ To the æther.

¹ Being.

⁴ Covered round.

streams. Now, however, on thy account have I come hither
 310 from Olympus, lest perchance thou might afterwards be angry
 with me, were I to go in silence to the abode of deep-flowing
 Oceanus."

And her, the cloud-collecting Jove answering, addressed:
 "Juno, thou canst go thither by and by; but come, let us recline
 315 and indulge in love; for never thus did the love of goddess or
 of woman, diffused through my breast, so subdue me: neither
 when I loved the wife⁵ of Ixion, who was the mother of Piri-
 thous, a chief equal to gods; nor when *I loved* beautiful-footed
 320 Danaë, daughter of Acrisius, who bore Perseus, the most illus-
 trious of all men; nor when I loved the far-famed daughter⁶ of
 Phœnix, who bore to me Minos and the godlike Rhadamanthus;
 nor yet even when *I loved* Semele, nor Alcmena in Thebes—
 325 she who brought forth my valiant son, Hercules—and Semele
 bore me Bacchus, the joy of mortals; nor when *I loved* Ceres,
 the beautiful-haired queen: nor when the glorious Latona—nor
 thee thyself—as now I love thee, and sweet desire seizes me."

But imperial Juno, meditating guiles, said to him: "O horrid
 330 son of Saturn, what words hast thou spoken? If now thou
 desirest to recline in love upon the tops of Ida, and every thing
 is visible,—how will it be, if any of the eternal gods should see
 us sleeping, and, going amongst all the gods, should tell it? I
 335 indeed could not return to thy mansion, rising from the couch;
 for it would be quite unseemly. But if in truth thou wishest
 it, and it be agreeable to thy soul, there is thy chamber, which
 Vulcan, thy beloved son, formed for thee, and fitted its door close
 240 to its frame. Thither let us go and recline, since an embrace is
 thy pleasure."

And to her, cloud-collecting Jove, answering, said: "Fear not,
 O Juno, that any, either of gods or of men, shall behold this—
 with such a golden cloud will I cover us round—not even the
 245 sun shall see us through it, whose eye⁷ is the sharpest to see."

Thus spake the son of Saturn; and he caught his wife in his
 arms. And the divine earth produced fresh herbage under them,
 the dewy lotus, and the crocus, and the hyacinth, clustering and
 soft, which kept them high from the earth. Upon this *couch*
 350 they reclined, and clothed themselves above with a beautiful
 golden cloud; and radiant dew-drops fell from it.

Thus quietly slumbered the father upon the summit of Gar-
 garus, subdued by sleep and love, and held his spouse in his
 arms. And sweet Sleep made haste to run to the ships of the

⁵ Dia.⁶ Europa.⁷ Light

Achæans, to deliver⁸ a message to Neptune, shaker of the earth: 355
And, standing near, he spake to him these winged words:

“Now, Neptune, with good-will give assistance to the Danaans,
and bestow glory upon them, at least for a little, whilst yet
Jove sleeps; for I have covered him around with soft slumber,
and Juno has seduced him to recline with her in love.” 360

So saying, he departed to the noble tribes of men, and Neptune he still more impelled to assist the Danaans; and immediately springing forward far among the foremost, Neptune exhorted them:

“Argives, again then yield we the victory to Hector, son of Priam, that he may seize the ships, and gain glory? He indeed 365
thinks so, and boasts, because Achilles remains at the hollow ships, enraged in his heart. But of him there will not be great want, if the rest of us be prompt to assist one another. Come then, let us all be persuaded to do as I advise. Putting on⁹ our 370
shields—as many as are the best and largest in the army—and covering our heads with glittering helmets, and taking the longest spears in our hands, let us advance; and I will lead the way, nor do I think that Hector, son of Priam, will await us, very impetuous though *he be*. Whatever man is vigorous in 375
fight, and has a small shield upon his shoulder, let him give it to an inferior man, and himself put on the larger shield.”

Thus he spake; and they listened to him readily, and obeyed. And the kings themselves, Tydides, and Ulysses, and Agamemnon, son of Atreus, wounded as they were, marshalled the troops; 380
and, going about among them all, changed their martial weapons—the brave man took¹ good arms, and to the worse they gave the worse. And when they had girded the splendid brass around their bodies, they bestirred to advance; and Neptune, 385
the shaker of the earth, led them on, grasping in his firm hand a dreadful, long-edged sword, resembling a thunderbolt; and with him can none engage in destructive battle, and terror restrains the heroes.

On the other side again the illustrious Hector drew up the Trojans. Then truly the cerulean-haired Neptune and illustrious Hector excited² the severest struggle of war, the one assisting the Trojans, and the other the Argives. And the sea was dashed up to the tents and ships of the Argives; and they engaged with a mighty shout. Nor so loud does the wave of 390

⁸ Delivering.

⁹ The shield was suspended by a belt thrown over the shoulder. ¹ Put on.

² τανυσσαν—stretched—i. e. περιπαρ εριδος, the rope of battle. Compare Δ.

336, and N. 359.

395 the ocean bellow against the land, driven from the deep by the rough blast of Boreas; nor so great is the roar of blazing fire in the glens of a mountain, when it is raised to consume the forest; nor so loud howls the wind amidst high-branched oaks, (which,
400 when particularly violent, roars loudest *there*,) as was the cry of the Trojans and Achæans, shouting awfully, when they rushed one upon the other.

And the illustrious Hector first threw with his spear at Ajax, as he was turned right towards him, and hit him³ there, where the two belts were extended across his breast, both that of the
405 shield, and that of the silver-hilted sword. These protected his soft skin; and Hector was enraged that his swift weapon had flown in vain from his hand; and he retired back upon the column of his comrades, avoiding death. At him then departing, the mighty Telamonian Ajax with a stone—which *stones* in
410 great numbers, as props of the swift ships, rolled about among the feet of the combatants—one of these lifting up, he struck *him* with it upon the breast, above the orb of the shield, near the neck. And, throwing, he whirled it like a top⁴, and it spun round all the way. And as when, beneath the stroke of father
415 Jove, an oak falls uprooted, and a terrible smell of sulphur arises from it; and confidence⁵ no longer possesses the man, whosoever, being near, beholds it, for the thunderbolt of mighty Jove is awful; so rapidly upon the ground dropt the might of Hector in the dust; and the spear fell from his hand, and his shield
420 followed on him, and his helmet; and his armour, variegated with brass, rung about him. Then the sons of the Achæans, loudly shouting, rushed in, hoping to drag him off, and hurled numerous javelins; but no one was able either to strike from a distance, or to smite close at hand the shepherd of people, for
425 the bravest *warriors*, Polydamas, and Æneas, and the noble Agenor, and Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, and the good Glaucus, first threw themselves round him. And no one of the rest neglected him, but held their well-orbed shields before him. And his comrades then, raising him in their hands, bore
430 him out of the battle⁶, till he reached his fleet horses, which stood for him in rear of the combat and the war, with both the driver and variegated car; and they carried him, groaning heavily, towards the city.

But when now they came to the ford⁷ of the fair-flowing river of eddying Xanthus, whom immortal Jove begot, there they re-
435 moved him from his car to the ground, and poured water over

³ Nor missed.

⁴ Perhaps, a quoit.

⁵ *i. e.* but fear does.

⁶ Toil.

⁷ The crossing.

him; and he breathed again, and looked up with his eyes; and, resting upon his knees, threw up some black blood. And again he fell back³ upon the ground, and dark night covered his eyes; for the blow still subdued his spirit.

And the Argives when they beheld Hector departing⁹, pressed 440 more upon the Trojans, and were mindful of battle. Then by far the first swift Oïlean Ajax, leaping forward with his sharp spear, wounded Satnius, son of Enops, whom a Naid, a noble nymph, bore to Enops, when keeping his herds by the banks of 445 Satnioeis. Him the spear-skilled son of Oïleus, drawing near, wounded in the flank; and he fell supine, and round him the Trojans and Danaans raised a sharp conflict. And against him (*Ajax*) came spear-shaking Polydamas, son of Panthous, an 450 avenger, and smote Prothoenor, son of Areïlochus, upon the right shoulder. And he drove the impetuous spear though his shoulder; and, falling in the dust, Prothoenor grasped the earth with his hand. Then Polydamas boasted mightily over him, shouting aloud:

“Again, I think, the weapon has not sprung in vain from the strong hand of the brave son of Panthous, but one of the Argives 455 has received it in his body; and I think that he, leaning upon it, will descend to the mansion of Hades.”

Thus he spake, and there was grief among the Argives at his boast¹; and particularly did it shake the soul of the warlike Ajax, son of Telamon, for he had fallen very near to him; and 460 forthwith he hurled at him as he departed. Polydamas himself, however, avoided black fate, springing aside; but Archilochus, son of Antenor, received *the* stroke, for to him the gods had doomed destruction. Him then he struck upon the last verte- 465 bra, in the joining of the head and neck, and dissevered both tendons; and the head, and the mouth, and the nostrils of him, falling, met the ground much sooner than his legs and knees². Then Ajax in turn cried out to the noble Polydamas:

“Consider, Polydamas, and tell me true; is not this man 470 worthy to be slain in exchange for Prothoënor³: he appears not to me to be a base person, nor *sprung* from base parents, but *to be* a brother, or a son of Antenor, tamer of horses, for he seems most like his race⁴.”

Thus he spake, well knowing *him*: and grief seized the 475 spirits of the Trojans. Then Acamas, stalking around his

⁸ And again backward he was on the ground.

⁹ Going apart—*i. e.* from the troops.

¹ He boasting.

² *i. e.* he fell headlong.

³ *i. e.* is he not a fair equivalent for Prothoënor?

⁴ *i. e.* there is a great family likeness.

brother⁵, wounded with his spear Promachus, the Bæotian, whilst he was dragging off *Archilochus* by the feet. And Acamas boasted mightily over him, shouting aloud:

480 “Ye Argives, archers, insatiable of threats, assuredly not to us alone will there be toil and sorrow, but thus ye also shall sometime be slain. Mark how your Promachus sleeps, subdued by my spear, that the vengeance of my brother might not be long unpaid. Therefore shall every man wish a brother to be
485 left in his family, an avenger of his death⁶.”

Thus he spake; and there was grief in the Argives at his boast; and it particularly shook the feelings of the warlike Peneleus. And he rushed upon Acamas; but he awaited not the charge of king Peneleus; and he wounded Ilioneus, son of
490 Phorbas, rich in cattle, whom Mercury most loved of the Trojans, and presented with possessions; and to him did the mother bear Ilioneus alone⁷. Him then he wounded below the brow, at the roots of the eye, and forced out the ball; and the spear went forward through the eye, and through the hinder part of the
495 head; and he sunk down, extending both his hands. And Peneleus, drawing his sharp sword, smote him upon the middle of the neck, and struck off his head with its helmet to the ground; and the strong spear was still in the eye. And he
500 spake, lifting the *head*, like the head of a poppy, and addressed the Trojans, and, boasting, uttered *this* speech:

“Report for me, ye Trojans, to the beloved father and mother of the illustrious Ilioneus, that they may lament him in their halls; for neither will the wife of Promachus⁸, the son of Alegenor, be delighted with her dear lord, coming *back*, when we
505 sons of the Achæans return from Troy with our ships.”

Thus he spake; and pallid fear seized upon them all, and each gazed about, *seeking* where he might escape dire destruction.

510 Tell me now, ye Muses, possessing Olympian mansions, which of the Achæans now first bore away bloody spoils⁹, when the illustrious shaker of the earth turned the battle¹.

Telamonian Ajax first wounded Hyrtius, son of Gyrtias, leader of the undaunted Mysians. And Antilochus stript the armour off Phalces and Mermerus. And Meriones slew Morys and Hippotion. And Teucer slew Prothoon and Periphetes.

⁵ *i. e.* to protect the body.

⁶ *ἄγης*.—See N. 444.

⁷ *i. e.* Ilioneus's mother—he was her only child by Mercury.

⁸ *i. e.* the death of Promachus was avenged by that of Ilioneus. The relatives of both parties will alike have to lament.

⁹ The spoils of a man.

¹ *i. e.* made the Trojans give way.

And next the son of Atreus wounded upon the flank Hyperenor, 515
shepherd of people, and the spear, cutting its way², let out his
entrails; and his soul flew, expelled, through the inflicted
wound, and darkness covered his eyes. And Ajax, the swift
son of Oileus, slew the most; for there was not any equal to him 520
for speed, to press upon the flying men, when Jove sent rout
amongst them³.

² Laying waste.

³ To pursue on foot, while men are in a fright, when Jove sends flight among
them.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

Jove awakening, and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo, armed with the ægis, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

But when the fugitives¹ had passed over the palisades and the ditch, and many were subdued by the hands of the Danaans, the rest were at last checked, halting beside the cars, pale through fear, and terrified. And Jupiter awoke on the tops of Ida, beside Juno of the golden throne; and starting up he stood, and beheld the Trojans and Achæans, the former in confusion, and the Argives routing them from behind; and with them king Neptune. And Hector he saw lying upon the plain, and *his* 10 comrades sat round him, and he was oppressed with difficult breathing, faint at heart, *and* vomiting blood, for not the feeblest of the Achæans had wounded him. And the father of men and gods, beholding, pitied him: and, looking awfully and sternly at Juno, addressed to her *this* speech:

“Doubtless this is thy mischievous treachery, artful Juno, 15 that has caused the noble Hector to cease from battle, and routed his troops. Truly I know not, whether thou shouldst not first again reap the fruits of thy pernicious machinations, and I chastise thee with stripes. What, rememberest thou not when thou wert suspended on high, and I hung two anvils on thy feet, and 20 bound round thy hands a golden chain insoluble? And thou wast suspended in the air and clouds, and the gods were indig-

¹ φευγοντες.

nant in lofty Olympus, but were unable to loose thee, though attempting it²: and whom³ I laid hold of, seizing⁴, I hurled from the threshold of heaven, till he reached the earth, scarcely breathing. Nor even thus did the enduring pang leave my soul 25 for the divine Hercules; whom thou, prevailing upon the storms, with the help of the north wind, didst send over the unfruitful sea, plotting mischief against him, and then didst bear him to well-inhabited Cos. From thence it was I rescued him, and brought him back again to Argos, feeder of horses, after 30 conflicting with great toils. These things I again recall to thy memory, that thou mayst desist from thy tricks; in order that thou mayst know whether love and the couch avail thee, in which, coming apart from the gods, thou wert mingled with me, and seduced me.⁵

Thus he spake; and the large-eyed imperial Juno shuddered, and, addressing him, uttered these winged words: 35

“Let the earth and the wide heaven above now know this, and the water of Styx gliding beneath, which is the greatest and most terrible oath among the blessed gods; and let thy own sacred head *know*, and our own nuptial couch—and that I would never falsely invoke—that not through my impulse does Nep- 40 tune, the shaker of the earth, harass the Trojans and Hector, and assist the others. But him doubtless his own soul incites and urges; and he felt compassion, beholding the Achæans oppressed at the ships. Nevertheless even to him will I give 45 advice, to go where thou, O cloud-collector, leadest the way⁵.”

Thus she spake; and the father of men and gods smiled, and, replying, addressed to her these winged words;

“If now thou wilt henceforth, O large-eyed imperial Juno, sit among the immortals thinking in unison⁶ with me, then will 50 Neptune, even if he wish otherwise, immediately change his mind according to thy will⁷ and mine. If then thou now speakest really and truly, go at once to the companies of gods, and desire⁸ Iris to come hither, and Apollo, famed for his bow, that 55 she may go among the people of the brazen-mailed Achæans, and tell king Neptune, ceasing from battle, to repair to his own abodes; and that Phœbus Apollo may rouse up Hector to battle, and breathe vigour into him again, and make him forget the 60 pains which now wring his soul; and again let him repel the Achæans, stirring up base panic amongst them; and let them

² Literally—by placing themselves near—implying active efforts to rescue her.

³ *i. e.* dost thou not remember, whom I, &c.

⁴ *i. e.* by the leg—meaning Vulcan. Compare A. 521.

⁵ *i. e.* do nothing contrary to thy will. ⁶ Equally. ⁷ Heart. ⁸ Call.

rush to the many-benched ships of Achilles, the son of Peleus, flying for refuge. And he (*Achilles*) shall stir up his comrade
 65 Patroclus; and him shall the illustrious Hector slay with his spear in front of Ilium, after he has cut off many other youths, and among them my son, noble Sarpedon; and enraged on his account, the noble Achilles shall slay Hector. After that I will then effect a repulse for thee from the ships, utterly, till the
 70 Achæans, by the counsels of Minerva, capture lofty Ilium. But, however, I will not cease from mine anger, nor will I here suffer any of the other immortals to aid the Danaans, until the desire
 75 of Pelides be completed; as I at first promised to him, and confirmed with my head, on that day when the goddess Thetis touched my knees, intreating me to honour Achilles, destroyer of cities.”

Thus he spake nor did the white-armed goddess Juno disobey, but went from the Idæan mountains towards the lofty Olympus.
 80 And as when flashes⁹ the mind of a man, who, having traversed over many a land, thinks within his prudent heart, “I was here, or I was there,” and considers of a multitude of things; so quickly up flew the eager imperial Juno¹. And she reached
 85 the high Olympus, and went in among the immortal gods, assembled together in the house of Jove; and they seeing her, all rose up, and welcomed her with their cups. The rest, however, she noticed not, but received a cup from the fair-cheeked Themis; for she first came running to meet her, and, addressing her, had spoken these winged words:

90 “Wherefore, O Juno, hast thou ascended, and art like one panic-struck? Has the son of Saturn, who is thy husband, greatly alarmed thee?”

And to her the white-armed goddess Juno then replied: “Do not, O goddess Themis, ask me these things; thou thyself also
 95 knowest how despotic and cruel a soul is his. But preside thou over the equal feast, among the gods, in their mansions; and thou shalt hear these things, along with all the immortals, what evil deeds² Jupiter denounces. Nor do I at all think that he will equally give pleasure to the soul of all, either mortals or gods, although some feast even now with a light heart.”

100 The august Juno, having thus spoken, then sat down; and the gods were offended³ throughout the mansion of Jove. And she smiled with her lips, although the forehead above her dark brows was not cheerful; and, full of indignation, spake amongst them all:

⁹ *i. e.* from thought to thought.

² ταυτα—οἷα κακα εργα.

¹ *i. e.* she flew as quick as thought.

³ *i. e.* at the conduct of Jove.

"We are fools who thus madly⁴ are enraged with Jove or still 105
 desire to restrain him, approaching near, either by words or by
 force; whilst he, sitting apart, cares not, nor regards us; for he
 knows that he is beyond compare the most mighty in strength
 and power among the immortal gods. Wherefore bear ye what-
 ever evil he may send upon each of you; and now already, I fear 110
 calamity has been levelled at Mars, for his son has perished in
 battle, the dearest to him of mortals, Ascalaphus, whom impetu-
 ous Mars calls his own."

Thus she spake; and Mars struck his strong thighs with his
 dropt hands, and grieving, addressed them:

"Blame me not now, ye possessors of⁵ the Olympian abodes, 115
 that I go to the ships of the Achæans and avenge the slaughter
 of my son, even although it be my fate, struck with the thun-
 derbolt of Jove, to lie together with the dead amidst blood and
 dust."

Thus he spake, and commanded Terror and Horror to yoke
 his steeds; and himself girded on his shining armour. Then 120
 indeed would some other more great and severe wrath and
 indignation from Jove have fallen⁶ upon the immortals, had not
 Minerva, fearing for all the gods, sprung forth from the vesti-
 bule, and quitted her throne, where she sat. And from his
 head she snatched the helmet, and the shield from his shoulders, 125
 and taking the spear out of his strong hand, stuck it upright;
 and arrested impetuous Mars with these words:

"Madman! fool! thou art lost; are thine ears in truth use-
 less⁷ for hearing, and is thy sense perished⁸, and thy shame?
 Hearest thou not what the white-armed goddess Juno says, who 130
 has herself just now come from Olympian Jove? Or dost thou
 wish thyself, after suffering many evils, to come back by neces-
 sity to Olympus, though grieving, and to create mighty ills to all 135
 the rest of us? For he will immediately leave the bold Trojans
 and Achæans, and will come against us, to raise a storm in Olym-
 pus; and will seize us one after the other, both he *who is* guilty,
 and he *who is* not. Wherefore I charge thee now to lay aside
 thy rage on account of thy son, for already have men, even
 superior to him in might and valour⁹ either been slain, or there 140
 will hereafter be slain¹; and difficult will it be to free *from*
death the race and offspring of all men."

⁴ Without reason.

⁵ Ye possessing.

⁶ Have been.

⁷ Thus, or in this way.

⁸ *i. e.* sense of shame—the reverence due to Jove.

⁹ Better than him in force and hands.

¹ *i. e.* others, better than he, have perished, and will perish.

So saying, she made the impetuous Mars sit upon his throne. And Juno summoned from without the house Apollo, and Iris, 145 who is the messenger between the immortal gods, and, addressing them, uttered these winged words:

“Jove orders you to repair with all haste to Ida; and when ye arrive, and look upon the countenance² of Jove, do³ whatever he may charge and command.”

The imperial Juno, having thus spoken, then went back and 150 sat upon her throne; and they, hastening, flew, and arrived at Ida of many streams, mother of wild beasts. And they found the far-sounding son of Saturn sitting upon the summit Gargarus, and an odoriferous cloud encircled him round. And, coming 155 before the cloud-collecting Jove, they stopt; nor was he, beholding them, displeased in his mind, that they had obeyed with alacrity⁴ the words of his wife. And first he addressed Iris in winged words:

“Haste, begone, fleet Iris, deliver all these words to king 160 Neptune, nor be a false messenger. Command him to relinquish the battle and the war, and repair⁵ to the companies of gods, or to the vast sea. And if he will not be obedient to my words, but shall disregard them, let him then reflect within his mind and within his heart that he is not able, powerful though he be, to sustain 165 me coming against him; for I know⁶ well that I am superior to him in might, and before him by birth; though his heart fears not to profess him equal to me, whom even the rest dread.”

Thus he spake, nor did wind-footed, swift Iris disobey; but descended from the Idæan mountains to sacred Ilium⁷. And as 170 when snow or cold hail rushes from the clouds by the violence of the cloud-dispelling⁸ north; so quickly swift Iris flew along with eagerness, and standing near the illustrious Neptune, addressed him:

“Azure-haired shaker of the earth, I have come hither, bring- 175 ing a certain message to thee from the ægis-bearing Jove. He commands thee to relinquish the battle and the war, and repair either to the companies of gods, or to the vast sea. And if thou wilt not be obedient to his words, but shalt disregard them, he 180 threatens that he will come hither himself to fight against thee;

² *i. e.* are in his presence.

³ εἰδέναι—depends not on κέλετο, but on μεμνησθε, or something similar—it is Juno's own injunction, suggested by her fears, and her own resolution no longer to oppose Jove.

⁴ Quickly.

⁵ Relinquishing to repair.

⁶ φημι—say.

⁷ *i. e.* to the scene of battle before Troy.

⁸ Clearing the atmosphere.

and he advises thee to avoid his hands, because he declares that he is far superior to thee in might, and before thee by birth; though thy heart is not afraid to profess itself equal to him, whom even the rest dread."

And to her the illustrious Neptune, greatly indignant, said: "Gods! powerful as he is, surely he speaks too proudly⁹, if he 185 by force will restrain me,—who am of equal honour with himself,—against my will. For we are three brothers, sons of Saturn, whom Rhea bore—Jupiter, and I, and Pluto, who governs the infernal regions, the third: and all things were divided into three portions, and each received by lot his authority¹. I indeed, 190 when *the lots* were shaken² obtained, *as mine*, to dwell for ever in the hoary sea, and Pluto obtained the pitchy darkness; and Jove obtained the wide heaven in the air and in the clouds. But the earth is still the common *property* of all, and the lofty Olympus. Wherefore I shall not walk³ at the pleasure of Jove, but let him powerful though he be, remain quiet in his third 195 part; and let him by no means terrify me, as *if I were* a coward, with his hands. For it would be better for him to address with his terrible words the daughters and sons whom he has himself begotten, who of necessity will listen to his commands⁴."

And to him then the wind-footed, swift Iris replied: "O 200 cerulean-tressed shaker of the earth, shall I really thus bear back from thee this fierce and bold speech to Jove? Or wilt thou change it aught? The minds of the prudent indeed are flexible. Thou knowest that the Furies⁵ ever wait upon the elder."

And to her, again, the earth-shaking Neptune said: "Iris, 205 goddess, that speech thou hast very properly spoken⁶; and it is good that a messenger should understand suitable things⁷. But it is deep indignation that occupies⁸ my heart and soul, when he chooses to threaten with angry words me, his equal in authority, 210 and appointed by the same fate. Indignant however as I now am, I will yield. But I will tell thee another thing, and I will utter that threat from my soul. If, contrary to my will⁹, and *to that* of Minerva, the plunderer, of Juno, and of Mercury, and of king Vulcan, he shall spare the lofty Ilium, and will not destroy 215

⁹ Above his weapons—beyond what his authority, or power, entitles him.

¹ *i. e.* his share of the universe.

² *παλων*, or *κληρων*, understood.

³ *i. e.* act—I will not obey.

⁴ Will listen even of necessity to him commanding.

⁵ *i. e.* the avengers of *all* wrongs.

⁶ That is a very proper speech of thine.

⁷ *i. e.* should be prudent.

⁸ As if this was habitually the case.

⁹ Apart from me,—*i. e.* in spite of me.

it, nor give great victory to the Argives; let him know this, that incurable animosity will exist between us.”

So saying, the shaker of the earth quitted the Achæan army, and proceeding, entered the deep; and the Achæan heroes felt
220 the loss of him. And then the cloud-collecting Jove addressed Apollo:

“Go now, my beloved Phœbus, to Hector, armed in brass; for already has the earth-encircling Neptune departed to the vast sea, avoiding our stern resentment; otherwise¹ *those* others,
225 which are infernal gods, being around Saturn, would surely have heard our contest. This, however, is much better for me and for himself, that he has first yielded, dreading my power²; because the *affair* would not have been concluded without toil³. Take thou then in thine hand the fringed⁴ Ægis, and shaking
230 it much, terrify the Achæan heroes. Of thyself, however, far-darter, let the illustrious Hector be the care. Therefore rouse up his mighty valour, until the flying Achæans reach the ships and the Hellespont. Then I will myself determine, deed and
235 word⁵, how also the Achæans may breathe again from labour.”

Thus he spake, nor did Apollo disobey his father, but descended from the Idæan mountains, like to a swift hawk, the dove-destroyer, which is the fleetest of birds. He found the son of the warlike Priam, the noble Hector, sitting up, and no longer
240 lying *on the ground*; for he had just collected his senses, recognising his friends about him. And the difficulty of breathing and the sweat had ceased, since the will of Jove had roused him⁶. Then far-darting Apollo, standing near, addressed him:

“Hector, son of Priam, why sittest thou in this enfeebled state
245 apart from the rest? What trouble has come upon thee?”

And to him the helmed Hector, languidly⁷ said: “And who art thou, best of gods, who askest me in front⁸? Knowest⁹ thou not that the gallant Ajax smote me with a stone upon the breast,
250 and caused me to cease from *my* vigorous efforts, when slaughtering his comrades at the sterns of the Achæan ships? And truly I thought that I should this day behold the dead, and the abode of Pluto, for I was breathing out my dear life¹.”

And to him, in reply, the far-darting king Apollo said: “Be
255 of good courage now—so great an assistant has the son of Saturn

¹ For—*scil.* if he had not, others, &c.

² Hands.

³ Without sweat.

⁴ Adorned with fringe.

⁵ *i. e.* I shall determine both the measure and its execution.

⁶ *i. e.* from his fainting fit.

⁷ Scarcely breathing.

⁸ *i. e.* openly—or visibly.

⁹ Hearst—*i. e.* knowest thou not by hearing.

¹ *i. e.* for I was on the point of expiring.

sent forth from Ida to stand by and aid thee—*me*, Phœbus Apollo of the golden sword; who have long defended² at once thyself, and the lofty city. Come then, exhort now thy numerous horsemen to drive their fleet horses towards the hollow ships; 260 and I, going before, will smooth the whole way for the horses, and put to rout the Achæan heroes.”

So saying, he breathed immense strength into the shepherd of the people. And³ as when some stabled horse, fed at the stall, snapping his halter, scours over the plain, beating the earth with his feet—accustomed to wash himself in the fair- 265 flowing river—exulting, and he holds his head on high, and round his shoulders *his* mane wantons⁴; and, trusting in his beauty, his knees easily bear him to the haunts and pasture of the mares; so Hector lightly moved his feet and knees, encouraging the horsemen, after he had heard the voice of the god. 270 And the Danaans—as dogs and rustics hunt either a horned stag or wild goat, which a lofty rock and thick forest protect, nor is it destined for them to catch it; but at their shouting a bearded lion appears in the way, and speedily turns them all 275 back, although keenly pursuing—so the Danaans, till then in troops, ever followed, striking with their swords and double-pointed spears. For when they beheld Hector, entering the ranks of heroes, they were troubled, and the courage of all fell to the ground⁵. 280

And then Thoas, the son of Andræmon, harangued them—a *man* by far the bravest of the Ætoliens, skilful in the use of the missile weapon, and gallant in standing *fight*⁶; and few of the Achæans excelled him in the assembly, when the nobles contended in debate⁷. He harangued them with prudence, and 285 said:

“Ye gods, what a mighty miracle see I with my eyes; Hector has thus risen up again, escaping death. Surely every-body⁸ thought he had died by the hands of Telamonian Ajax. But one of the gods has again rescued and preserved Hector—he 290 indeed who loosened the knees of many Achæans under them; as now also will I think be *again the case*; for not without high-thundering Jove stands he, thus vigorous, in the van. Come then, let us all be persuaded to do as I shall advise. Let 295 us command the multitude to retire towards the ships; and let

² Who before, or of old, defend—like the Latin *dudum* with a present tense.

³ Z. 506—511.

⁴ Is moved—waves.

⁵ At their feet to all.

⁶ *i. e.* in close fight.

⁷ *περι μύθων*—about words—matters of debate—*i. e.* whose advice should be adopted.

⁸ The mind of each.

ourselves, as many as boast to be the noblest in the army, stand, in order that we, opposing, may first check him, lifting up our spears; and I think that, although raging in spirit, he will fear to enter into the lines of the Danaans.”

- 300 Thus he spake; and they listened to him readily, and obeyed. Accordingly Ajax⁹, and king Idomeneus, Teucer, and Meriones, and Meges, equal to Mars, calling upon the chiefs, marshalled
 305 their battle against Hector and the Trojans; and in their rear the multitude retreated to the ships of the Achæans. And the crowding Trojans pushed¹ forward; and Hector, with long strides, led them on; and Phœbus Apollo advanced before him, having his shoulders wrapt in a cloud², and held the mighty,
 310 terrific, fringed, dazzling Ægis, that which Vulcan the artist had given to Jove, to be borne along for the terror of men. Holding this in his hands then, he led the troops. But the Argives remained collected, and a loud cry arose on both sides. And arrows leaped from the strings, and many spears from gallant
 315 hands, some of which were fixed in the body of warlike youths, and many likewise mid-way, before they had touched their fair skins, stuck in the earth, though eager to glut themselves with a body. And as long as Phœbus Apollo held the Ægis steady in his hands, so long much did the weapons of both parties reach their mark, and the people fell. But when, looking
 320 full in the faces of the Danaans, possessed of fleet horses, he shook it, and himself, besides, shouted very loudly, he quelled³ the courage within their breasts, and they forgot their vigorous force⁴. And as two wild beasts, in the stillness of the dark
 325 night, rout a drove of oxen, or a large flock of sheep, coming suddenly upon them, the keeper not being present; so were the enfeebled Achæans routed: for Apollo sent fear amongst them, and gave glory to the Trojans and Hector. And then man slew
 330 man, the battle having become dispersed⁵. Hector slew Stichius and Arcesilæus—one the leader of the brazen-mailed Bœotians, and the other the faithful comrade of brave Menestheus. And Æneas slew Medon and Iäsus—Medon⁶ was the illegitimate son of the godlike Oïleus, and the brother of Ajax; and dwelt in
 335 Phylæce, far from his native land, having killed a man, the brother of his step-mother Eriopis, whom Oïleus had to wife; and Iäsus, again, was the leader of the Athenians, and was called the son of Siphelus, the son of Bucolus. And Polydamas slew

⁹ Those round Ajax, &c.

² Clothed as to his shoulders in a cloud.

³ Softened, assuaged.

⁶ *i. e.* by the lines being broken.

¹ Struck forward.

⁴ *i. e.* they no longer exerted it.

⁶ N. 694—697.

Mecisteus, and Polites Echius, in the front rank, and the noble 340
Agenor slew Clonius. And Paris wounded Deïochus behind at
the extremity of the shoulder, when flying among the foremost
combatants; and drove the brass quite through.

Whilst they were stripping these of their arms, the Achæans
in the mean time, dashing⁷ into the dug ditch and palisades, fled 345
on all sides; and, from necessity, entered within the rampart.
And Hector, shouting aloud, exhorted the Trojans to rush upon
the ships, and to quit the bloody spoils:

“And whomsoever I shall observe on the other side apart
from the ships⁸, there I will cause his death; nor shall his bro-
thers and sisters supply him, when dead, with a funeral pile⁹, 350
but the dogs shall tear him before our city.”

So saying, he impelled forward his horses with the lash upon
their shoulders, animating the Trojans, against the ranks; and
all, shouting along with him, drove their car-dragging steeds
with a mighty clamour. And in front of them, Phœbus Apollo,
easily throwing down the banks of the deep ditch with his feet, 355
cast *the earth* into the middle; and bridged a road long and
wide, as far as is the cast of a spear¹, when a man, making trial
of his strength, hurls *it*. There they poured forward in troops, 360
and Apollo before them, holding the precious Ægis. And he
threw down the rampart of the Achæans very easily, as a boy
does the sand by the sea; who, when in sport he builds houses,
again overturns them with his feet and hands, in wantonness.
Thus, O Phœbus, the healer, didst thou destroy the great labour 365
and toil of the Argives, and didst send rout among themselves.

In this manner were they driven back, stopping at the ships;
and exhorting each other, and lifting up their hands to all the
gods, they loudly made vows each *of them*. And Gerenian
Nestor, particularly the guardian of the Achæans, prayed, stretch- 370
ing out his hands to the starry heaven:

“O father Jove, if ever any one in Argos, rich in grain, while
burning to thee the fat legs either of ox or sheep, prayed that
he might return, and thou didst promise and pledge it; be
mindful of these things, O Olympian, and repel the fatal day: 375
nor suffer thus Achæans to be subdued by Trojans.”

Thus he spake, praying; and wise Jove thundered aloud,
hearing the supplications of the Neleian old man. But the
Trojans, as if they understood the mind of ægis-bearing Jove,

⁷ As unable from their numbers to get within the rampart by the gate.

⁸ *i. e.* whomsoever I find to have lurked on this side of the rampart.

⁹ Allot him a pyre.

¹ The length of a spear's cast.

380 rushed still more upon the Argives, and were mindful of battle².
 And they, as a vast billow of the wide sea ascends over the sides
 of a ship, when the force of the wind urges it—for it (*the force*
of the wind) swells the waves very greatly; so the Trojans with
 385 a mighty shout mounted over the wall. And driving in their
 horses, they fought at the sterns hand to hand with double-
 pointed spears, these from their cars, and the others on high
 from the black ships, ascending *them*, with long poles which lay
 in ships, adapted for sea-engagements, compact and tipped with
 390 brass³.

And Patroclus, as long as the Achæans and Trojans fought
 round the rampart⁴, outside the swift ships, sat in the tent of
 valour-loving Eurypylus, and soothed him with his conversation;
 and sprinkled upon the sad wound medicines, the assuagers of
 395 dire⁵ pains. But when he perceived the Trojans rushing within
 the rampart, and there was a cry and a rout of the Danaans,
 then indeed he groaned, and struck both his thighs with his
 dropped hands; and, lamenting, uttered *this* speech:

“I cannot any longer, Eurypylus, sit here beside thee, much
 400 as thou art in want *of me*, for now a mighty contest has arisen.
 But let thy attendant soothe thee; and I will hasten to Achilles,
 that I may urge him to fight. And who knows whether, with
 God’s help⁶, I may move his soul, admonishing him? The ad-
 monition of a comrade is good⁷.”

405 Him, after thus speaking, his feet bore away. Meanwhile the
 Achæans firmly awaited the Trojans coming against them, but
 were unable to repel them, though they were the fewer, from
 the ships; nor could the Trojans ever, breaking through the
 columns of the Danaans, reach the tents or the ships. But as
 410 a line in the hands of a skilful mechanic,—one who is well in-
 structed in all his art by the precepts of Minerva,—marks a
 piece of naval timber; so was their battle and war extended
 415 equally⁸. Others indeed maintained the fight round other ships⁹,
 but Hector pressed on against *that* of the glorious Ajax. Thus
 these two toiled¹ round one ship, nor were able, the one to drive
 away the other and kindle the ship with fire, nor the other to
 repulse him, for a divinity had brought him near. Then the
 420 illustrious Ajax smote Caletor, the son of Clytius, whilst carry-

² *i. e.* exerted all their energies.

³ Clothed at the mouth (or point) with brass.

⁴ *i. e.* on the Trojan side of the rampart.

⁶ With a Deity.

⁸ *i. e.* the troops stood up, as straight as a line.

⁹ Near them—but not yet quite at them.

⁵ Black.

⁷ A. 791, 792.

¹ Had labour.

ing fire to the ship, upon the breast with his spear; and falling, he gave a sound, and the firebrand dropped from his hand. And when Hector perceived with his eyes his cousin falling amid the dust, in front of the black ship, he exhorted the Trojans and Lycians, loudly exclaiming:

“Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and spear-fighting Dardans, shrink 425 not now from battle in this narrow pass; but save the son of Clytius, lest the Achæans spoil him of his armour, now that he has fallen in the struggle at the ships.”

So saying, he threw with his shining spear at Ajax; him he missed; but he then *smote* Lycophron, the son of Mastor the 430 servant of Ajax, a Cytherean, who dwelt with him, for he had slain a man among the noble Cythereans. Him then he struck upon the head, above the ear, with his sharp javelin, whilst standing near Ajax: and he fell prone to the ground from the stern of the ship among the dust, and his limbs were relaxed. 435 And Ajax shuddered, and addressed his brother:

“Dear Teucer, slain now is our faithful comrade, the son of Mastor; whom, coming amongst us from Cythera, we both honoured equally with our beloved parents in our halls: for him the brave Hector has killed. Where now are thy deadly² arrows 440 and the bow, which Phœbus Apollo gave thee?”

Thus he spake; and he understood him; and, running, stood near him, holding in his hand his bent bow and arrow-bearing quiver; and very speedily sent his weapons among the Trojans. 445 And he wounded Cleitus, the illustrious son of Peisenor, the companion of Polydamas, the renowned son of Panthus, *as he was* holding the reins in his hands: and his labour had been with the horses; for he drove them there, where the most numerous phalanxes were in conflict, gratifying Hector and the Trojans. But speedily upon him came destruction, which no 450 one averted from him, eager as they were; for the fatal arrow fell upon his neck from behind, and he tumbled from the car, and his horses started back, making the empty car rattle. But king Polydamas very quickly perceived it, and first came to meet his horses. Them he gave to Astynous, the son of Protiāon, 455 and urged him much to keep the horses near him within sight³; and himself, advancing again, mingled with the foremost combatants. And Teucer took⁴ another arrow for Hector, armed in brass, and would have stopped the battle at the ships of the Achæans, if, striking him, while fighting bravely⁵, he had taken 460 away his life. But it escaped not the observant mind of Jove,

² Bringing death quickly. ³ Looking at them. ⁴ *i. e.* to shoot at Hector.

⁵ ἀριστευοντα—doing his best—or fighting bravely.

who watched over Hector, and he deprived Telamonian Teucer of the glory; for he snapped the well-twisted string upon his good bow as he was pulling it against *Hector*; and the arrow, 465 heavy with brass, was driven off in another direction, and the bow fell from his hand. And Teucer shuddered, and addressed his brother:

“Ye gods, a divinity, without doubt, cuts up the counsels of our battle, for he⁶ has struck the bow from my hand, and snapped the newly twisted string which I tied on it in the morning, 470 that it might sustain the arrows, often bounding forth.”

And him answered then the mighty Telamonian Ajax: “Well, my friend, let thy bow and numerous arrows lie, since a god has rendered them useless⁷, envying the Danaans; and, taking a long 475 spear in thine hands, and a shield upon thy shoulders, fight against the Trojans, and encourage the other troops. Not without labour at least, victorious as they are, let them take the well-benched ships—but let us be mindful of battle.”

Thus he spake; and Teucer laid his bow in the tents. And then he placed around his shoulders a four-fold shield, and fixed 480 upon his gallant head a well-made helmet, crested with horse-hair, and the crest nodded awfully from above. And he seized a tough spear, pointed with sharp brass, and hastened to advance, and, running very quickly, stood beside Ajax.

And when Hector perceived Teucer's arrows rendered useless, 485 he animated the Trojans and Lycians, shouting aloud:

“Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and spear-fighting Dardans, be men, my friends, and be mindful⁸ of your best force at the hollow ships; for I have already seen with my eyes the arrows of their 490 bravest warrior rendered useless by Jove. And easily is the power of Jove perceivable among men, both among those to whom he gives⁹ superior glory, and those whom he enfeebles, and desires not to defend. So now does he weaken the strength of the Argives, and assists us. Fight then in close order at the 495 ships, and whosoever of you, wounded from afar or smitten hand to hand, meets with death and destiny, let him die: it will not be inglorious for himself to die fighting for his country—for his wife will be safe, and his children, behind him, and his house and patrimony uninjured, should the Achæans depart with their ships to their own native land.”

500 So saying, he roused the strength and courage of each: and Ajax, on the other side, animated his comrades:

6 ὁ θεός.

8 *i. e.* exert it.

7 Has poured them together.—*i. e.* broken.

9 Put into their hands.

“For shame, Argives! now is the time¹ either to perish, or be saved and repel destruction from the ships². What, hope ye, if the plumed Hector capture the ships, each to arrive on foot at his native land? or hear ye not Hector, who now longs 505 to fire the ships, exhorting all *his* people? He is bidding them not to come to a dance, but to fight. And for us there is no thought or plan better than this, to mingle in close quarters our 510 hands and valour. It is better either to die at once or live³—rather than thus for no purpose to perish, drop by drop, in dire combat beside the ships, under men weaker than *ourselves*.”

So saying, he stirred up the strength and courage of each. Then Hector slew Schedius, the son of Perimedes, prince of the 515 Phoceans; and Ajax slew Laodamas, a commander of infantry, the noble son of Antenor. And Polydamas slew the Cyllenian Otus, the comrade of the son of Phyleus, the chief of the brave Epeians. And upon him Meges, perceiving it, rushed; but 520 Polydamas stooped⁴, and he missed him; for Apollo suffered not the son of Panthus to be subdued among the foremost combatants. And he wounded the middle of Cræsmus' breast with his spear, and, falling, he gave a sound; and Meges stripped the armour from his shoulders. Meanwhile Dolops, son of Lampus, well skilled in *the use of* the spear, sprang upon him—he, well 525 acquainted with active fight⁵, whom Lampus, the son of Laomedon, the most excellent of men, begot—who then attacking him from near at hand, smote the middle of the son of Phyleus' shield with his spear: but the thick corselet, which he wore, compact 530 in its cavities, defended him—that which Phyleus once brought from Ephÿre, from the river Selleeis. For Euphetes, king of men, his host, had given it to him, to wear in battle as a defence against his enemies; and it then warded off destruction from the body of his son. Of his brazen helmet then Meges struck with 535 his sharp spear the extreme cone, rough with horse-hair, and cut off his horse-hair crest; and it, newly glittering with purple, all fell to the ground in the dust. Meanwhile he (*Meges*) remaining *firm*, fought with the *other* (*Dolops*), and still hoped for victory, and the warlike Menelaus, came as an assistant to 540 him (*Meges*); and he stood with a spear, unobserved, on *Dolops'*

¹ ἀρκιον—*i. e.* το ἀρκιον, that which is sufficient—the right or proper moment to act decisively—the crisis.

² *i. e.* to perish is one alternative—to be saved, *i. e.* to conquer, and repel ruin from the ships, is the other.

³ *i. e.* to conquer.

⁴ *i. e.* he threw himself forward.

⁵ *i. e.* very capable of great exertions—or one who well knew how to employ his strength with efficacy.

flank, and wounded him from behind on the shoulder; and the spear, driven with violence, passed through his breast, making its way onward; and he fell headlong. Both then rushed upon
 545 him to tear the brazen armour from his shoulders; and Hector strenuously exhorted all his brothers, and chid the gallant Melanippus, first, the son of Hicetāon⁶. He till then had fed his slow-footed oxen at Percota, the enemy being far away; but when the ships of the Danaans, impelled by oars on both sides, had
 550 arrived, he came back to Troy, and distinguished himself among the Trojans; and he dwelt with Priam, who honoured him equally with his sons. Him then Hector chid, and uttered this speech, and addressed him by name:

“Shall we be thus remiss, O Melanippus? Is not thy heart moved within thee for thy kinsman slain? Seest thou not how
 555 busy they are about the arms of Dolops? Follow then; for it is no longer a time to fight at a distance with the Argives, but rather we must either slay them, or they overturn the lofty Ilium, and slaughter its citizens.”

So saying, he led on, and the godlike man followed along with
 560 him. And the mighty Telamonian Ajax animated the Argives:

“O my friends, be men, and put honour⁷ in your hearts, and emulate⁸ each other in hard battles. While men thus emulate⁹ each other, more are saved than are slain; but when they run away, there is neither glory, nor safety¹.”

565 Thus he spake, and they themselves also burned to repulse the foe. And they laid up his advice in their mind, and fortified the ships with a brazen rampart²; for Jove urged on the Trojans. And the gallant Menelaus excited Antilochus:

“Antilochus, no other of the Achæans is younger than thou,
 570 nor swifter of foot—nor strong as thou for fighting. Try if thou canst spring forward and smite some hero of the Trojans³.”

So saying, he retired again; but that excited the other. And Antilochus sprang from among the foremost combatants, and hurled his shining spear, after gazing around him; and the Trojans
 575 fell back from the hurling hero. And he sent not his weapon in vain, but struck upon the breast near the pap, Melanippus, the brave son of Hicetaon, now going into battle. And,

⁶ A brother of Priam, T. 238.

⁷ *i. e.* think of the disgrace of being conquered—E. 529—532.

⁸ Or, shame each other to exertion.

⁹ αἰδομένων—φευγοντων—both genitives absolute.

¹ Strength—help—*i. e.* in and for themselves.

² *i. e.* they stood in a line in their brazen armour.

³ Or, I wish thou wouldst, &c.—or, if thou, &c. δὲ

falling, he made a crash, and his arms rattled upon him. Then Antilochus sprang upon him, like a dog which rushes upon a wounded fawn, which the huntsman throwing at, has wounded, when leaping from its lair, and loosened its limbs under it. So upon thee, O Melanippus, sprang stout Antilochus, to strip off thine armour; but he was not unseen by noble Hector, who came against him, running through the battle. And Antilochus, though a gallant warrior, awaited him not, but fled, like a mischievous wild beast, which having killed a dog or man in charge of⁴ oxen, flies, before a crowd of men be collected: so fled the son of Nestor; and the Trojans and Hector, with mighty clamour, poured their woeful weapons after him. And when he came to the column of his comrades, wheeling round, he stooped. 580 585

Meanwhile the Trojans rushed upon the ships like carnivorous lions, and fulfilled the mandates⁵ of Jove; for he ever excited their great strength, and damped the courage of the Argives, and deprived them of glory; and he animated their foes. For his soul desired to bestow glory upon Hector, the son of Priam, that he might cast the fiercely-burning, unwearied fire upon the curved ships; and accomplish all the unjust prayer of Thetis. For this the counsellor Jove awaited⁶, to behold with his eyes the flame of a burning vessel; for from that time he was going to make the Trojans' retreat from the ships, and to bestow glory upon the Danaans. Designing these things, he animated Hector, son of Priam, although very eager himself also, at the hollow ships. And he raged, as when Mars, brandisher of the spear, or a destructive fire rages among the mountains, in the recesses of a deep forest. And there was foam about his mouth, and his eyes glared from beneath his stern brows; and the casque waved awfully upon the temples of Hector *while* fighting; for Jupiter himself from the æther was his assistant, and honoured and glorified him alone among the multitude of men; because he was *destined* to be of a short life: for already was Pallas Minerva impelling towards him the fatal day, under the might of Achilles. And Hector desired to break the ranks of warriors, making the attempt wherever he beheld the greatest throng and the best weapons. But not thus was he able to break, although very eager; for they, collected in squares⁷, sustained him, like a rock lofty and large, being near the hoary deep, which abides the furious inroads of the loud winds, and vast billows which break over it. Thus the Danaans firmly awaited the Trojans, nor fled. But he, resplendent 600 605 610 615 620

⁴ Around.⁵ óç.⁶ As the limit of the disasters of the Achæans.⁷ To make a retreat of, &c.⁸ In solid bodies, like towers,

with fire⁹, on all sides, charged the throng; and fell upon them,
 625 as when an impetuous wave, raised by the wind from the clouds,
 dashes upon a swift ship, and it is all covered with the spray, and
 a terrible blast of wind roars in its sail: and the sailors tremble
 in their hearts, frightened, for they are borne¹ but a little way
 from death: so harassed were the hearts of the Achæans within
 630 their breasts. And he, like a destroying lion rushing upon
 cows, which feed in the moist ground of a spacious meadow in
 great numbers², and among them *is* a keeper yet incapable of³
 fighting with a wild beast, *to prevent* the slaughter⁴ of a crum-
 635 ple-horned cow—he indeed always walks along with the fore-
 most or hindmost cows, and the *lion*, springing in the midst, de-
 vours a cow, and all the rest fly in terror;—so then the Achæans
 were put to the rout, panic-struck, by Hector and father Jove,
 all—but *Hector* slew only the Mycenæan Periphetes, the beloved
 640 son of Copeus, who once went with a message of king Eurys-
 theus to the mighty Hercules. From this far inferior father
 sprang a son superior in all kinds of excellence, in speed and in
 combat; and for intelligence was among the first of the Myce-
 645 næans. He then afforded higher glory to Hector. For, turning
 backwards, he kicked against the rim of the shield which he bore
 —a defence reaching to his feet against javelins—caught by
 which he fell flat, and the helmet sounded terribly around the
 temples of the falling *man*. And Hector quickly marked, and,
 650 running, stood near him, and plunged his spear in his bosom, and
 slew him near his beloved comrades; and they were unable,
 although grieved for their comrade, to be of service to him, for
 they themselves greatly feared the noble Hector. And they
 retired within the lines of their ships⁵, and the outermost⁶ ships
 655 rushed forward. The Argives, therefore, from necessity, re-
 treated from the foremost vessels, and remained there beside the
 tents in close order, and were not scattered through the camp:
 for shame and fear restrained them; and unceasingly they ex-
 hortated one another with shouting. And Gerenian Nestor, the

⁹ *i. e.* with the splendours of his armour.

¹ *i. e.* in the ship—they are in extreme peril.

² Ten thousand.

³ Not yet thoroughly knowing—*i. e.* who had not yet the necessary experience
—a *young* herdsman.

⁴ For the slaughter—*i. e.* to prevent it—possibly for the possession of the body.

⁵ There were *two* lines, at least—one near the rampart, the other near the sea.
The Achæans had now so far retreated as to be between these lines.

⁶ *i. e.* nearest the rampart.

guardian of the Achæans, particularly adjured them by their 660
parents, falling at the knees of each man :

“ O my friends, be men, and put into your minds respect for
other men⁷. Recall to your memory, each of you, your children,
your wives, and possessions, and parents, as well ye whose *pa-*
rents live, as ye whose *parents* are dead⁸. For the sake of those, 665
not present, I here entreat you bravely to stand, nor be turned
to flight.”

So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each. And
Minerva dispelled for them the heaven-sent cloud of darkness
from their eyes; and light arose abundantly to them on both
sides, both towards the ships and towards the destructive battle. 670
Then beheld they the gallant Hector and his comrades, as well
those who stood apart in the rear and fought not, as those who
maintained the fight at the swift ships.

No longer then did it please the heart of the bold Ajax to 675
stand, where the other sons of the Achæans stood apart: but he
went about upon the decks of the vessels with long strides⁹, and
wielded in his hands a large, polished, naval pike, compact with
iron spikes, twenty-two cubits long. And as when a man, well
skilled in horsemanship¹, who, after he has selected four horses 680
out of many, driving them from the plain, directs them towards
a great city along the public road; and many look at him
with admiration, both men and women; and he, always leaping
firmly and safely, changes *his seat* from one to the other; and
they fly along; so Ajax ran along many decks of swift ships, 685
with loud shouts, and his voice reached to the æther; and ever
shouting terribly, he bade the Danaans defend their ships and
tents. Nor indeed did Hector remain among the crowd of well-
armed² Trojans; but as a tawny eagle pounces upon a flock of 690
winged birds, feeding beside a river, of geese, or cranes, or long-
necked swans; so Hector directed his course towards a cerulean-
prowed vessel, rushing at it; and Jove, with a very mighty
hand, impelled him from behind, and animated his people along 695
with him.

And again was a dire combat waged at the ships. You would
have said that unlaboured and unexhausted³ they opposed each
other in war; so furiously they fought. And these were the
thoughts of them fighting—the Achæans indeed supposed that 700

⁷ *i. e.* consider what others will think of you, if you suffer yourselves to be de-
feated. Compare 561 of this book.

⁸ Both he to whom (or, whose) *his parents* are dead, and he, &c.

⁹ Striding along.

¹ κελητιζέειν—*i. e.* to ride.

² Thickly corseleted.

³ *i. e.* as if they were just come fresh into the field.

they could not escape from destruction, but must perish; and among the Trojans, the soul of each within his breast hoped to fire the ships, and to slaughter the Achæan heroes. Thinking thus they pressed upon one another.

And Hector seized the stern of a sea-crossing bark, beautiful
 705 and swift, which had brought Protesilâus to Troy, but bore him not back again to his native land. Round his ship then the Achæans and Trojans now slew one another hand to hand; nor did they wait at a distance the strokes of arrows and of javelins;
 710 but standing close, with one mind, they fought with sharp battle-axes and bills, with large swords and double-pointed spears. And many beautiful falchions, black-hilted, with large handles, fell to the earth, some from the hands, and others from the
 715 shoulders of the combating heroes; and the ground flowed black with blood. And Hector, after he had seized *the vessel* by the stern, let not go his hold, clinging to the tafferel with his hands, and encouraged the Trojans:

“Bring fire, and yourselves together excite ye the battle. Now hath Jove given us a day worth all *days, the day* for taking
 720 the ships, which, coming here, against the will of the gods, have brought upon us many disasters through the cowardice of our rulers; who kept me back, when desirous myself to fight at the sterns of the ships, and restrained the people. But if indeed
 725 the far-sounding Jove then befooled our senses, he himself now impels and urges us on.”

Thus he spake, and then they rushed more than ever upon the Argives; and Ajax could no longer sustain them, for he was borne down with weapons; and, expecting to be killed, he stept
 730 back a little to the seven-foot-wide bench⁴, and quitted the deck of his equal ship⁵. There he stood watching, and ever with his spear repulsed the Trojans from the ships, whoever brought insatiable fire; and always shouting dreadfully, animated the Danaans:

“O my friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars, be men, my friends, and be mindful of your best exertions. Think we, that
 735 we have any supporters in the rear? or any better rampart to ward off destruction from our men? No town is there at hand, fortified with towers, where we may be defended, having a relieving force⁶; but on the plain of the strong-mailed Tro-

⁴ *i. e.* to the centre of the ship—for the deck did not extend over the whole—only over the forecastle and the poop.

⁵ Here he was less exposed—half his person was covered by the side of the vessel.

⁶ ἑστραλκεια—having other strength, or, employing its strength in turn with us

jans, resting on the sea⁷, sit we far from our native land; there- 740
fore safety is in our exertions⁸, and not in remission of battle."

He said, and, furious, charged with his sharp spear. And
whichever of the Trojans rushed⁹ towards the hollow ships with
blazing fire, for the sake of Hector, who excited them,—him
Ajax wounded, awaiting him, with his sharp spear: and he 745
smote twelve hand to hand in front of the ships."

⁷ *i. e.* with our camp on the shore.

⁸ Light is in our hands.

⁹ Was borne, or bore himself.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

Ajax, at length overpowered, and having broken his spear, gives way when his ship is immediately set fire to. Achilles grants permission to Patroclus to join the battle in his (Achilles) armour, but with strict injunctions to do no more than defend the fleet. The Trojans are repulsed, and followed with impetuosity into the plain, where Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and is himself slain by Hector, after Euphorbus had wounded him, and Apollo stripped him of his armour.

Thus then were they fighting for the well-benched ship. But Patroclus stood beside Achilles, shepherd of people, shedding hot tears, like a black-water fountain, which pours down its dark stream from a lofty rock. And him, the swift-footed noble
5 Achilles pitied, beholding, and, addressing him, spake these winged words:

“Why weepest thou, Patroclus? As an infant girl, who running along with her mother, presses to be taken up *in her* arms, catching hold of her robe, and detaining her, though in
10 haste; and weeping, looks towards her *mother* till she is taken up—like to her, O Patroclus, dost thou shed the tender tear. Art thou going to announce aught to the Myrmidons, or to myself? Or hast thou alone heard any news from Phthia? They say that Menœtius, the son of Actor¹, still lives; and Peleus, the
15 son of Æacus, lives among his Myrmidons; for both of whom, if dead, we might deeply grieve. Or dost thou mourn for the Argives, that they are perishing beside their hollow ships, on account of their iniquity to me? Speak out, hide it not in thy mind, that we both may know.”

20 And to him, heavily sighing, thou, noble² Patroclus, didst say:

¹ Father of Patroclus.

² Equestrian.

“O Achilles, son of Peleus, by far the bravest of the Achæans, be not offended; for a grief so great oppresses the Achæans: for now all, as many as were formerly most valiant, lie in the ships, wounded from afar, or smitten in close quarters. Brave Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, is wounded, and spear-skilled Ulys- 25 ses smitten, and Agamemnon; and Eurypylus also is wounded in the thigh with an arrow. About these indeed are the doctors, men of many remedies, busied, dressing their wounds; but thou, Achilles, art inexorable. Never me at least may that resent- 30 ment seize, which thou preservest. Disastrous valour! what, is some other later-born to be benefitted by thee, that thou wilt not ward off foul ruin from the Argives? Man without pity! noble Peleus was not thy father, nor Thetis thy mother; but 35 the azure sea produced thee, and lofty rocks, for thy heart is insensible³. But, if within thy breast thou shuntest any oracle, and thy venerable mother has communicated any to thee from Jove, send me at least forthwith, and along with me give them the rest of the army of the Myrmidons, that if possible I may be some aid⁴ to the Danaans. Grant me also to put thy armour 40 on my shoulders, that the Trojans, taking me for thee, may desist from battle, and the warlike sons of the Achæans exhausted, respire; and there be a short respite to the war. For we *who are* fresh shall easily repulse from the ships and tents towards 45 the city, men worn down with battle.”

Thus supplicating, he spake—very foolish, for indeed it was to supplicate for himself sad death and fate. And to him the swift-footed Achilles, groaning deeply, said:

“Alas! most noble Patroclus, what hast thou said? Neither am I regarding any oracle, which I know, nor has my divine 50 mother communicated aught to me from Jove. But that intolerable insult⁵ goes to my heart and soul—when a man chooses to deprive his equal⁶ of his portion and to take back his reward, because he surpasses him in power. That insult is intolerable 55 to me. For I have suffered tortures from it in my soul, that the maid, whom the sons of the Achæans selected as a reward for me, gained by my own spear, laying waste a well-walled city—her has king Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, taken back out of my hands, as if I were some dishonorable fugitive. But let us 60 dismiss the past⁷; nor is it allowable to be eternally enraged in one’s breast. Certainly I did say that I would not lay aside my

³ See the same lines, A. 793—802.

⁴ Light.

⁵ For $\alpha\chi\omicron\varsigma$ here expresses the source of grief.

⁶ Not in power, but dignity.

⁷ But as to what things occurred before—we will leave them.

resentment before⁸ the shout and the battle had reached my
 65 ships. Do thou therefore, put on upon thy shoulders my famous
 armour, and lead the war-loving Myrmidons to battle; since at
 last a black cloud of Trojans has with force enveloped the ships;
 and the Argives are shut up by the shore of the sea, possessing
 70 now but a small spot of land. Moreover, the whole city of the
 Trojans has come forth full of confidence, because they behold
 not the front of my helmet glittering near; although, speedily
 flying, they would have filled the trenches with their bodies, if
 king Agamemnon had been just towards me⁹: and now they
 75 combat around our very camp¹. For no longer rages the spears
 in the hands of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, to repel ruin from the
 Danaans; nor do I any longer hear the voice of Agamemnon
 shouting, from his detested head. But *that* of man-slaying
 Hector, animating the Trojans, echoes around; and they with a
 80 shout possess the whole plain, conquering the Achæans in battle.
 Yet even thus, Patroclus, fall upon them bravely, warding off
 destruction from the ships, lest at last they consume the vessels
 with glowing fire, and cut off our loved return. Still be per-
 suaded to do as I shall put the sum of my discourse in thy mind,
 in order that thou mayest obtain for me great honour and glory
 85 from all the Danaans; and they may bring back to me the beau-
 tiful maid, and give *me* moreover rich presents. Having driven
the enemy from the ships, come back again; and if the high-
 thundering husband of Juno, besides, grant thee to obtain glory,
 90 be thou not desirous without me, to fight with the war-loving
 Trojans; otherwise² thou wilt render me more dishonored.
 Nor, exulting in the battle and shout, lead on as far as Ilium,
 slaughtering the Trojans, lest some of the everlasting gods come
 down from Olympus; for the far-darting Apollo dearly loves
 95 them. But turn back after thou hast given safety to the fleet³,
 and let the rest wage the battle along the plain. Oh! father
 Jove, and Minerva, and Apollo! that none of the Trojans, as
 many as there are, might escape death, nor one of the Argives:
 100 but that thou and I, escaping, *might remain*; that we alone
 might pull down the sacred walls of Troy."

Thus they such words to each other spoke. But⁴ Ajax no
 longer remained firm, for he was overwhelmed with weapons.
 The counsel of Jove overpowers him, and the fierce Trojans,
 hurling *at him*. And his glittering casque round his temples,

⁸ Before—but when.

⁹ If he had known just things to me.

¹ Around the army— *i. e.* at their stations—the camp.

² $\delta\epsilon$.

³ After thou hast placed a light among the ships.

⁴ The poet resumes from O. 727.

struck *with weapons*, emitted a terrible sound, and the well- 105
made cones of his helmet were incessantly struck. And he was
wearied in his left shoulder, by always firmly holding his agile
shield; yet were they unable, pressing him with their weapons
all around, to move him. All the while he was oppressed with
severe panting⁵, and much sweat poured every where from his 110
limbs, nor was he at all able to respire; for on every side evil
was heaped upon evil.

Tell me now, ye Muses, possessing Olympian abodes, how
first the fire fell upon the ships of the Achæans.

Hector, standing near, struck the ashen spear of Ajax with
his huge sword, just above the junction of the point, and cut it 115
quite through. That lopped spear Telamonian Ajax brandished
in his hand in vain; and, far from him, the brazen point rang,
falling upon the earth. Then Ajax recognized in his honest
soul, and shuddered at, the deeds of the gods; for high-thun-
dering Jove cut up entirely his plans of war, and designed 120
glory for the Trojans. And he retired from the weapons; and
they cast the indomitable fire into the swift ship, and instantly
the inextinguishable flame of it poured along. Thus the fire
curled round the stern; and Achilles, striking his thighs, ad- 125
dressed Patroclus:

“Up noble Patroclus, manager of horses—I perceive the fury
of the hostile fire already at the ships—lest they now take the
ships and there be no longer the means of escaping; put on
thine armour quickly, and I will assemble the host.”

Thus he spake; and Patroclus armed himself in glittering 130
brass. First round his legs he put the beautiful greaves, fas-
tened with silver clasps; next he braced the corslet of the swift-
footed grandson of Æacus upon his breast, variegated and
adorned with stars; and then threw round his shoulders his
silver-hilted brazen sword; and afterwards the large and thick 135
shield. Upon his gallant head he placed the well-formed hel-
met, crested with horse-hair, and the crest nodded terribly from
above. He seized besides strong spears which fitted his hands,
and took not the unique spear of the illustrious descendant of 140
Æacus, ponderous, large, and thick; which indeed no other of
the Achæans could wield⁶; but Achilles alone knew how to
wield it—a Pelion ash, which Cheiron gave to his (*Achilles*)
father, *cut* from the top of *mount Pelion*, to be death to heroes.
And he bade Automedon quickly yoke the horses—him whom 144
next to Achilles, the breaker of the ranks of *heroes*, he most

⁵ *i. e.* he was out of breath with his exertions.

⁶ Shake.

honoured; for⁷ he was most faithful to him in battle, awaiting his directions. Therefore also Automedon led under the yoke the fleet horses, Xanthus and Balius, which vied with the winds in speed⁸. Then the Harpian Podarge, while feeding in the pasture by the stream of Oceanus, bore to the wind, Zephyrus. And in the outer harness he fastened the noble Pedāsus, the horse which Achilles, after taking Eëtion's town, brought away; and which, though mortal, accompanied immortal horses. And
 155 Achilles, going up and down, made all the Myrmidons throughout the tents put on their armour; and, they,—like carnivorous wolves, in whose breast there is immense force, and which, having slain a large horned stag in the mountains devour it, and
 160 the jaws of all are red with blood; and then they rushed in a pack, lapping with slender tongues the surface of the dark water from a deep fountain, vomiting⁹ gore of blood; and their courage is intrepid in their breasts, and their paunch is distended:—such rushed the leaders and chiefs of the Myrmidons
 165 round the brave comrade of the swift-footed descendant of Æacus; and amongst them stood the warlike Achilles, animating both the steeds and the shielded warriors¹.

Fifty were the swift galleys, in which Achilles, beloved of
 170 Jove, brought his troops to Troy, and in each were fifty men, comrades at the benches. Five leaders moreover had he appointed, in whom he trusted, to direct them; whilst himself ruled, commanding in chief. One troop Menestheus of the variegated corslet led, the son of Spercheius, a river flowing² from Jove; whom the daughter of Peleus, the fair Polydora, bore to
 175 the unwearied Spercheius—a woman embraced by a god; although, according to report³, *it was* to Borus, the son of Periēres, who had publicly espoused her, giving invaluable marriage presents. And the second, the warlike Eudorus commanded, of
 180 illegitimate birth⁴, whom Polymela, the daughter of Phylas, graceful in the dance, bore. With her the powerful Mercury⁵ fell in love, seeing her with his eyes, among the revellers, at a dance of the golden-bowed Diana, who delights in the halloo of the chace; and immediately ascending to an upper chamber,
 185 the Acacesian⁶ Mercury secretly lay with her; and she bore to

⁷ δε—*for*—it introduces the reason for Achilles' regard. And so in a multitude of cases.

⁸ Which flew along with the winds.

⁹ *i. e.* the gore running, or dripping from their mouths.

¹ *i. e.* both horse and foot.

² *i. e.* as rains come from the sky.

³ επικλησιν—nominally.

⁴ παρθενιος—*i. e.* the son of an unmarried lady.

⁵ Slayer of Argus.

⁶ From Acacae, a mountain of Arcadia.

him a noble son, Eudorus, distinguished for speed in the race⁷, and as a warrior. But after that Eileithyia, who presides over births, had brought him into the light, and he beheld the rays of the sun, the mig^hty Echeclus⁸, son of Actor, took her home, after he had given innumerable marriage presents⁹; and the 190 aged Phylas carefully nursed and brought up the boy, affectionately loving him, as if he were¹ his own son. And the third the warlike Pisander led, the son of Mæmalus, who, next to the companion of the son of Peleus, surpassed all the Myrmidons in 195 fighting with the spear. And the fourth the aged chief Phœnix commanded. And the fifth, Alcimedon, the noble son of Laërces. And when Achilles, marshalling them properly, had posted all, along with their leaders, he gave to them this gallant order:

“Ye Myrmidons, let none of you be forgetful of the threats 200 with which, at the swift ships, ye have been threatening the Trojans, during the whole of my indignation, and *thus* blamed me, each of you: ‘O cruel son of Peleus! thy mother surely fed thee with gall; relentless man! who detainest thy comrades against their will at the ships. Home let us return again in 205 our sea-crossing barks, since this miserable rage has thus fallen upon thy soul.’ These things, assembled, ye frequently utter; and now the mighty work of war appears, of which ye have been all along² desirous. There let each one, who has a brave heart, fight against the Trojans.”

So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each, and their 210 ranks were more closed when they heard the king. And as when a man constructs the wall of a lofty mansion with stones closely joined, guarding against the violence of the winds; so joined were their helmets and bossed shields; and shield sup- 215 ported shield, helmet helmet, and man man: and the horse-hair plumes upon the shining cones of them, waving, touched each other; so closely stood they one to another. Before them all stood armed³ two warriors, Patroclus and Automedon, and with one mind, to fight in front of the Myrmidons. And Achilles 220 hastened to his tent; and took off the cover of a chest, beautiful, variously adorned, which silver-footed Thetis had put on board for him, to be taken in his ship, having filled it well with tunics, and wind-repelling cloaks, and soft carpets. And in it was a 225 curiously-wrought cup, and neither did any other man⁴ drink dark wine from it, nor did he pour out libations *from it* to any

⁷ Swift above others to run.

⁸ The great vigour of Echeclus.

⁹ *i. e.* to her father.

¹ As being.

² τὸ πρὶν γέ—*i. e.* ever since my quarrel with Agamemnon.

³ Were armed.

⁴ Nor did any other neither of men.

of the gods, except to father Jove. This then taking from the chest, he first purified with sulphur, and then washed it with
 230 pure streams of water; and he washed his own hands, and drew the dark wine. Then, standing in the middle of the area, he prayed, and offered a libation of wine, looking up to heaven; and he was not unobserved by Jupiter, delighting in thunder:

“O Dodonean, Pelasgic king Jove, dwelling far *from us*, pre-
 235 siding over the bleak Dodona; and around⁵ dwell thy prophets, the Selli, with feet unwashed, and sleeping upon the earth; assuredly thou didst once hear my voice when praying⁶—didst honour me, and greatly damage the people of the Achæans; and now again accomplish for me this desire. For I will myself re-
 240 main in the throng of ships, but I send forth my companion, with the numerous Myrmidons, to battle; send thou glory along with him, O far-sounding Jove; incite his heart⁷ within his breast, that Hector too may know, whether our attendant, even alone⁸, understands how to wage war, and whether his⁹ hands will then rage invincible, when I myself go forth to the combat
 245 of Mars. But after he has driven the battle and the shout from the ships, may he then return to me, to the swift barks, unhurt, with all his armour and close-fighting comrades.”

Thus he spake, praying, and the wise Jove heard him. One
 250 part the father granted him, but refused the other. He granted him to repulse the war and battle from the ships, but refused him to return safe from the combat. He, however, having poured out a libation, and prayed to father Jove, went back into his tent, and replaced the cup in the chest. And coming *back*,
 255 he stood before the tent, for he still desired in his heart to behold the dire battle of the Trojans and Achæans.

And those *who were* armed along with the brave Patroclus, marched in good order, till, in high spirits¹ they rushed upon the Trojans. Then at once they poured out like to wasps by the
 260 road-side, which foolish boys, according to custom, irritate, constantly vexing them, in their nests by the road; and cause a common evil among many. And if perchance any way-faring man, travelling there, disturb them through ignorance, they,
 265 possessing bold hearts, all fly forth, and defend their young.

⁵ *i. e.* Dodona.

⁶ My word of me praying.

⁷ *i. e.* give him resolution.

⁸ *i. e.* without me.

⁹ *i. e.* Hector's.—The point is, if Patroclus be too much for Hector, let Hector think how he is to withstand me. The construction will bear perhaps this interpretation also—that he may know whether Patroclus by himself knows how to fight, or then only rages, when I go out with him to battle—but this is comparatively flat and feeble.

¹ Thinking greatly.

With the heart and spirit of these, the Myrmidons then poured from the ships, and a vast tumult arose. And Patroclus animated his comrades, loudly shouting :

“Ye Myrmidons, comrades of Achilles, the son of Peleus, be men, my friends, and be mindful of your best energies, that both we, his close-fighting servants, may do honour to the son of Peleus, who is by far the bravest of the Achæans, at the ships; and that the son of Atreus, the wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his folly, when he insulted² the bravest of the Achæans.”

So saying, he roused the valour and courage of each; and in a body they fell upon the Trojans: and the ships around echoed fearfully, while the Achæans shouted. And the Trojans, when they beheld the gallant son of Menœtius, himself and his attendant glittering in arms,—the hearts of all were agitated, and the phalanxes gave way, supposing that the swift-footed son of Peleus at the ships had flung away his indignation, and taken up friendship³: and each one gazed about, where he might escape dire destruction.

And Patroclus first hurled his shining spear right into the midst, where they were huddled together in greatest numbers, by the stern of the ship of the brave Protesilaus, and struck Pyrræchmes, who led the Pæonian cavalry⁴ from Amÿdon, from the wide-flowing Axius. Him he struck upon the right shoulder, and, groaning, he fell flat in the dust: and the Pæonians, his comrades, were put to rout around him, for Patroclus sent fear upon them all, having slain their leader, who was the bravest in battle⁵. And he drove them from the ships, and extinguished the blazing fire. And the ship half-burnt was there left, and the Trojans were routed with a prodigious tumult: and the Danaans poured forth along the hollow ships; and a mighty confusion was created. And as when, from the lofty summit of a huge mountain, Jove, who collects the lightning, removes a thick cloud, and all the rocks and high ridges and forests become visible, and in the sky breaks forth⁶ an immeasurable æther: so the Danaans breathed a little, after repelling the hostile fire from their ships. There was however no cessation of battle; for not yet were the Trojans routed pell-mell from the black ships by the warlike Achæans, but still offered resistance, and retired⁷ from the ships *only* from necessity, Then, of the leaders, man slew man, the fight being spread; and first, the

² Nothing honoured.

³ *i. e.* was reconciled to Atrides.

⁴ *i. e.* still car-warriors—there is no evidence that cavalry in the modern sense were in use.

⁵ Who was best to fight.

⁶ Is made to burst forth from heaven.

⁷ *i. e.* slowly.

gallant son of Menœtius, with his sharp spear, immediately smote the thigh of Areilochus, when turned about, and drove the
 310 brass quite through: and the spear split the bone, and he fell prone upon the earth. And warlike Menelaus also wounded Thoas upon the breast, when exposed⁸ by the shield, and loosened his members. But Phyleides, watching Amphiclus, whilst rushing
 315 in, anticipating, struck⁹ him in the hinder part of the leg, where the muscles¹ of a man are thickest; and the sinews were cut quite through by the point of the spear, and darkness covered his eyes. And the sons² of Nestor—Antilochus, smote Atymnius with his sharp spear, and drove the brazen weapon through his flank, and he fell before him; and Maris, standing in front of the
 320 carcass, rushed close upon Antilochus with his spear, enraged on account of his brother. But the godlike Thrasymedes, striking at him, wounded him first³ in the shoulder,—missed him not; and the point of the spear stript the muscles from the back of the
 325 arm, and tore them off the bone. And he gave a sound, falling, and darkness covered his eyes. Thus, subdued, by two brothers, these two went to Erebus, the brave companions of Sarpedon, the spear-darting sons of Amisodarus;—he who nursed the unconquerable Chimæra, an evil to many men.

330 And Ajax, son of Oïleus, rushing upon Cleobulus, took him alive, entangled in the crowd; and there loosened his strength, striking him upon the neck with his hilted sword. And the whole sword was warmed over with blood, and purple death and forceful fate seized his eyes.

335 And Peneleus and Lycon engaged in close combat; for they had missed each other with their spears, and both had thrown in vain; and they charged again with their swords. Then Lycon smote the cone of the *other's* helmet, crested with horse-hair, and the sword broke close to the hilt. But Peneleus struck his
 340 neck below the ear, and the whole sword sank in, and the skin alone held it: and the head dropt down, and his members were loosened.

Meriones also, overtaking Acamas with rapid feet, smote him, while mounting his car, on the right shoulder; and he fell from the car, and darkness was poured over his eyes.

⁸ Made naked as to his breast.

⁹ He was beforehand with him in striking, &c.—εφάη οφθαλμοῖς. *scil.* εγχεῖ. Compare line 322, where the phrase is more complete.

¹ *i. e.* the calf—Amphiclus was not rushing at *him*, but at some other; and Phylides, watching his opportunity, struck him as he passed.

² Antilochus and Thrasymedes.

³ *i. e.* was beforehand with him, as in line 314.

And Idomeneus struck Erÿmas in the mouth with *his* ruthless 345
brass; and the brazen weapon passed through below, under the
brain, and cleft the white bones. And his teeth were dashed
out, and both his eyes filled with blood, which he poured out from
his mouth and from his nostrils, gaping; and the black cloud of 350
death covered him round. These leaders of the Danaans then
slew each his man.

And as destructive wolves rush on lambs or kids, snatching
them from the flocks, which are scattered on the mountains by
the negligence of the shepherd; and they perceiving them,
immediately tear the timid⁴ animals in pieces: so the Danaans 355
rushed upon the Trojans, and the Trojans were mindful of horrid-
sounding rout, and forgetful of active bravery⁵. And the mighty
Ajax burned to hurl his javelin at Hector, armed in brass; but
he, by his skill in war, covering his broad shoulders with his 360
bull's-hide shield, watched the hiss of arrows and the whizzing
of darts. He perceived indeed the victory of battle was leaning
the other way⁶; yet even thus he remained, and saved his be-
loved companions.

And as when from Olympus comes a cloud into the heavens,
out of a clear atmosphere, when Jove rouses the storm; so was 365
the clamour and rout of the Trojans flying from the ships. Nor
did they repass *the ditch* in good order; but the swift-footed
steeds bore Hector out⁷ with his arms; and he deserted the Tro-
jan army, whom, against their will, the deep ditch kept back.
And many car-dragging fleet horses left the cars of their masters 370
in the ditch, broken at the point of the pole⁸. And Patroclus
pursued keenly, animating the Danaans, and meditating evils on
the Trojans; and they, with outcry and rout, filled all the roads
after they were scattered. And a tempest of *dust* was spread
aloft under the clouds, and the solid-hoofed horses pressed back 375
towards the city from the ships and tents. And Patroclus, where-
soever he beheld the troops in greatest confusion, thither directed
his course, shouting with threats; and beneath his axle men fell
prone from their chariots, and the cars were overturned with a
crash. Then the fleet, immortal steeds, which the gods had 380
given as distinguished presents to Peleus, pressing forward,
sprang quite across the ditch: and his spirit urged him against
Hector, for he was eager to strike him: and his swift horses bore
him out.

⁴ Having timid spirit.

⁵ *i. e.* thought of nothing but flight.

⁶ ἑτερολακεία—helping the other side.

⁷ *i. e.* out of the battle—over the ditch.

⁸ πρῶτον—first pole—or first part of it—meaning the car end of it—close to the
car.

And as the black earth is entirely burthened by a tempest on
 385 an autumnal day, what time Jove pours forth his very violent
 streams; when at length he gives vent to his fury, enraged with
 men, who, by violence, exercise perverse judgment⁹ in the forum,
 and expel justice, not fearing the vengeance of the gods; and all
 390 their rivers grow full, flowing along, and the torrents then tear
 away many declivities, and, pouring headlong from the moun-
 tains into the purple sea, roar loudly, and the works of men are
 destroyed¹: so loudly snorted the Trojan steeds, running along.
 And Patroclus, when he had intercepted the front columns,
 395 drove them back again towards the ships, and permitted them
 not, desiring it, to ascend towards the city; but, pressing upon
 them, slaughtered them midway between the ships, and the river
 and high rampart, and exacted vengeance for many. Then
 indeed he smote with his shining spear Pronöus first, having his
 400 breast naked near the shield, and loosened his members: and he
 gave a sound, falling. And *Patroclus*, attacking next Thestor,
 the son of Enops—and he sat, crouching, in his well-polished
 car, for he was panic-struck in his mind, and the reins had then
 405 dropped from his hands—and *Patroclus*, standing near, struck
 him with his spear on the right cheek, and drove it through his
 teeth. Then, catching the spear, he dragged him over the
 panels² of the car—as when some man, sitting upon a projecting
 rock, *pulls* with a line and bright hook³, a sacred fish clear out
 from the sea; so he dragged him, gaping, from his car with the
 410 shining spear. Then he shook him off upon his mouth⁴, and life
 left him, falling. And next he struck Erylaus, rushing against
 him, on the middle of the head with a rock; and it was all cut
 asunder into two parts in his strong casque; and Erylaus then
 fell flat upon the earth, and fatal death was poured around him.
 415 And afterwards Erymas, and Amphoterus, Epaltes, and Tlepo-
 lemus, the son of Damastor, and Echiüs, and Pyris, and Ipheus,
 and Euippus, and Polymelus, the son of Argeus, all one after the
 other he brought down upon the fertile earth.

And when Sarpedon perceived his loose-girded⁵ comrades
 420 subdued by the hands of Patroclus, son of Menöctius, he exhorted
 the godlike Lycians, reviling them:

“For shame, Lycians, whither fly thee? Now be active: for
 I will oppose this man, that I may know who he is that is so
 victorious: for truly he hath wrought many evils to the Trojans,
 425 and has loosened the knees of many and brave *men*.”

⁹ Who judge perverse judgments.

¹ Lessened.

² The *avruξ*.

³ Brass.

⁴ He fell upon his face.

⁵ *αμιτροχιτωτες*—peculiar to the Lycians—they seem to have worn no mitra at the bottom of, or under, the corslet.

He said, and leaped from his car with his armour to the ground; and Patroclus, on the other side, when he beheld him, sprang from his car. Then they—as crooked-taloned, hook-beaked vultures, loudly screaming, fight upon a lofty rock—so they, shouting, rushed against each other. And the son of wily Saturn, looking upon them, felt compassion, and addressed Juno, his sister and spouse :

“ Alas for me, since it is fated that Sarpedon, dearest to me of men, shall be subdued by Patroclus, the son of Menœtius. And my heart impels me two ways⁶, revolving in my breast, whether I shall snatch him, being alive, from the tearful battle, and place him among the rich people of Lycia, or now subdue him by the hands of the son of Menœtius.”

And him answered then the large-eyed, imperial Juno : “ Most despotic son of Saturn, what word hast thou spoken ? Desirest thou again to free from sad death a man, being a mortal long ago doomed to *his* fate ? Do so ; but all we the other gods shall not approve. And I tell thee another thing, and do thou cast⁷ it in thy mind. If thou shouldst save, and send⁸ this Sarpedon home, consider whether some other of the gods may not hereafter also wish to send away his beloved son from the rough battle ; for round the vast city of Priam fight many sons of immortals, upon whom thou wilt throw heavy displeasure. But if he be dear to thee, and thy heart pities him, let him be subdued in the rough battle, by the hands of Patroclus, the son of Menœtius ; and when his spirit and life have left him, send Death and sweet Sleep to carry *him* until they reach the people of wide Lycia. There his brethren and friends will perform his obsequies with a tomb and a pillar ; for that is the honour of the dead.”

Thus she spake, nor did the father of gods and men refuse ; but he poured down upon the earth bloody dew-drops, honouring his beloved son, whom Patroclus was going to kill in fertile Troy, far from his native land.

And when, advancing, they were now near each other, then indeed Patroclus *struck* the illustrious Thrasymelus, who was the gallant attendant of king Sarpedon—him he struck upon the lower part of the belly, and loosened his limbs. Then Sarpedon, next attacking, missed him with his bright javelin ; but wounded the horse Pegasus, with his spear, in the right shoulder ; and he groaned, breathing out his life, and fell, moaning, in the dust, and his life fled from him. But the *other* two started asunder, and the yoke crashed, and the reins were hampered about

⁶ To me, turning, &c.

⁷ *i. e.* attend to it.

⁸ Saving alive (ζῶν) shouldst send.

them, after the outer horse lay in the dust. For this, however, the spear-skilled Automedon found a remedy⁹. Drawing his long sword from his stout thigh, hastening, he cut away the
 475 outer horse, nor did it lazily. And the two horses were put straight, and were managed by the reins: and the two warriors again rushed together for deadly combat.

Then again Sarpedon missed with his shining spear, and the point of the weapon went over the left shoulder of Patroclus, and wounded him not. And Patroclus next attacked with his
 480 javelin, and the weapon escaped not in vain from his hand, but struck him where the midriff¹ protects the beating heart. And he fell, as when falls some oak, or poplar, or lofty pine, which workmen cut down in the mountains with newly-sharpened
 485 axes, for naval timber; so lay he stretched before his horses and chariot, grinding his teeth and grasping the bloody dust. As a lion, coming among a herd, slays a bull, tawny, and brave, among slow-footed oxen, and he perishes, bellowing, beneath the fangs of the lion; so the leader of the shielded Lycians was enraged.
 490 at being slain by Patroclus, and addressed his beloved comrade by name:

“Glaucus, my friend, warrior among heroes, now does it greatly behoove thee to be a spearman and a daring warrior; now let destructive battle be thy desire, if thou art an alert
 495 avenger. First, stir up the leaders of the Lycians—going among them all—to fight round Sarpedon, and then do thou thyself also combat for me with thy spear. For I shall, even in after times, be a cause of shame and disgrace to thee for ever², if the Achæans strip me of my armour, falling in *this* battle at
 500 the ships. Bravely then hold on to the *fight*, and animate all the army.”

Whilst he was thus speaking, the end of death covered his eyes and nostrils³; and *Patroclus*, planting his heel upon his breast, drew out the spear from his body, and immediately the pericardium⁴ followed with it; and he drew out together his
 505 life, and the point of the weapon. And the Myrmidons held there his snorting steeds, eager to fly along after they quitted⁵ the car of their lords. And a sharp pang came upon Glaucus, hearing the voice of *his friend*; and his heart was shaken, that
 510 he could not aid him. But, holding his (own) arm with his hand, he pressed it; for grievously pained him the wound, which Teucer with an arrow had—repelling the battle from his

⁹ End.¹ Or the pericardium.² All days throughout.³ The end of death then covered him, thus speaking, as to his eyes and nostrils.⁴ φρενες.⁵ *i. e.* after the car was left by Sarpedon and his driver.

comrades—inflicted upon him, whilst springing upon the lofty rampart; and then, praying, he addressed the far-darting Apollo:

“Hear, O king, whether thou art in the rich state of Lycia, or in Troy⁶, for thou canst every where hear a man in trouble, 515 as trouble now comes upon me. For this wound which I have is severe, and my hand is pierced in all directions with sharp pains, nor can my blood be staunched, and my shoulder is weighed down with it. And I cannot firmly hold my spear, nor *can I*, advancing, combat with the enemy; and the bravest hero 520 has fallen, Sarpedon, the son of Jove; nor does he assist his own son. Heal thou then for me this severe wound, O king; and lull my pains, and grant me strength, that, animating my comrades, the Lycians, I may urge them to fight; and may myself 525 combat for the dead body.”

Thus he spake, praying, and Phœbus Apollo heard him. Immediately he allayed the pains, and dried up the black blood from the severe wound, and threw strength into his soul. And Glaucus was conscious *of the cure*, and was delighted, that the 530 great god had for his sake⁷ quickly heard him, praying. First then, going about in all directions, he exhorted the heroes, leaders of the Lycians, to fight for Sarpedon; and then went among the Trojans, loudly calling upon Polydamas, the son of 535 Panthus, and the noble Agenor. And he went after Æneas, and brazen-armed Hector, and, standing near, addressed to him these winged words:

“Hector, now art thou wholly neglectful of thine allies, who for thy sake, far from their friends and native land, are losing their lives; and thou wilt not assist them. Sarpedon lies *dead*, 540 the leader of the shielded Lycians, who defended Lycia by his justice and his valour. For him has brazen Mars subdued with a spear by Patroclus. Stand⁸ by us then, friends, and consider the scandal in your minds, should the Myrmidons take away his 545 armour, and insult his corpse, enraged on account of all the Danaans, who have perished, whom we have slain with our spears at the swift ships.”

Thus he spake, and deeply did grief intolerable, excessive, seize the Trojans, for he had been *a* pillar of their city, though a foreigner; for many troops followed along with him, and 550 among them he was himself the most valiant in battle. Glowing, therefore, they advanced straight upon the Danaans; and Hec-

⁶ Lit. who somewhere art in, &c.

⁷ *oi*—for Sarpedon's sake—had heard his prayer.

⁸ Or, assist your friends.

tor headed them, inflamed with anger on account of Sarpedon. And the resolute spirit of Patroclus, the son of Menœtius, roused
 555 the Achæans. The Ajaxes first he addressed, themselves also eager :

“ O Ajaxes, let it now be dear to you both to repulse *the foe*—be such as you were of old among heroes, or even braver. Dead lies Sarpedon, the man who first leaped upon the wall of the Achæans. But *O* that we could seize his body and insult
 560 it⁹—and strip his armour from his shoulders, and subdue some one of his comrades, now keeping us off, with *our* ruthless brass.”

Thus he spake, and they themselves were also prompt to repel *the foe*. And when they had strengthened their columns on both sides, both the Trojans and Lycians, and Myrmidons and Achæans, they closed to fight round the dead body, shouting
 565 horribly, and the arms of the men rattled aloud. And Jove spread pernicious night over the fierce battle, that the toil of combat round his dear son might be destructive. And the Trojans
 570 first drove back the brave¹ Achæans: for a man was smitten, by no means the worst among the Myrmidons, noble Epigeus, son of brave Agacles, who once ruled in the well-inhabited Budeium; but then having slain a gallant kinsman, he came as a suppliant to Peleus, and the silver-footed Thetis; and they sent
 575 him along with Achilles, the breaker of ranks, to follow to Ilium, renowned for steeds, that he might fight against the Trojans. Him then, when catching hold of the body, the illustrious Hector struck upon the head with a stone; and it was all cleft in twain in his strong casque; and he fell prone upon the corse, and fatal
 580 death was poured around him. Then grief arose within Patroclus, for his comrade slain; and he burst right through the foremost combatants, like to a swift hawk, which puts to flight jackdaws or starlings—so, O equestrian Patroclus, didst thou
 585 rush right upon the Lycians and Trojans; for thou wert enraged in thy heart about thy comrade. And he struck Sthenelaus, the beloved son of Ithæmeneus, upon the neck with a stone, and burst his tendons: and the foremost combatants and the illustrious Hector fell back, as far as is the cast of a long javelin, which a
 590 man may throw, either striving in a game, or even in war, among² his life destroying foes; so far the Trojans fell back, and the Achæans repulsed them.

And Glaucus, the leader of the shielded Lycians, first turned, and slew the brave Bathycles, the beloved son of Chalcon, who,
 595 inhabiting mansions in Hellas, was conspicuous among the

⁹ *i. e.* by exposing him to dogs and birds of prey.

¹ ἑλικωπεῖς. A. 389. Γ. 190.

² ἵππο.

Myrmidons for riches and wealth. Him then Glaucus, turning round suddenly, wounded in the middle of the breast with his spear, when Bathycles, pursuing, was overtaking him. He, falling, gave a sound; and deep grief seized the Achæans, because a brave warrior had fallen; but the Trojans greatly rejoiced, and, going in a body, stood round him; nor were the Achæans forgetful of valour, but straightway bore their might against them. Then again Meriones slew a brave man of the Trojans, Laogonus, the gallant son of Onetor, who was a priest of Idæan Jove, and was honoured by the people like a god. Him he struck below the jaw and ear, and his soul quickly departed from his limbs, and hateful night seized him. And Æneas sent a brazen spear at Meriones, for he hoped to hit him, as he was striding forward under cover of his shield. He, however, observing it coming against him, avoided the brazen spear; for he bent forward, and the long javelin pitched in the earth behind him, and the shaft of the spear quivered above; and there the rapid weapon³ then spent its force. For the javelin of Æneas, quivering, went into the earth, after it had sprung in vain from his strong hand. Then Æneas was indignant in his mind, and said:

“Meriones, soon my spear would have for ever put thee to rest, dancer⁴ as thou art, had I but struck thee.”

To him again spear-skilled Meriones spake in return: “Æneas, it were hard for thee, gallant although thou art, to extinguish the valour of all who come against thee to repulse thee⁵; for thou art also mortal. And if I, aiming at thee, should strike thy middle with my sharp spear, brave as thou art, and confident in thy prowess⁶, thou wouldest immediately give thy glory to me, and thy soul to Pluto, famed for steeds.”

Thus he spake, but the gallant son of Menœtius chid him: “Meriones, why dost thou, brave although thou art, talk thus? O, my friend, the Trojans will not retire from the corpse for opprobrious words, before the earth hold some one of them: for the end of war is in the hands, but *that* of words is in the council; wherefore it does not behoove thee to multiply words, but to fight.”

So saying, he then led the way, and the godlike man followed along with him. And as the crash of wood-cutters⁸ arises in the glens of a mountain, and the sound is heard from afar; so from them, smitten with swords and double pointed spears, arose, from the wide-extended plain, the clash of brass, of leather, and

³ ἄεγες.

⁴ He had eluded the stroke by his agility.

⁵ Keeping thee off.

⁶ Thy hands.

⁷ Talk these words.

⁸ Wood-cutting men.

of well prepared bulls' hides. Nor would a man, although well acquainted *with him*, any longer have known the noble Sarpedon, for he was covered all over, from the head to the soles of the feet, with weapons, and gore and dust. And they still crowded round the corpse, as when flies in the stall hum among pails full of milk, during the vernal season, when the milk wets⁹ the vessels. So they still crowded round the body: nor did
 645 Jove ever turn his bright eyes from the brave battle; but always looked upon them, and meditated many things in his mind respecting the death of Patroclus, anxiously deliberating whether now the illustrious Hector, for the sake of godlike Sarpedon,
 650 should slay him with the spear in the fierce fight, and strip the armour from his shoulders, or yet awhile he should increase severe labour to more. Thus to him, reflecting, it appeared to be better, that the brave comrade of Achilles, son of Peleus, should drive back the Trojans and Hector, armed in brass, towards the
 655 city, and take away life from many. For into Hector, first of all, he sent enfeebling Fright; and he ascending his car, turned *himself* to flight, and advised the other Trojans to fly, for he recognised the sacred scales¹ of Jove. Then neither did the brave Lycians remain, but all took to flight when they beheld
 660 their king wounded in the heart, lying among a heap of dead; for many had fallen over him, as long as the son of Saturn stretched² *the chord* of fierce strife. And when the *others* (*Achæans*) had stripped the armour from the shoulders of Sarpedon, brazen and glittering, the gallant son of Menætius gave them to his comrades to carry to the hollow ships: and then the
 665 the cloud-collecting Jove addressed Apollo:

“Come now³, my dear Phœbus, go and cleanse Sarpedon from the black gore, taking him⁴ up from among the weapons; and then, bearing him far away, wash him in the streams of a river,
 670 and anoint him with ambrosia, and put round *him* imperishable robes; and then give him in charge to the twin brothers, Sleep and Death, swift guides, to be carried by them—they who will speedily lay him in the rich state of broad Lycia. There his
 675 brethren and friends will perform his obsequies with a tomb and a monument, for that is the honour of the dead.”

Thus he spake; nor was Apollo inattentive to his father, but

⁹ And of course, *fills*.

¹ *i. e.* the will of Jove. Compare ©. 69.

² Compare Λ. 336, Ξ. 389.—unless the word here refers to *ταλαντα* (scales), and then the sense will be—suspended the scales.

³ Lit. But if—come now—*i. e.* if you wilt be so obliging, or some implication of that sort.

⁴ Compare line 678 below *εκ βλεων*—*i. e.* from the field of battle.

descended from the Idæan mountains to the dire battle. And immediately taking up the noble Sarpedon from the weapons, and bearing him far away, he washed him in the streams of a river, anointed him with ambrosia, and put about *him* imperishable robes; then gave him in charge to the twin-brothers, Sleep and Death, swift guides, to be borne along by them; and they quickly laid him down in the rich state of broad Lycia. 680

But Patroclus, animating his steeds and Automedon, followed upon the Trojans and Lycians, and made a great mistake—foolish 685 man,—for if he had observed the direction of the son of Peleus, he would have surely escaped the evil destiny of black death. But ever is the counsel of Jove superior to that of men, who puts to flight even the brave man, and takes away victory with ease, 690 even when he himself impels him to fight—it was he who then excited his courage in his breast. Then whom first, and whom last, didst thou slay, O Patroclus, when the gods now summoned thee to death? Adrastus first, and Autonus and Echeclus, and Perimus, the son of Megas, and Epistor, and Melanippus; and 695 afterwards Elâsus, and Mulius, and Pylartes. These he slew; and the rest were one and all mindful of flight⁵. Then would the sons of the Achæans have taken high-gated Troy, by the hands of Patroclus, for he raged mightily before *others* with his spear; had not Phœbus Apollo stood upon a well-built tower, 700 meditating destruction to him, and assisting the Trojans. Thrice did Patroclus mount⁶ upon a buttress of the lofty wall, and thrice did Apollo push him off, striking his glittering shield with his immortal hands. But when now, like to a god, he rushed on the 705 fourth time, the far-darting Apollo, fearfully threatening, addressed him:

“Retire, noble Patroclus; it is not fated, that the city of the haughty Trojans should be laid waste by thy spear, nor by that of Achilles, who is much mightier than thou.”

Thus he spake, and Patroclus retired a great way back, avoid- 710 ing the wrath of the far-darting Apollo.

Meanwhile Hector was holding his horses at the Scæan gates; for he was in doubt whether, driving again into the throng, he should fight, or urge the troops to collect against the wall. Whilst revolving these things, Phœbus Apollo stood near him, with the 715 semblance of a warrior, active and brave,—Asius, who was the maternal uncle of equestrian Hector, full brother of Hecuba, and son of Dymas, who dwelt in Phrygia, by the streams of the Sangarius—to him Phœbus Apollo, assimilating himself, addressed 720 *Hector*:

⁵ Were mindful of flight, each of them.

⁶ *i. e.* made the attempt.

“Hector, why dost thou shrink from battle? It becomes not thee. Would that I were as much superior to thee as I am inferior; then soon at thy peril shouldst thou recede from the battle. Come then, drive thy solid-hoofed horses against Patroclus, 725 that, if possible, thou mayest kill him, and Apollo give thee glory.”

So saying, the god went again to the toil of heroes; and the illustrious Hector commanded the brave Cebriones, to lash the steeds to the fight. And Apollo, proceeding entered the throng; 730 and sent destructive confusion among the Argives; and bestowed glory upon the Trojans and Hector. And Hector passed by the other Danaans, and slew them not; but directed his solid-hoofed horses against Patroclus. And Patroclus, on the other side, leaped from his car to the ground, holding his spear in his left hand; and with the other snatched up a stone, white and rugged, 735 which his hand covered round⁷, and threw it with all his force⁸. Nor⁹ was *he* far from the man. Not in vain was the weapon thrown, for he struck with the sharp stone, upon the forehead, the driver of Hector, Cebriones,—a bastard son of renowned 740 Priam,—whilst holding the reins of the horses. And the stone crushed both his eye-brows, nor did the bone¹ sustain it, and his eyes fell in the dust upon the ground before his feet; and he, like to a diver, fell from the well-wrought car, and the life quitted his bones. And him with gibes didst thou *thus* address, O equestrian Patroclus:

745 “Ye gods! what a very active man! how nimbly he dives! truly if he were in the fishy sea, that man, seeking oysters, would get abundance for many, leaping down from his ship, if it² were ever so tempestuous—so easily into the plain does he dive 750 from his car. And doubtless among the Trojans there are divers³ enough.”

So saying, he went towards the hero Cebriones, with the fury of a lion, which ravaging the folds, is wounded in the breast, and its own boldness destroys it; so didst thou spring, O Patroclus, 755 glowing, upon Cebriones; and Hector, on the other side, leaped from his horses to the ground. For Cebriones, like lions, did these two contend—which, both hungry, fight with proud spirits for a slaughtered stag on the summits of a mountain—so for Ce-

⁷ *i. e.* it filled his hand.

⁸ ἐπεισάμενος—striving with much effort.

⁹ Possibly—neither was the *weapon* far from the man, nor was it in vain, for he struck, &c. The reading is probably not correct—nothing better seems likely to be made of the present.

¹ *i. e.* the frontal bone.

² *i. e.* ποντος.

³ The meaning may be—doubtless there are *other* divers among the Trojans—*i. e.* the Trojans may all be knocked over in the same way.

briones, these two skilful warriors, Patroclus, son of Menætius, 760 and the illustrious Hector, strove to pierce⁴ each other's bodies with direful brass. Hector, when he seized it⁵ by the head, did not let go *his hold*; and Patroclus, on the other side, held it by the foot; and now the rest of the Trojans and Danaans joined the stubborn fight.

And as the east and south winds strive with one another, in the 765 glens of a mountain, to shake a deep forest—beech, and ash, and rugged⁶ cornel, which dash their long-extended branches against each other with a mighty sound, and there is a crash of them breaking; so Trojans and Achæans, springing upon one another, slaughtered, and neither were mindful of pernicious fight. Many 770 sharp spears were fixed round Cebriones, and feathered arrows springing from the string; and many huge stones struck against the shields of those combating round him; but he, mighty, lay 775 at huge length in a heap of dust, forgetful of his skill in the chariot.

As long indeed as the sun was ascending the middle heaven, so long the weapons in great numbers⁷ reached both sides, and the people fell. But when the sun had passed over towards the west⁸, then indeed the Achæans were superior, beyond their 780 fate. They dragged the hero Cebriones from among the weapons, from the throng of Trojans, and stripped the armour from his shoulders. And Patroclus, with ill designs⁹, rushed on the Trojans. Thrice then he charged, equal to swift Mars, shouting 785 horribly, and thrice slew nine men. But when, like a god, he attacked the fourth time, then indeed, O Patroclus, the term of thy life appeared; for Phœbus, terrible in the fierce battle, opposed thee. He (*Patroclus*) had not observed him coming through the crowd, for he advanced against him covered with 790 thick darkness, and stood behind and struck him with his flat hand upon the back and broad shoulders¹, and his eyes swam round². From his head Phœbus Apollo dashed the casque, and the beavered helmet rattled, rolling under the horses' feet, and the crest was defiled with blood and dust. Never before had 795 that happened to the helmet, crested with horse-hair, to be defiled in the dust! For it had protected the head and the beautiful brow of the godlike man, Achilles; and Jove then gave it

⁴ To cut.

⁵ *i. e.* the body of Cebriones.

⁶ Having long bark.

⁷ *μαλα*—much.

⁸ To the unyoking of the oxen—*i. e.* the close of the day.

⁹ Thinking evils—with a sort of *malice prepense*.

¹ That part of the back which is between the shoulders.

² Were whirled round to him.

to Hector to wear upon his head, though his own destruction
 800 was at hand. The whole of the long-shadowing spear, heavy,
 large, and bound *with brass*, was broken in his³ hands; and the
 shield, which reached to his heels, with its belt, fell upon the
 ground; and king Apollo, the son of Jove, unbuckled⁴ his corslet.
 805 And a stupor seized his brain, and his fair limbs were loosened
 under him, and he stood panic-struck. And a Dardan hero, Eu-
 phorbus, son of Panthus, who surpassed those of his age in *the use*
of the spear, in horsemanship, and in swift feet, smote him, close
 810 to him, with his sharp spear, upon the back, between the shoul-
 ders—for even then he hurled twenty men from their horses,
 when he first came⁵ in his car, and learnt *the art of war*; he
 first sent a spear at thee, O equestrian Patroclus, but subdued
 thee not; and he ran back again and mixed with the crowd,
 815 after plucking the ashen spear from the body; nor awaited Pa-
 troclus, though now unarmed, in battle. And Patroclus, shaken
 by the blow of the god, and by the spear, retired back upon the
 column of his comrades, avoiding death. And Hector, when he
 perceived the brave Patroclus retiring back, wounded with a
 820 sharp spear, went through the ranks close up to him, and smote
 him with his javelin in the lower part of the flank, and drove
 the brass quite through; and falling, he gave a sound, and
 greatly afflicted the people of the Achæans. And as when a
 lion attacks a mighty boar in fight, and they, high-spirited, con-
 tend upon the summits of a mountain, for a little fountain—for
 825 both desire to drink—and the lion subdues by force *the boar*,
 panting much; so Hector, son of Priam, close, with his spear,
 deprived of life the gallant son of Menœtius, who had slain
 many⁶; and, boasting over him, uttered these winged words:
 830 “Patroclus, without doubt thou didst expect to lay waste our
 city, and to carry off, in thy ships, the Trojan women, depriving
 them of their freedom⁷, to thy loved native land. Fool! for in
 defence of them, Hector’s fleet steeds hasten with their feet to
 835 war, and I myself, who defend them from slavery⁸, am conspic-
 uous among the war loving Trojans with the spear. But thee
 the vultures shall here devour. Unhappy man! Achilles, brave
 as he is, aids thee not—he who perchance, remaining behind,
 enjoined thee much on thy going—*saying*; ‘Return not to me,
 O equestrian Patroclus, to the hollow ships, before thou hast
 840 cleft the bloody corslet upon the breast of man-slaying Hector.’

³ Those of Patroclus.⁴ Loosened—unfastened.⁵ First coming, &c.⁶ Killing many.⁷ Their free day.⁸ The day of necessity—slavery or death.

Thus, perhaps, he addressed thee, and persuaded thy foolish spirit⁹.”

And to him, O noble Patroclus, didst thou, panting, say : “ Now indeed, Hector, boast aloud, for Jove, son of Saturn, and Apollo, who subdued me easily, have given thee the victory ; for it was 845 they who stript the armour from my shoulders. For if even twenty such *as thou* had opposed me, they would have all perished here, subdued by my spear. But destructive fate, and the son of Latona, have slain me¹, and of men, Euphorbus ; and thou, the third, dost spoil me now I am slain. Yet I will 850 tell thee something else, and do thou cast it in thy mind. Not long, of a truth, shalt thou live² thyself, but death and violent fate already stand near thee, subdued by the hands of Achilles, the noble descendant of Æacus.” 855

Him then, having thus spoken, the end³ of death covered. And his spirit departed to Hades, flying from his limbs, lamenting its fate, and quitting manhood and youth. Him, although dead, the illustrious Hector addressed :

“ Why now, Patroclus, dost thou prophesy severe destruction 860 to me ? For who knows whether Achilles, the son of the fair-haired Thetis, may not first lose his life⁴, struck by my spear ? ”

Thus having spoken, he plucked the brazen weapon from the wound, pressing him with his heel ; and thrust him prostrate⁵ from the spear. Then immediately, with his lance, he went 865 against Automedon, the godlike servant of the swift-footed descendant of Æacus, for he was eager to smite him. But the fleet immortal horses, which the gods gave to Peleus, splendid gifts, bore him quite away.

⁹ Mind to the foolish.

¹ Destructive fate has slain me, and the son of Latona has slain me.

² Walk.

³ The finish—or fiat.

⁴ May go before to lose his life.

⁵ Supine—on his back.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

A severe struggle for the body of Patroclus. Hector arms himself in Achilles' armour. Antilochus is dispatched to inform Achilles of the death of Patroclus, and Menelaus and Meriones bear away the body, whilst the Ajaxes cover their retreat.

NOR was Patroclus, subdued in battle by the Trojans, unobserved by the son of Atreus, the warlike Menelaus; and he advanced through the foremost combatants, armed in shining brass. And round him then he stalked, like some dam round its young, 5 having brought forth for the first time, moaning, not being before acquainted with parturition; so stalked the yellow-haired Menelaus round Patroclus. And before him he held his spear and shield every where equal, eager to slay the man, whoever should come against him. Nor was the son of Panthus, of the good 10 ashen spear, unobservant of the illustrious Patroclus fallen; but stood near him, and addressed the warlike Menelaus:

“Menelaus, son of Atreus, noble-born, leader of people retire, and quit the body, and give up the bloody spoils; for none of the Trojans or their famous allies before me¹ smote Patroclus with the spear in the fierce battle. Wherefore suffer me to 15 bear away the glorious fame among the Trojans, lest I strike thee, and take away thy sweet life.”

And to him the yellow-haired Menelaus, very indignant, said: “Oh! father Jove, it is not well to boast too proudly. Neither 20 the spirit of a panther *aims at* so much, nor of a lion, nor of a destructive wild boar, whose mighty soul within his breast rages greatly in its strength, as do the spear-skilled sons of Panthus².

¹ *i. e.* I was the first.

² Nor does the force of the panther (sub. $\varphi\gamma\sigma\upsilon\epsilon\iota$) *think* so much, &c.—as the sons of Panthus ($\varphi\gamma\sigma\upsilon\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\iota$) think.

Yet the gallant, horse-taming Hyperenor enjoyed not his youth³, 25
 what time he insulted and awaited me, and said that I was the
 most contemptible warrior among the Danaans; nor, I think,
 did he, returning upon his feet, give pleasure to his beloved
 wife and venerable parents. So assuredly I will loosen thy
 strength too, if thou standest against me. 'Therefore, I advise
 thee to retire, and go into the throng—nor stand against me— 30
 before thou sufferest some evil. What is done even a fool
 knows⁴."

Thus he spake, but persuaded him not; for, answering, he
 addressed him: "Now, at last, O noble-born Menelaus, shalt
 thou surely pay the penalty for my brother, whom thou slewest: 35
 and now, boasting, dost talk of it; and didst widow his beloved
 spouse in the recess of her recent bridal chamber, and inflicted
 intolerable grief and sorrow upon his parents. Surely some
 alleviation of grief to them, miserable, should I be, if bearing
 back thy head and armour, I throw them into the hands of 40
 Panthus and the noble Phrontis. No longer then shall the toil
 be untried, nor untested, of victory or of flight."

So saying, he smote him upon the shield, on all sides equal,
 but pierced not the brass, for his point was bent in the strong
 shield: and Menelaus, the son of Atreus, next attacked with 45
 his spear, after praying to father Jove. And he struck upon
 the lower part of his gullet as he stepped back⁵, and forced it
 onward, trusting to his strong hand; and the point went quite 50
 through his soft neck. And, falling, he gave a sound, and his
 armour rang upon him. His locks, resembling the Graces, were
 wet with blood, and his curls, which were bound up with gold
 and silver. And as a man cherishes a blooming plant of olive, 55
 beautiful, flourishing, in a solitary spot, where water streams
 forth in abundance, and the breathings of all winds wave it, and
 it blossoms with a white flower; and a wind, suddenly coming
 with a mighty blast, upturns it from the furrow, and stretches
 it upon the earth: such *was* the son of Panthus, the spear-skilled
 Euphorbus, *whom* Menelaus, the son of Atreus, when he had slain 60
 him, plundered of his armour. And as when a lion, mountain-
 bred, confident in his strength, carries off from a grazing herd
 the cow which is best; and breaks its neck first, seizing it in his
 strong teeth, and then, tearing it in pieces, laps up the blood 65
 and all the entrails; and dogs and shepherds around him, shout
 aloud at a distance, but will not go against him, for pale fear

³ *i. e.* he died prematurely—in early manhood.

⁴ *i. e.* experience teaches fools. He might take warning from the fate of his
 brother.

⁵ The gullet of him, stepping back.

holds them fast⁶; so the spirit in the bosom of none of them dared to advance against the glorious Menelaus. Then would
70 the son of Atreus have borne off with ease the famous armour of the son of Panthus, had not Phœbus Apollo envied him—he who, in the semblance of the hero Mentès, leader of the Ciconians, immediately urged against him Hector, equal to fleet Mars; and, addressing him, uttered *these* winged words:

75 “Hector, now thou thus runnest, pursuing⁷ to no purpose the steeds of warlike Æacides. For they are difficult to be managed by mortal men, or to be driven by another besides Achilles, whom an immortal mother bore. Meanwhile Menelaus, son of warlike
80 Atreus, protecting Patroclus, has slain the bravest of the Trojans, Euphorbus, son of Panthus, and put a stop to his vigorous might.

So saying the god again went back amid the toil of men; and deep grief oppressed Hector in his clouded mind. And then he
85 gazed along the ranks, and at once observed the one bearing away the famous spoils, and the other lying upon the ground; and the blood welled through the inflicted wound. And he advanced through the foremost combatants, armed in glittering brass, like to the inextinguishable flame of Vulcan, shouting aloud. Nor thus shouting aloud did he escape the son of Atreus⁸; and then,
90 inwardly groaning, thus he spake to his own brave spirit:

“Ah me! if I leave *these* rich spoils and Patroclus, who lies here for my honour⁹, *I fear* lest some of the Danaans who see it will blame me; and if, being alone, I fight, through a sense of
95 honour, with Hector and the Trojans, *I fear* also lest many surround me while alone. Hither, however, the plumed Hector is leading all the Trojans. But wherefore does my soul talk of these things? Whenever a man desires, in opposition to a god, to fight with a hero, whom a god honours, *some* great disaster is
100 quickly rolled upon him; therefore no one of the Danaans will blame me, who sees me retiring from Hector, for he combats with the help of a god¹. But if I could any where hear the shout of the gallant Ajax, together, again returning, we would be mindful of battle even against a god, that, if possible, we might snatch off the body for the sake of Achilles, son of Peleus;
105 for that would be the best thing that could be done in our present troubles².”

Whilst he deliberated these things in his mind and in his soul,

⁶ Seizes them greatly.

⁷ ἀνιχθησα—adverbially—pursuing without any chance of overtaking.”

⁸ *i. e.* while thus shouting, he was observed by the son of Atreus.

⁹ *i. e.* died in my cause. A. 159.

¹ From a god.

² It would be the most bearable of (our) evils.

the ranks of the Trojans, in the mean time, came on; and Hector led the way. And Menelaus fell back, and quitted the corpse, looking round, like a long-bearded lion, which dogs and men drive from a fold with spears and clamour; and his stout heart 110 within his bosom shudders, and unwilling he departs from the pen: so the yellow-haired Menelaus retired from Patroclus. Wheeling round, however, he stood, when he reached the column of his comrades, gazing about for the mighty Ajax, son of Teta- 115 mon; and him he very speedily marked upon the left of the whole battle, encouraging his comrades, and exciting them to the fight: for Phœbus Apollo had cast a heaven-sent terror among them. And he went towards him in haste, and immediately standing near, uttered *this* speech:

“ Ajax, hither, friend, let us hasten *in defence of* dead Patro- 120 clus, and *try* if we can bear his naked body to Achilles; for his armour the plumed Hector has gotten.”

Thus he spake, and roused the courage of the warlike Ajax; and he advanced through the foremost combatants, and with him the yellow-haired Menelaus. Hector, indeed, after he had stript off the noble armour, was dragging along Patroclus, that 125 with his sharp sword³ he might lop the head from the shoulders, and, carrying off the body, give it to the Trojan dogs; but Ajax came near, bearing his shield, like a tower. And Hector, backing, retreated into the throng of his comrades, and sprang into 130 his car; and he gave the handsome armour to the Trojans to carry to the city, to be a great glory to himself. And Ajax, covering Menœtiades around with his broad shield, stood like some lion over⁴ her young; against which, when leading her whelps, huntsmen rush together in the forest, and he rages in 135 his might, and draws down all his eyebrows, covering his eyes: so Ajax strode round the hero Patroclus. And on the other side stood the son of Atreus, warlike Menelaus, giving way to the deep grief in his bosom.

And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycian war- 140 riors, looking sternly at Hector, upbraided him in *this* severe speech:

“ Hector, best as to form, thou art in truth greatly wanting in battle⁵: surely without reason is thy fame great, skulker as thou art⁶. Consider now, how alone with the people *who are* natives 145 in Ilium, thou canst preserve thy state and city, for none of the Lycians will *any longer* go to fight with the Danaans for thy

³ Brass.

⁴ Round, or in defence of.

⁵ $\mu\alpha\chi\eta\varsigma$ —*i. e.* courage for battle.

⁶ He was retreating at the approach of Ajax and Menelaus.

town; for indeed there are no thanks for combatting ever incessantly amid hostile warriors. How indeed, hard-hearted, wilt
 150 thou preserve an inferior man, in the crowd, when thou didst abandon Sarpedon, at once thy guest and companion, to be a prey and booty to the Argives; who, when alive, was a great advantage to thy city and thyself; and now thou darest not drive away the dogs from him. Wherefore now, if the Lycian warriors⁷ will be persuaded by me, we will go home; and terrible destruction will soon come upon Troy. For if now there was in the Trojans that daring, determined valour which enters into heroes, who in defence of their country undertake toil, and combat against their foes, we might immediately drag Patroclus into
 160 Ilium. And were he, dead, to come into the vast city of king Priam, and could we drag him from the battle, soon would the Argives restore the beautiful-armour of Sarpedon, and we might carry himself into Troy; for slain is the comrade of such a man,
 165 as is by far the bravest of the Argives at the ships, and whose servants are close-fighting combatants. But thou darest not stand against the brave Ajax, beholding his eyes amid the battle of the enemy, nor combat in opposition to him: for he is always more valiant than thou."

And to him the plumed Hector, looking sternly, said: "Why
 170 dost such⁸ a man as thou speak, Glaucus, thus proudly? Truly, friend, I thought thou wert in understanding above all others, who inhabit fertile Lycia; but now I must find fault with thy understanding altogether, in what thou hast just spoken—since
 175 thou⁹ sayest that I dare not abide the mighty Ajax. Never have I dreaded the battle, nor the tumult of horses; but always superior is the counsel of ægis-bearing Jove, who puts to flight even the brave man, and easily takes from *him* the victory, even when he himself impels him to fight. Come hither then friend, stand by me, and behold my conduct¹. Either I shall be an
 180 eternal² coward, as thou sayest, or I will stop some of the Danaans, though very eager in valour, from the defence of dead Patroclus."

So saying, he animated the Trojans, loudly exclaiming: "Ye Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting Dardans, be men, my
 185 friends, and be mindful of your best energies, whilst I put on the beautiful armour of the illustrious Achilles, which I have taken as spoil, slaying the mighty Patroclus."

Thus then having spoken, the plumed Hector departed from the glowing battle; and, running, at no great distance, pursuing

⁷ τῆς Λυκ.

⁸ Being such—i. e. as to prudence.

⁹ οἷς ἔειπες.

¹ Work.

² A coward all day, or every day.

with rapid feet, very quickly overtook his comrades, who were 190 bearing towards the city the noble armour of Achilles. Then standing apart from the tearful battle, he changed his armour. His own indeed he gave to the war-loving Trojans to carry towards sacred Ilium; and he put on the immortal arms of Achilles, 195 son of Peleus, which the heavenly gods had given to his beloved father, and he, afterwards, growing old, presented them to his own son; but the son grew not old in the armour of his father.

And him then, when the cloud-collecting Jove beheld, arrayed in the armour of the divine Pelides, shaking his head, he *thus* 200 communed with his own mind:

“Alas! unhappy man, the death, which is now at hand to thee, is not in thy mind; and thou puttest on the immortal armour of the bravest hero, whom others also tremble at; whose companion thou hast now slain, *a hero* both gentle and brave, and hast insultingly³ stript the armour from his head and shoulders. Nevertheless I will at present bestow upon thee a great victory, as a compensation for these things, because Andromache will never receive from thee, returning from battle, the noble armour of the son of Peleus.”

The son of Saturn spake, and moreover nodded with his dark brows. And the armour fitted the body of Hector, and Mars, 210 the horrid warrior, entered into him. And his limbs were then filled within with vigour and strength, and he went among the illustrious allies, shouting aloud; and to all of them he appeared, glittering in his armour, like the brave son of Peleus. And 215 going among them, he animated each with his words, Mesthles, and Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus, and Asteropæus, and Deisenor, and Hippothous, and Phoreys, and Chromius, and Ennomus the augur. These exhorting, he addressed in winged words:

“Hear, ye numerous troops of allies, dwelling around, for I 220 assembled ye not here, each from your own cities, seeking or desiring a multitude; but that ye might promptly defend for me the wives and young children of the Trojans from the warlike Achæans. Thinking thus⁴, I exhaust my people by gifts to, 225 you, and provisions, and satisfy the desire of each of you. Wherefore now let every one, turning right against *the enemy*, either perish or be saved; for that is the business of war. And who-soever shall drag Patroclus, although dead, among the horse-taming Trojans, and to whomsoever Ajax shall yield, *to him* I 230 will present one-half of the spoils, and will myself retain the other half; and to him shall be as much glory as to myself.”

³ Not according to propriety.

⁴ *i. e.* with this view—or, for this purpose.

Thus he spake ; and lifting their spears, they advanced with impetuosity right against the Danaans ; and their souls hoped
 235 to drag away the corpse from Telamonian Ajax—foolish men—truly upon it (*the corpse*) he took away the life of many. And Ajax then addressed Menelaus, brave in battle :

“ O my friend, O noble-born Menelaus, no longer do I expect that we shall ourselves return from battle. Not so much do I
 240 fear for the dead body of Patroclus, which will soon glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans, as I fear for my own head, lest it suffer aught, and for thine ; for Hector, that cloud of war, covers all
 245 things round⁵ ; and to us again terrible destruction becomes manifest. Come then, summon the bravest of the Danaans, if any one will hear.”

Thus he spake, nor did the gallant Menelaus refuse ; and he shouted, crying with a loud voice, among the Danaans :

“ O friends, leaders and chieftains of the Argives, who beside the Atrides, Agamemnon and Menelaus, drink the public *wine*⁶,
 250 and give orders each to his forces, and whom honour and glory attend from Jove⁷. It were, indeed, a hard matter for me to look up each of the leaders, because so great a contest of war is raging. But let each himself advance, and let him feel indignation
 255 in his mind, that Patroclus should be the sport of Trojan dogs.”

Thus he spake ; and swift Ajax, son of Oileus, quickly heard, and first went to meet⁸ him, running through the battle ; and after him *came* Idomeneus, and Meriones, the armour-bearer of Idomeneus, equal to Mars, the slayer of men. But who in his
 260 mind might tell the names of the others as many of the Achæans as afterwards stirred up the fight ? And the Trojans in close order first charged, and Hector led them on.

And as when at the mouths of a nobly-flowing river the
 265 mighty billow roars against the stream, and the extreme shores around bellow, the sea dashing out *upon the land*—so great arose the clamour of the Trojans. And the Achæans stood round the son of Menætius, with one mind, protected⁹ by their brazen
 270 shields ; and over their glittering helmets the son of Saturn poured much darkness. For neither before was he hostile to Menætiades, whilst alive, when he was the attendant of Achilles ; nor did he then hate him so as to become a prey to the Trojan dogs of his enemies ; and therefore he excited his comrades to
 275 defend him. But the Trojans first repulsed the brave Achæans ;

⁵ Or—Hector covers—or throws the cloud of war round all.

⁶ *i. e.* at the public cost.

⁷ A 97.

⁸ ἀντίογ—opposite.

⁹ Hedged—forming a line.

and they leaving the body, fell back; nor did the brave Trojans, eager as they were, slay any of them with their spears, but dragged away the body. A little while only, however, were the Achæans to be away from him, for Ajax very speedily rallied them—he who next to the renowned son of Peleus, was superior 280 to the other Danaans in person and in deeds. And he burst right through the foremost combatants, in might resembling a wild boar, which, in the mountains, easily scatters the dogs and vigorous youths, turning *to the attack*, through the glens; so the son of noble Telamon, illustrious Ajax, charging, easily routed the phalanxes of the Trojans who surrounded¹ Patroclus, and 285 were in full expectation² to drag him towards their city, and to bear away renown. Him, in the mean time, Hippothous, the distinguished son of Pelasgian Lethus, was dragging by the foot through the brave battle, having bound him with a thong at the 290 ankle round the sinews, gratifying Hector and the Trojans. But evil soon came upon him, which no one of them, though eager, warded off from him: for the son of Telamon, rushing through the crowd, close to him, smote him through the brazen-cheeked helmet. And the helmet, crested with horse-hair, was cleft by 395 the point of the weapon, smitten by the mighty spear, and a powerful hand, and the bloody brain spouted from the wound, beside the cone³; and then his strength was loosened. And from his hand he dropped the foot of the brave Patroclus to lie upon 300 the earth, and himself near it (*the foot*) fell prone upon the corse, far from fertile Larissa: nor to his beloved parents did he make return for his support, for short was the life of him, subdued by the spear of the brave Ajax. And Hector again hurled his shining spear at Ajax; but he, seeing it coming, avoided, by 305 a small space, the brazen javelin; for Hector hit Schedius, son of brave Iphitus, by far the bravest of the Phoceans who inhabited mansions in the renowned Panopeus, governing many men. Him he struck in the middle of the clavicle, and the brazen point of the weapon went quite through at the extremity of the shoul- 310 der; and falling, he gave a sound, and his arms rang over him. And Ajax, again, struck upon the middle of the belly the warlike Phorcys, son of Phænops, while defending Hippothous. And he burst the cavity of his corslet, and the weapon drank his entrails through it; and falling amid the dust, he grasped 315 the earth with his palm. And back fell the foremost combatants and illustrious Hector; and the Argives loudly shouted, and

¹ Who went round.

² Most (or fully) thought.

³ The part of the helmet in which the crest was inserted—unless *αυλον* be taken metaphorically, and by *παρ' αυλον* be meant the *stream* of blood, as from a pipe.

dragged away the bodies, both Phorcys and Hippothous, and stripped the armour from the shoulders.

320 Then again would the Trojans, *routed* by the warlike Achæans, have gone into Ilium, subdued through their cowardice; and the Argives, by their own valour and might, would have obtained glory even in spite of the destiny of Jove; but Apollo himself—
325 like in person to Periphas the herald, son of Epytis, who in his mind knowing kind counsels⁴, had grown old, as a herald, with his aged father—stirred up Æneas. In the likeness of him, Apollo, son of Jove, addressed him:

“ Æneas, O that ye would defend the lofty Ilium, even against a god, as I have before seen other men do, trusting in their
330 bravery, their might, and manhood, and their number, even with far inferior troops! And to us, much more than to the Danaans, Jove wills the victory; but it is ye yourselves who are quite panic-struck, and fight not.”

Thus he spake; and Æneas, seeing him before him, recognised the far-darting Apollo; and loudly shouting, addressed Hector:
335 “ O Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, this now is indeed disgrace, to be driven⁵ into Ilium by the warlike Achæans, subdued by our own cowardice; for again one of the gods, standing near me, declares, that Jove the high counsellor is our assistant in the battle. Therefore let us march right
340 against the Danaans, nor let them, undisturbed⁶, remove the dead Patroclus to the ships.”

Thus he spake, and then springing forward, stood far in front of the foremost combatants. And they rallied⁷, and confronted the Danaans. Then, again Æneas wounded with his spear
345 Leocritus, son of Arisbas, the gallant comrade of Lycomedes. And him thus falling, the warlike Lycomedes pitied, and advancing very near, he stood, and darted with his shining spear, and smote Apisæon, son of Hippæus, a shepherd of people, upon the liver, below the chest, and immediately loosened his limbs beneath
350 him. He had come from fertile Pæonia, and, next to Asteropæus, was the bravest in battle⁸. And him thus falling, the warlike Asteropæus pitied, and forward he sprang, prompt to combat with the Danaans. Yet was he no longer able, for those standing around Patroclus were hedged round in every direction
355 with shields, and held their spears before them; for Ajax went eagerly among all, animating them greatly. He gave orders that neither any should fall back from the body, nor any of the Achæans fight in front before the rest, but vigorously to protect⁹ it,

⁴ *i. e.* out of filial regard.

⁵ To go into—*i. e.* made to go into.

⁶ Quiet.

⁷ Were turned.

⁸ Was the bravest to fight.

⁹ But to go much about him.

and to combat hand to hand. Thus the mighty Ajax gave com- 360
mand; and the ground was drenched with purple blood, for one
upon another fell the bodies of the Trojans and courageous allies,
and of the Danaans: for neither did they fight bloodlessly,
although far fewer perished, because they were always mindful
throughout the throng to repel severe toil from one another. 365

Thus indeed they fought like a fire, nor wouldst thou have
said that either sun or moon was safe, for in the combat they
were wrapt in darkness, as many of the bravest as stood round
the dead Menœtiades. But the other Trojans and well-armed 370
Achæans fought free beneath a clear atmosphere; and the sharp
splendour of the sun was extended over them, and there ap-
peared not a cloud over all the earth or the mountains. Ceasing
occasionally, they fought, shunning each others' grievous wea-
pons, *and* standing far apart; whilst those in the centre suffered 375
distresses from darkness and from war, and were afflicted with
the fierce sword, as many as were the bravest.

And two warriors, glorious men, Thrasymedes and Antilochus,
had not yet heard of the renowned Patroclus dying; but sup-
posed that, still alive, he was fighting with the Trojans in the 380
foremost throng. For they, providing against the slaughter and
rout of their comrades, fought apart¹, since Nestor had so com-
manded, urging *others* on to battle from the black ships. But
to the rest all day the mighty contest of severe battle arose; and 385
ever ceaselessly the knees, and the legs, and the feet of each
under him, and the hands and the eyes of those combating round
the brave comrade of the swift-footed Æacides, were defiled with
fatigue and sweat. And as when a man gives the skin of a huge
ox, soaked with oil, to his people to stretch², and they, receiving, 390
stretch it, standing asunder in a circle, and immediately the
moisture comes out, and the oil enters³, many pulling it, till it is
all thoroughly stretched; so they, on both sides, dragged the
body here and there, within a small space; for the mind of the 395
Trojans, on the one hand, eagerly desired to drag him towards
Ilium, and of the Achæans, on the other, towards the hollow barks.
And round him a wild tumult arose; neither would Mars, the
exciter of troops, nor Minerva, beholding it, have found fault,
even although anger had particularly seized her; such destruc- 400
tive toil of men and horses Jove extended on that day over
Patroclus. Nor as yet did the noble Achilles at all know that
Patroclus was dead; for, far from the swift ships, they fought
under the wall of the Trojans. Wherefore never did he sup-

¹ *i. e.* from those who were fighting round Patroclus.

² *i. e.* instead of pegging it on the ground.

³ *i. e.* into the pores.

405 pose in his mind that he was dead ; but that, after approaching the gates, he would return back alive, since he did not at all expect that without him, nor with him, he would destroy the city ; for he had frequently learned this from his mother, hearing it in secret, who used to tell him the design of mighty Jove. Then
410 however did his mother not tell to him so great an evil as had happened, that the comrade, by far most dear to him, had perished.

And ever round the body, holding their sharp spears, they charged incessantly, and slaughtered one another, and thus some⁴ of the brazen-mailed Achæans said :

415 “O, friends, surely it will not be honourable for us to retreat to the hollow ships ; rather let the black earth here yawn for all. That would be at once better for us, than to leave him to the Trojans, tamers of steeds, to drag to their city, and to obtain glory.”

420 And thus also some of the brave Trojans said :

“O friends, even if it be our fate for all to be subdued together, beside this man, never let any one retire from the battle.” So then some said, and roused the valour of their comrades.

Thus they fought ; and an iron crash reached through the
425 unfruitful air to the brazen heaven. And the horses of Æacides being apart from the combat, wept, when first they perceived that their charioteer had fallen in the dust, beneath Hector, slayer of heroes. Automedon, indeed, the brave son of Dioces, urged them much, flogging them with the sharp lash, and often
430 addressed them in soothing terms, and often with threats ; but they chose neither to go back towards the ships and the wide Hellespont, nor to battle among the Achæans ; but, as a pillar
435 remains immoveable, which stands at the tomb of a dead man or woman, so remained they keeping the splendid car without motion, and bending their heads to the earth. And hot tears flowed from their eyes to the earth, as they complained for the loss of their charioteer⁵ ; and the thick mane of both was defiled, flow-
440 ing down on both sides from the collar at the yoke. And the son of Saturn beholding them lamenting, felt compassion, and shaking his head, spoke thus to himself⁶ :

“Ah ! wretched pair ; why did we give you to Peleus, a mortal king, for ye are exempt from old age and death⁷ ? Was
445 it that ye might endure sorrows with unhappy men ? For

⁴ τῶν—*indefinitely.*

⁵ The tears flowed warmly from their eyes to the earth, to them complaining, from desire of their charioteer.

⁶ To his own mind.

⁷ But ye are free from age, and immortal.

nothing is there more subject to calamity than man, of all things, as many as breathe and crawl upon the earth. Nevertheless, Hector, son of Priam, shall not be carried by you, and in your curiously-wrought car, for I will not allow it. Is it not enough that he both possesses the armour and boasts in this way? I 450 will put vigour therefore into your knees and souls, that ye may carry Automedon safely from the battle to the hollow ships; for I shall still give glory to them (*the Trojans*) to slay, until they reach the well-benched ships, and the sun set, and sacred dark- 455 ness comes on."

So saying, he breathed strong vigour into the steeds: and they, shaking the dust from their manes to the ground, quickly bore the rapid car among the Trojans and Achæans. And against them (*Trojans*) fought Automedon, grieved for his comrade, rushing along with the horses, like an eagle among geese. For 460 easily did he both escape from the tumult of the Trojans, and easily, *when* pursuing, did he charge through the mighty throng. Yet he slew not men when he rushed in pursuit⁸; for it was not possible for him, being alone in the sacred car, to attack with his 465 spear, and to control the fleet horses. But at last, a comrade, the hero Alcimedon, son of Lærcæus, son of Æmon, beheld him with his eyes; and he stood behind the car, and addressed Automedon:

"Which of the gods, O Automedon, hast put *this* foolish scheme in thy bosom, and taken from thee thy good senses? 470 How canst thou thus alone fight in the foremost throng with the Trojans? For thy comrade is slain; and Hector himself, with the armour of Achilles upon his shoulders, is exulting."

And to him, in reply, Automedon, the son of Dioreas, said: "Alcimedon, what other of the Achæans is equal to thee to control the spirit⁹ of immortal horses, save Patroclus, whilst alive, in skill equal to the gods? And now, on the contrary, death and fate possess him. Do thou then take the lash and beautiful reins, and I will dismount from the horses to fight¹." 480

Thus he spake, and Alcimedon, ascending the chariot, rapid in war, forthwith took in his hands the lash and reins, and Automedon sprang down: and illustrious Hector marked, and immediately addressed Æneas, who was near².

"Æneas, counsellor of the brazen-mailed Trojans, I have 485 observed these steeds of Achilles proceeding through the battle with unskillful charioteers. Therefore I may hope to capture them, if thou wilt *help me*³; for they will not dare, standing

⁸ To pursue.

⁹ To have the control and spirit—or strength, &c.

¹ *i. e.* on foot.

² Being near.

³ Wouldst with thy mind.

490 against us, to engage in combat with us both rushing upon them."

Thus he spake; nor did the brave son of Anchises disobey. Both straight advanced, having their shoulders covered with bulls' hides, dry, thick: and upon them much brass was plated⁴. And along with them went both Chromius and the godlike
495 Aretus; and their minds greatly hoped to slay the warriors, and to drive away the lofty-necked horses. Fools; for they were then not without blood to return from Automedon; for he, praying to Father Jove, was filling his dark⁵ mind with courage
500 and strength, and immediately addressed Alcimedon, his faithful comrade:

"Keep not now, O Alcimedon, the steeds far from me, but breathing closely at my back; for I suspect that Hector, the son of Priam, will not desist from his might, before, having slain
505 both of us, he mount the beautiful horses of Achilles, and put to rout the ranks of Argive heroes; or himself be slain among the foremost."

So saying, he called upon the Ajaxes and Menelaus: "Ye Ajaxes, leaders of the Argives, and Menelaus, commit the dead
510 body to those who are bravest, to defend it on all sides⁶, and to repulse the ranks of men; but ward ye off the cruel day from us two who are alive. For hither press through the tearful battle Hector and Æneas, who are the mightiest of the Trojans.
515 But these matters truly rest upon the knees⁷ of the gods; and therefore I also will dart, and all these things will be the care of Jove⁸."

He said; and, brandishing, hurled his long spear, and struck upon the shield of Aretus, every where equal, which repelled not the spear, but the brass pierced it quite, and passed through
520 the belt into the bottom of his belly. And as when a vigorous man, holding a sharp axe, cuts through the whole tendon, striking behind the horns of a wild bull, and springing forward, it falls; so he springing forward, fell flat; and the sharp-cutting
525 spear, quivering in his entrails, relaxed his limbs. And Hector hurled his shining spear at Automedon; but he, observing it coming, avoided the brazen weapon, for he stooped forward. And the long spear was fixed in the ground behind him; and the butt
530 of the spear shook; and there the strong spear then spent its force. And now would they have charged hand to hand with their

⁴ And much brass was drawn over—*i. e.* many a plate of brass was laid upon them. ⁵ Dark all round. ⁶ To walk round it in defence.

⁷ The image must have been in a sitting posture—the knees were touched by the supplicant—or offerings were laid upon them.

⁸ *i. e.* I will throw, and let Jove determine as he will.

swords, had not the fierce⁹ Ajaxes separated them, who came through the throng at the call of their comrade. Back again retired Hector and Æneas, and the godlike Chromius, very fearful of these, and left Aretus lying there with his heart cleft asunder¹: 535 and Automedon, equal to swift Mars, stript him of his armour, and, boasting, uttered this speech:

“Surely now I have in a small degree freed my heart from sorrow for the dead son of Menœtius, although I have killed² but an inferior person.”

So saying, *and* seizing the bloody spoils, he laid them in the 540 car, and mounted himself, with his feet, and hands above stained with blood, like some lion which has devoured a bull³. And again over Patroclus was stretched a direful battle, severe, lamentable; and Minerva animated the fight, descending from 545 heaven, for the far-sounding Jove sent her forth to stir up the Danaans, for at last his mind was turned this way. Like the purple rainbow *which* Jove stretches from heaven over mortals, to be a sign either of war, or even of a chilling storm; which causes men to cease from their works upon the earth, and dis- 550 tresses the cattle; so she, shrouding herself in a purple cloud, entered the army of the Achæans, and animated every man. And first she addressed the son of Atreus, the gallant Menelaus, exciting him, for he perchance was near her, assimilating her form and unwearied voice to Phœnix: 555

“Shame and disgrace now will surely be thine⁴, O Menelaus, if the swift dogs tear the faithful comrade of the illustrious Achilles beneath the wall of the Trojans; therefore hold on bravely, and urge on all the people.”

And her, in return, the gallant Menelaus addressed: “Phœ- 560 nix, father, sage of other days⁵, O that Minerva would give me strength, and would stem the force of the weapons. Then indeed would I myself be willing to stand near, and to defend Patroclus; for greatly has he, dying, distressed my mind. But Hector has the dreadful force of fire, nor ceases from slaughtering 565 with his spear: for Jove bestows upon him glory.”

Thus he spake; and the blue-eyed goddess Minerva rejoiced, because to her first, of all the gods, he had offered a petition. And in his shoulders and knees she put strength, and placed in his bosom the daring of a fly, which although often driven away 570 from a human body persists in biting, for the blood of man is

⁹ The Ajaxes eager.

¹ Cleft as to his heart.

² Killing an inferior.

³ Bloody as to his feet and hands above, like some lion, having quite eaten a bull.

⁴ Be to thee.

⁵ Old man born long ago.

sweet is sweet to it⁶. With such confidence she filled his dark bosom⁷; and he advanced towards Patroclus, and threw his glittering spear. And there was among the Trojans one Podes, son of Eëtion, rich and brave; and Hector particularly honoured him among his people, for he was his beloved companion at the board. Him then the yellow-haired Menelaus smote upon the belt when hastening to fight, and drove the weapon quite through. And he, falling, gave a sound, and Menelaus, son of Atreus, dragged away the body from among the Trojans to the column of his comrades.

And Apollo animated Hector, standing near *him* in the likeness of Phœnops, the son of Asius, who, inhabiting mansions at Abydos, was dearest to him of all his foreign friends. To him having assimilated himself, the far-darting Apollo addressed him:

“Hector, what other of the Achæans will any more fear thee? How is it that thou hast now fled from Menelaus, who formerly was but an effeminate warrior, but now departs, bearing off alone a dead body from among the Trojans, and has slain, among the foremost combatants, Podes, son of Eëtion, thy comrade, faithful and brave.”

Thus he spake; and a dark cloud of anguish enveloped *Hector*, and he went among the foremost combatants, armed in glittering brass.

And the son of Saturn seized his fringed, splendid Ægis, and wrapt Ida in clouds; and darting his lightning, he thundered very loudly; and shook it, and gave victory to the Trojans, and routed the Achæans.

First Peneleus, the Bœotian, began the flight: for he was wounded slightly on the top of the shoulder with a spear, ever turning towards the front; and the spear of Polydamas grazed the bone, for, coming near, he had smitten him. Next Hector wounded Leïtus, son of the brave Alectryon, in the hand by the wrist, and made him cease from combat. And fearful he fled, gazing around, for he no longer hoped in his mind to fight with the Trojans, holding a spear in his hand. And Idomeneus struck Hector upon the corslet, at the breast, near the pap, while pursuing after Leïtus. And the long spear snapped at the juncture of the point *and shaft*⁸; and the Trojans shouted; and Hector cast at Idomeneus, son of Deucalion, standing in *his* chariot. From him he erred a little; but struck Cœranus, the comrade

⁶ *i. e.* He is attracted by its sweetness.

⁷ She filled him as to his bosom, dark around.

⁸ The place where the wood and steel are joined.

and driver of Meriones, who had followed him from well-inhabited Lyctus. For at first, leaving the ships impelled on both sides by oars, he (*Idomeneus*) had come on foot, and would have given great glory to the Trojans, had not Cœranus speedily 615 driven up his fleet horses. And he arrived as a means of safety to him, and repelled the cruel day; but he himself lost his life by the hand of the man-slaying Hector. Him he (*Hector*) smote under the cheek and ear, and the extremity of the javelin dashed out his teeth, and cut through the middle of his tongue. And he fell from the chariot, and the reins dropped upon the 620 ground; and Meriones, bending down, took them in his hands from the plain, and addressed Idomeneus:

“Now drive⁹ till thou comest to the swift ships: for even thou thyself perceivest that victory is no longer with the Achæans.”

Thus he spake, and Idomeneus lashed the fair steeds towards the hollow ships, for fear had now fallen upon his mind. Nor 625 did Jove escape¹ the brave Ajax and Menelaus, when now he sent Victory² an auxiliary to the Trojans; and the mighty Telamonian Ajax began speaking in these words:

“Alas! even *he* who is quite a fool may now know, that father Jove himself helps the Trojans. For the weapons of all of them 630 hit their mark, whoever hurls them, good or bad; and Jove, without doubt, guides them all aright; whilst all ours fall quite ineffectual to the earth. Come then, let us ourselves deliberate upon the best plan, both how we may drag away the body, and 635 ourselves may return and gladden³ our beloved comrades, who perhaps are grieving, looking hither, nor longer expect that we can withstand the might and invincible hands of Hector, the slayer of men, but must fall back upon the black ships. Would 640 that there were some comrade who would carry a message with all speed to the son of Peleus; for I do not think he has yet learned the sad intelligence, that his dear comrade has perished. But no where can I behold such a man among the Achæans, for they and *their* steeds are alike enveloped in darkness. O father 645 Jove, free thou the sons of the Achæans from darkness, and make a clear atmosphere, and grant us to see with our eyes; and in light even destroy us, since thus it is thy pleasure.”

Thus he spake; and the father felt compassion for him weeping, and immediately dissipated the darkness, and removed the cloud. And the sun shone forth, and the whole battle was dis- 650 played; and Ajax then addressed the gallant Menelaus:

⁹ Now drive with the lash.

¹ Nor did Jove elude the observation of.

² Gave—Victory is personified.

³ We returning may be a joy to, &c.

“Look around now, noble-born Menelaus, if any where thou canst behold, yet alive, Antilochus, the son of brave Nestor. And urge him to go quick, and tell to the warlike Achilles, that the
655 comrade, by far most dear to him, has perished.”

Thus he spake; nor did the gallant Menelaus refuse. And he hastened to go, like some lion from a fold, which—when he grows weary, attacking dogs and men, who, watching all night, suffer him not to carry off the fat oxen⁴, and he, eager for food⁵
660 pushes on, but profits not aught; for many javelins fly against him from daring hands, and blazing torches, which, eager as he is, he dreads—in the morning departs away with a sorrowing
665 mind. So, most unwilling, from Patroclus went the brave Menelaus; for he greatly feared lest the Achæans, through afflicting terror, should leave him a prey to the enemy. Much, therefore, he exhorted Meriones and the Ajaxes:

“Ye Ajaxes, leaders of the Argives, and Meriones, now let every one be mindful of the kindness of the unhappy Patroclus.
670 For when alive, he understood how to be gentle to all: now, on the contrary, death and fate possess him.”

Thus then having spoken, the yellow-haired Menelaus departed, gazing round in all directions, like an eagle, which, they
675 say, sees the sharpest of towering birds, and which, though being aloft, the swift-footed hare eludes not, when sitting below the leafy copse; but he pounces upon it, and quickly seizing it, de-
680 prives it of life. So, O Jove-supported Menelaus, were thy shining eyes turned round in all directions through the army of thy numerous comrades, searching if any where thou couldst behold the son of Nestor yet alive. And him very speedily he marked upon the left of all the battle, animating his comrades, and urging them to fight; and standing near, yellow-haired Menelaus addressed *him*:

“Come hither⁶, O Antilochus, noble-born *hero*, that thou mayst learn the sad intelligence, which ought not to have been. I suppose that even thou thyself, beholding *it*, art now aware that a god rolls disaster upon the Danaans, and that victory is the Trojans’; for Patroclus, the bravest of the Achæans, is slain, and
690 great sorrow has befallen the Danaans. Do thou then tell it quickly to Achilles, running to the ships of the Achæans, *and see* if he will rescue and bring the naked body, with all haste, to his ship; for as to the armour, the plumed Hector possesses it.”

Thus he spake; and Antilochus shuddered with horror, hear-
695 ing the intelligence. And long did a want of words hold him;

⁴ The fatness of the oxen.

⁵ Flesh.

⁶ εἰ δ', &c.—if you please, come, &c.

and his eyes were filled with tears, and his liquid voice was checked. Yet not even thus did he disregard the command of Menelaus; but hastened to run, and gave his armour to Laodocus, his good comrade, who managed, near at hand the solid-hoofed 700 horses. Him, weeping, his feet bore from the combat, to report the evil tidings to Achilles, son of Peleus.

Nor, O noble-born Menelaus, was thy mind willing to assist the harassed comrades from whom Antilochus had departed, and great want of him was occasioned to the Pyliaus; but he (*Menelaus*) committed them to the charge of the noble Thrasymedes, 705 and went again himself towards the hero Patroclus; and running, he stood beside the Ajaxes, and immediately addressed them:

“Him, indeed, I have now dispatched to the swift ships, to go to Achilles, fleet of foot; yet I do not think that he will now come, greatly enraged though he be with the noble Hector, for 710 without his armour⁷ he cannot fight with the Trojans. Let even us then ourselves deliberate upon the best plan, both as to how we shall preserve the body, and how ourselves escape death and fate from the shouting of the Trojans.”

And him answered then the mighty Telamonian Ajax: 715 “Thou hast said all things, O renowned Menelaus, with propriety. Do thou then and Meriones, stooping under it with all haste, raising the dead body, bear it from the fight; and we both of the same name, with equal courage, who hitherto sustain the sharp conflict, remaining by each other, will combat in your rear 720 with the Trojans and the noble Hector.”

Thus he spake; and they lifted up the immense⁸ body in their arms aloft from the ground; and the Trojan army shouted in their rear when they beheld the Achæans raising the corpse, and rushed on like dogs, which spring upon a wounded boar in 725 front of the youthful huntsmen. For sometime they run eager to tear him, but again when he turns upon them, trusting in his might, they fall back, and fearfully fly one one way, and one another: so the Trojans sometimes pursued in a body, striking 730 with their swords and double pointed spears; but when again the Ajaxes wheeling around upon them, stood, then was their colour changed, and no one dared, charging forward, to combat for the corpse.

Thus they with alacrity bore the body from the fight towards 735 the hollow ships; and after them spread the wild battle, like a

⁷ Being naked.

⁸ *μαλα μεγαλωσ*—the latter word must be supposed to refer to the size of the hero.

- flame, which, suddenly kindled, sets fire to a city of men, rushing upon it, and the houses diminish in the mighty blaze; and the
- 740 force of the wind roars through it: so upon them, when departing, followed a horrid tumult of steeds and warlike heroes. And as mules, exerting their vast strength⁹, drag from a mountain along a rugged path either a beam, or a large piece of mast-timber for ship-building, and the spirit within them, as they
- 745 toil¹, is worn out at once with labour and sweat: so they with alacrity² bore away the corse, and the Ajaxes behind them kept in check *the enemy*,—as a mound of wood, stretched right across a plain, restrains water, which checks even the furious courses
- 750 of rapid rivers, and immediately turning them, directs the streams of all into the plain, nor can they at all burst through it, though flowing with violence. So the Ajaxes in the rear always repulsed the battle of the Trojans; but they followed along with them, and amongst them two in particular, Æneas, son of
- 755 Anchises, and illustrious Hector. And as a cloud of starlings or jackdaws, screaming from fright, fly away, when they see a hawk approaching, which brings death to small birds—so then from Æneas and Hector departed the sons of the Achæans, fearfully shouting, and were neglectful of the fight.
- 760 And much beautiful armour of the flying Danaans fell in and round the ditch; but there was not a cessation of battle.

⁹ Possibly invested with vast strength.

¹ To them toiling.

² Eager.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Thetis comforts her son, and promises to procure new armour for him from Vulcan. By command of Juno, Achilles shows himself to the Trojans, who are panic-struck, and fly at his appearance. Vulcan forges the armour for Achilles.

THUS they were fighting like to a blazing fire; and Antilochus, the swift-footed messenger, came to Achilles. And him he found in front of his high-prowed ships, revolving within his mind what had already happened; and then groaning he com- 5 muned with his own noble mind:

“Ah me! why again are the long-haired Achæans driven back in confusion to the ships, flying along the plain? *I fear*, lest the gods are now accomplishing evil sorrows for my soul¹, as my mother once informed me, and told me, that the bravest *man* of the Myrmidons, whilst I was still alive, would leave the light of 10 the sun, by the hands of the Trojans. Too surely now the brave unhappy son of Menœtius is dead: though I commanded him, after repulsing the hostile fire, to come back to the ships, and not to fight bravely with Hector.”

Whilst he was revolving these things in his mind and in his 15 soul, the son of illustrious Nestor drew near, shedding hot tears, and delivered his sad message:

“Alas! son of warlike Peleus, thou wilt indeed hear very distressing intelligence, which ought not to have been. Patroclus lies *dead*; and round his naked body they are now fighting, 20 and that armour of *thine* the plumed Hector possesses.”

Thus he spake; and a black cloud of grief enveloped him (*Achilles*), and seizing the burnt ashes with both hands, he

¹ Or—may the gods not be accomplishing, &c.

poured them on his head, and defiled his beautiful countenance ;
 25 and the dark ashes stuck every where on his rich tunic. And
 he, mighty, lay stretched at his vast length² among the ashes,
 and disordered his hair, tearing it out with his hands. And the
 hand-maids whom Achilles and Patroclus had taken among the
 30 spoils, grieved in their soul, shrieked aloud, and ran out of the
 door round the warlike Achilles ; and all beat their breasts with
 their hands, and the limbs of each were relaxed under them³.
 And Antilochus on the other side, lamented, shedding tears, and
 holding the hands of Achilles—and he⁴ groaned within his gener-
 ous heart—for he was afraid he would cut his throat with his
 35 sword. And dreadfully did he howl, and his divine mother
 heard him, while sitting in the depths of the sea beside her
 aged father, and then she shrieked ; and all the goddesses assem-
 bled about her, as many Nereïdes as were at the bottom of the
 sea. There were there, Glauca, and Thaleia, and Cymodoce,
 40 and Nesæa, and Speio, and Thoa, and the large-eyed Halia, and
 Cymothoë, and Actæa, and Limnoreia, and Melita, and Iæra,
 and Amphithoë, and Agave, and Doto, and Proto, and Pherusa,
 and Dynamene, and Dexamene, and Amphinome, and Callianeira,
 45 Doris, and Panope, and the distinguished Galateia, and Nemer-
 tes, and Apseudes, and Callianassa. There were there also,
 Clymene, and Ianeira, and Ianassa, Mæra, and Oreithyia, and the
 fair-haired Amatheia, and other Nereïdes who were at the
 50 bottom of the sea. And with them was the splendid cave filled,
 and altogether they beat their breasts ; and Thetis began the
 lamentation :

“ Hear, sister Nereïdes, that by hearing ye may all well know,
 what sorrows are in my mind. Ah me, miserable ! ah me ! who
 55 in an evil hour brought forth the bravest of *men*, and after I had
 given birth to a son illustrious and gallant, the chief of heroes,
 and he grew up like a young tree—him, after nursing like a plant
 in a fertile spot of a field, I sent forth in ships of curved beaks
 to Ilium, to fight against the Trojans ; but him, returning home
 60 to the mansion of Peleus, shall I not again receive. And whilst
 he lives and beholds the light of the sun, he grieves⁵, nor can I,
 by going, assist him. Yet I will go, that I may see my beloved
 son, and learn what grief has come upon him, *even* while abstain-
 ing from the battle.”

65 Thus having spoken, she left the cave ; and they all went

² Dividing—*μεγας μεγαλωσι*. See P. 723.

³ *i. e.* they fainted.

⁴ *ὁ δὲ*—*i. e.* Achilles.

⁵ *i. e.* he does, or will do so till his death—meaning, either from the day of Agamemnon’s insult, or generally on account of his short-lived fate.

with her, weeping, and the water of the sea was cleft⁶ around them. And they, when now they came to fertile Troy, ascended the shore, one after the other, where the numerous ships of the Myrmidons were dragged up round the swift Achilles. And beside him, deeply groaning, stood his divine mother, and shrilly 70 shrieking, caught the head of her son⁷; and, mourning, addressed to *him* these winged words:

“Why weepst thou, my son, and what sorrow has come upon thy mind? Speak, hide it not: those things have been done for thee from Jove, as thou didst before pray, lifting up thy hands—75 that all the sons of the Achæans, when deprived of thee, might be driven to the barks, and suffer indignities.”

And her the swift-footed Achilles addressed, deeply groaning: “My mother, the Olympian has indeed done those things for me; but what pleasure is there from them to me, when Patroclus, my dear comrade, is dead? Him whom I honoured above 80 all my companions, equally with my own life⁸—him have I lost; and Hector, having slain him, has stript off his armour, mighty, a wonder to be seen, beautiful—that which the gods gave to Peleus, as distinguished gifts, on that day when they laid thee 85 in the bed of a mortal man. Would that thou hadst dwelt there among the immortal inhabitants of the sea, and that Peleus had wedded a mortal spouse. But now *the effect will be*, that to thee also must there be boundless grief in thy mind for thy son slain, whom thou wilt not again receive, returning home. For neither 90 does my mind urge me to live, nor have intercourse with men⁹, unless Hector first lose his life, smitten by my spear, and pay the penalty¹ for the slaughter of Patroclus, the son of Menœtius.”

And him Thetis in turn addressed, shedding tears: “Short-lived, indeed, O my son, will thou be, as thou sayest, for immediately after Hector, comes thy own fate².”

And, sighing heavily, swift-footed Achilles again addressed her: “At once would I die, since I could not succour my comrade, now slain. He has perished very far from his native land, and had need of me to protect him from evil³. And now *would* 100 *I die*, since I must not return to my dear native land, and have been of no service to Patroclus, nor to the rest of my comrades,

⁶ Broke—*i. e.* opened itself—made way.

⁷ *i. e.* embraced him—put her arm round his neck.

⁸ Head.

⁹ *i. e.* I am indifferent to life—or, life is intolerable, &c.

¹ ἐλωρα—*i. e.* by being a prey for birds and beasts.

² Thou wilt be soon to die, O my son, such things thou sayest, for fate is ready for thee afterwards, immediately after Hector. ³ From Mars—*i. e.* violent death.

who have been subdued in great numbers by noble Hector ; but
 105 have sat beside the ships an useless burden of the earth, being
 such a man in war as is not any one of the brazen-mailed Ach-
 æans ; though in council there are others superior. Would that
 contention would perish from among gods and men ; and anger,
 which impels even the prudent to rage—which, far sweeter
 110 than dropping honey, in the breast of men rises, like smoke ; so
 now did the king of men, Agamemnon, enrage me. But the
 past we dismiss, grieved although we be⁴, subduing from neces-
 sity the indignation within our bosoms. And now will I go, that
 I may take Hector, the destroyer of my beloved friend⁵ ; and
 115 my own fate will I then receive, whenever Jove shall please to
 accomplish it, and the other immortal gods. For not even did
 the mighty Hercules⁶ escape death, who was most dear to king
 Jove, son of Saturn ; but destiny subdued him, and the unre-
 120 lenting resentment of Juno. So I also shall lie, when I am dead, if
 a similar fate be now destined for me ; but now will I obtain⁷
 illustrious glory, and compel⁸ some one of the Trojan women and
 long-robed Dardans frequently to sob, wiping off the tears from
 125 her soft cheeks with both hands ; and they shall know that I
 have long ceased from battle⁹. Then hinder me not from the
 combat, although thou lovest me¹, for thou shalt not persuade
 me.”

And him answered then Thetis, the silver-footed goddess :
 “ Yes, that indeed is right, my son ; nor is it wrong to avenge
 130 our suffering friends. But thy beautiful armour, brazen, splen-
 did, is with the Trojans. With it on his shoulders, the plumed
 Hector himself exults ; but I say that he will not long exult, for
 slaughter is near him. Enter thou then not yet into the strife
 135 of Mars, before thou beholdest me with thine eyes coming hither.
 For I will return in the morning, with the rising sun, bringing
 beautiful armour from king Vulcan.”

Thus having spoken, she turned back from her son, and,
 wheeling round, addressed her marine sisters : “ Enter ye now
 140 into the broad bosom of the sea, and, visiting the aged sea-god
 and the mansions of our father, tell him all : for I will go to
 high Olympus to Vulcan, the skilful artificer, that he may give
 my son noble, splendid armour.”

145 Thus she spake, and they entered forthwith beneath the wave

⁴ See II. 60.

⁵ Of my dear head.

⁶ Might of, &c.

⁷ ἀρρομην with *ἄς* understood.

⁸ I will send upon them—will inflict on them sorrow—*ἀδινον στοναχέσθαι*.

⁹ *i. e.* that I am come again to battle—or, by implication, that though I have
 been long absent, I am come again.

¹ Although loving me.

of the sea. And Thetis, the silver-footed goddess, again departed to Olympus, that she might bring distinguished armour to her beloved son.

Her then her feet bore towards Olympus; and meanwhile the 150
Achæans, flying with a loud shout from man-slaying Hector, reached the ships and the Hellespont. Nor could the Achæans, well-armed, drag the dead Patroclus, the attendant of Achilles, away from the weapons², for now again overtook it³ both men and horses⁴, and Hector, the son of Priam, resembling the force 155
of a flame. Three times did the illustrious Hector seize him behind by the feet, eager to drag him away, and loudly shouted to the Trojans; and thrice did the two Ajaxes, endowed with impetuous valour, drive him back from the corpse; but he unflinchingly⁵ trusting to his might⁶, sometimes rushed into the crowd, and sometimes again stopped, loudly shouting; yet never 160
retired back altogether. And as watchful shepherds are by no means able to drive away from a carcass a fierce lion, very hungry; so were the two warlike Ajaxes unable entirely to repulse Hector, son of Priam, from the body. And now would he have dragged it off, and obtained immense glory, had not wind- 165
footed, swift Iris, come as a messenger, running from Olympus, to the son of Peleus, to excite him to arms, unknown to Jove and the other gods—for Juno had dispatched her—and, standing near, she spake these winged words:

“Up, son of Peleus, most terrible of all men; defend Patro- 170
clus, for whom⁷ the dire contest stands before the ships. For they are slaughtering each other, these fighting in defence of the slaughtered dead body, and those (Trojans) rush on to drag it away towards the lofty Ilium; and above all, illustrious Hector desires to seize him, for his mind prompts him to fix his 175
head upon poles, after cutting it from the tender neck. Up, therefore, and lie no longer: and let horror touch thy soul, that Patroclus should be the sport of Trojan dogs. *It will be* a disgrace to thee if the body should come to be at all defiled.” 180

And her answered then noble Achilles, swift of foot: “Which of the gods, O goddess Iris, sent thee a messenger to me?”

And to him, in return, wind-footed, fleet Iris said: “Juno sent me forth, the glorious spouse of Jove; nor does the son of Saturn, seated on high, know it, nor any other of the immortals 185
who dwell round the snow-topped Olympus.”

And to her swift-footed Achilles, answering, said: “And how

² *i. e.* the *melée* of weapons.

³ The dead body.

⁴ *i. e.* the troops and their chiefs—horse and foot.

⁵ *εμπεδον*.

⁶ *i. e.* exerting his vigour.

⁷ *i. e.* for whose dead body.

can I go to the battle? for they possess my armour. And my beloved mother permits me not to arm, before with my eyes I
 190 see her come; for she promises to bring me beautiful armour from Vulcan. Nor indeed do I know⁸ whose rich armour else I could put on, save the shield of Ajax, the son of Telamon. But
 195 he himself still, I hope, mingles with the foremost, dealing death with his spear round dead Patroclus.”

And to him again wind-footed, swift Iris, said: “Well do we too know that thy noble armour is taken: yet even thus⁹, going towards the ditch, show thyself to the Trojans, that the Trojans,
 200 panic-struck, may desist from battle, and the warlike harassed sons of the Achæans may breathe again; and that there may be a respite of battle.”

Thus then having spoken, swift-footed Iris departed. And Achilles, beloved of Jove, arose; and Minerva cast round his
 205 strong shoulders her fringed Ægis. And the noblest of goddesses crowned his head with a golden cloud¹, and from it caused a shining flame to blaze forth. And as when smoke, ascending from a town, reaches the æther, from an island afar off, which foes invest
 210 —all day, from their city², the *citizens* contend in horrid fight; and with the setting sun many torches blaze, and the splendour rushes up aloft for *their* neighbours to behold, that, if possible, they, as repellers of the war, may come with ships—so the light
 215 from the head of Achilles reached the sky. Advancing towards the ditch, he stood a little way from the wall, but mixed not with the Achæans, for he respected the prudent advice of his mother. There standing, he shouted; and Pallas Minerva, apart, vociferated;
 220 and she excited mighty tumult among the Trojans. And as when there is a very loud sound, when a trumpet brays, whilst deadly foes are investing a city; so loud then was the voice of the son of Æacus. And when they heard the brazen voice of Achilles, the souls of all were shaken; and the beautiful steeds
 225 turned the chariots backwards, for they presaged disasters in their souls. And the charioteers were panic-struck, when they beheld the invincible fire over the head of the brave Pelides fearfully blazing; for that the blue-eyed goddess Minerva had lighted up. Thrice over the ditch loudly shouted noble Achilles, and thrice
 230 were the Trojans and illustrious allies thrown into confusion. There also then perished twelve bravest heroes among their own cars and spears; and the Achæans, dragging Patroclus with alac-

⁸ I know not the armour of another.

⁹ *i. e.* in the state you are in—without any armour.

¹ Round his head the divine of goddesses encircled a golden cloud.

² *i. e.* from the walls of the town.

rity from among the weapons, laid him upon a litter; and his beloved comrades stood round him mourning, and with them followed swift-footed Achilles, shedding hot tears, when he beheld 235 his faithful comrade upon a litter, hacked with the sharp brass—him whom he had sent forth with horses and cars to battle, nor received him again, returning *alive*.

And large-eyed, imperial Juno sent the unwearied sun against 240 his will to return to the streams of Oceanus. And the sun set, and the noble Achæans desisted from fierce contest and destructive battle. And the Trojans, again, on the other side, retiring from furious combat, loosed the fleet horses from their cars. And they assembled in council before they thought of their repast. 245 And the meeting was one of men standing erect, nor did any one venture to sit; for terror possessed all, because Achilles had made his appearance, after he had long abstained from direful combat. And among them prudent Polydamas, the son of Panthus, began to harangue, for he alone looked to the future and 250 the past³. And he was Hector's friend, and they were born in one night; and the one excelled in council, and the other far in arms. He prudently⁴ harangued them, and said:

“My friends, consider well on every side; I indeed advise to return now to the city—not wait the sacred morn in the plain 255 beside the ships; for we are far from the wall⁵. As long as that man retained his anger against noble Agamemnon, so long were the Achæans more easy to fight with. For I too was delighted, passing the night by the swift barks⁶, hoping to take the ships, 260 impelled by oars on both sides; but now greatly do I fear swift-footed Pelides. So vehement a spirit is his, he will not choose to remain in the plain, where the Trojans and Achæans, in the middle, divide⁷ the force of war; but he will combat for the city and our wives. We will go then to the city—be persuaded by 265 me—for so it must be⁸. Ambrosial night at present withholds swift-footed Pelides; but if, rushing forth to-morrow with his armour, he shall find us here, then well will some one know him; for with joy will he who escapes reach sacred Ilium; for 270 dogs and vultures will devour many of the Trojans. O that such tidings may not reach my ears⁹. But if we be persuaded by my words, sad¹ though we be, we shall hold our force in

³ *i. e.* he was the most prudent man among them.

⁴ Thinking well—*i. e.* as a person of experience, and capable of giving sound advice.

⁵ *i. e.* of the town.

⁶ *i. e.* at the thought of doing so.

⁷ As if on equal terms.

⁸ It will be.

⁹ Would that thus it be away from my ear.

¹ *i. e.* at the necessity.

275 council² during the night, and the towers and lofty gates, and doors fitted in them, well-polished, well-fastened, will protect the city. And in the morning early we will stand on the towers, arrayed in armour; and it *will be* a difficult thing for him, if he
 280 wish it, coming from the ships, to fight with us round the wall. Back again then will he go to the ships, when he has exhausted his high-necked steeds with a varied course, driving under the city walls. But his mind will never venture to rush in, nor will he ever lay it waste—the fleet dogs shall first devour him.”

And to him then the plumed Hector, looking sternly, said:
 285 “Thou no longer, Polydamas sayst what is agreeable to me, who advisest us to go again, and be cooped up in the city. Have ye not yet had enough of being shut up within the towers? Formerly all articulate-speaking men pronounced the city of Priam
 290 to be rich in gold and in brass; but now the rich treasures of our houses have perished, and much wealth for purchases has already departed to Phrygia and the delightful Mœonia³, because mighty Jove has been enraged. Now then when the son of the wily Saturn has granted me to obtain glory at the ships, and to drive
 295 the Achæans to the sea,—no longer, foolish man, disclose these counsels to the people: for none of the Trojans will obey: nor will I permit it⁴. Come then let us all obey as I shall advise. Take now your suppers in your ranks throughout the army; and be mindful of a guard, and keep watch each of *you*; and he
 300 of the Trojans who is extremely solicitous about his wealth⁵, gathering it together, let him give it to the people to be publicly consumed—it is better that some of them should enjoy it than the Achæans. And in the morning early, arrayed in armour, at the hollow ships we will stir up the fierce battle; and if in reality noble Achilles rises at the ships, it will be the worse for him, if he chooses to *fight*. I shall not fly him *by going* from the dire-sounding battle, but will confront boldly with him, whether he bear away great glory, or I bear it away. Mars is common⁶, and slays the slayer.”

310 Thus Hector counselled; and the Trojans shouted—foolishly, for Pallas Minerva had taken *their* senses from them. For they assented to Hector, counselling destructive *measures*; and no one *agreed* with Polydamas, who offered sound advice. Then

² *i. e.* keep collected in the ἀγορῆν—in the square, or public place of assembly—not disperse to their several homes.

³ *i. e.* they could not cultivate their own grounds—occupied, or exposed as they were to the Achæans; and were forced to send to the eastern districts for corn, &c.

⁴ *i. e.* you to do it.

⁵ *Ironically*—a stroke at Polydamas.

⁶ That is, the fortune of the war is common.

took they supper throughout the army. Meanwhile the Achæans, 315 weeping all night, poured their lamentations over Patroclus, and among them Pelides led the ceaseless lamentation, placing his manslaying hands upon the breast of his companion, *and* sighing very frequently; like a well-bearded lion, from which an huntsman⁷ has stolen away the cubs from out of a thick forest; and 320 he is saddened, coming afterwards; and many valleys goes he over, tracing the footsteps of the man, that he may find him; for very keen rage seizes him. So, deeply groaning, Achilles addressed the Myrmidons:

“Alas! vain indeed were the words I uttered on that day, encouraging the hero Menætius in our halls⁸—for I said that I 325 would bring back his illustrious son to Opoeis, after he had wasted Troy, and obtained a portion of the spoils. But Jove fulfils not to men all their intentions: for it is fated that we should both stain with blood the same earth here in Troy; since 330 neither shall the aged Peleus, tamer of horses, receive me in his halls returning, nor my mother Thetis, but here the earth shall hold me. Now, however, O Patroclus, since after thee I am going beneath the earth, I will not perform thy funeral obsequies, before I bring hither the arms and the head of brave Hector, thy murderer. And twelve illustrious sons of the Trojans 335 will I behead before thy pile, enraged at thy slaughter⁹. And in the mean time thou shalt thus lie beside the curved ships: and round thee shall weep, shedding tears night and day, Trojan and deep-bosomed Dardan women, whom he and I have ourselves 340 toiled to get with valour, and with the long spear, laying waste opulent cities of articulate-speaking men.”

So saying, noble Achilles gave directions to his comrades, to put a large tripod on the fire, that as soon as possible, they might wash away the bloody gore from Patroclus. And they placed a 345 large tripod¹ upon the glowing fire, and poured water into it, and taking sticks, lighted them under it. Then the fire ran round the belly of the tripod, and the water grew hot. And when the water boiled in the bright brass, then they washed him, and 350 bathed him with rich oil. And his wounds they filled up with an unguent nine years old², and, laying him upon a bed, they covered him with fine linen from head to foot; and over all, with a white mantle. All night then the Myrmidons lamenting Patroclus, groaned around swift-footed Achilles. And Jove addressed Juno, his sister and spouse:

⁷ A man, the shooter of deer.

⁸ δε.

⁹ On account of thee slain.

¹ λουετροχόος—a kettle from which water was poured for washing or bathing.

² i. e. which they brought with them fresh from home nine years before.

“At last then thou hast done it, O large-eyed imperial Juno, having roused up swift-footed Achilles. Surely the long-haired Achæans must have sprung from thy very self.”

- 360 And him answered then large-eyed, imperial Juno: “Despotic son of Saturn, what word hast thou spoken? Any mortal surely might have effected this against a man—any one who is only human, and knows not so many measures *as we*. How then ought not I,—who declare myself to be the chief of goddesses, on two accounts, as well from birth, as also because I am called thy
365 spouse—for thou rulest over all the immortals—being angry with the Trojans, to be able to plan mischief against them?”

Thus they such things said to one another. And the silver-footed Thetis came to the mansion of Vulcan, incorruptible,
370 starry, distinguished among the immortals, brazen, one which the lame god himself had formed. And him she found sweating, working at the bellows, very busy; for he was making full twenty tripods, to stand round the wall of his well-founded palace.
375 And under them he placed golden wheels, at the bottom of each, that of their own accord they might enter the heavenly banquet, and again return to his house—a wonder to be seen. So far indeed were they finished³, but not yet were added the ornamental handles which he was preparing; and he was cutting the
380 clasps⁴. Whilst with skilful mind he was toiling at these things, Thetis, the silver-footed goddess, came towards him. And the beautiful Charis, of the lovely veil, whom the illustrious Vulcan had wedded, going forth, beheld her; and pressed her hand, and addressed her, and spoke to her by name:

- 385 “Why, O long-robed Thetis, worthy to be revered and loved, comest thou to our abode? Before thou comest not often⁵. But accompany me onward, that I may set before thee our hospitalities.”

Thus having spoken, the most charming of goddesses led forward. Then she placed her upon a silver-studded throne, beautiful, curiously wrought, and there was a stool beneath for her feet. And she called Vulcan, the noble artificer, and spake this word:

“Come hither, Vulcan, Thetis has some need of thee.”

- And to her the illustrious Vulcan replied: “Why then indeed
395 a goddess great and revered is within—one who saved me when distress came upon me, fallen far, by the contrivance of my

³ They had an end.

⁴ By which the handles were attached to the tripods—nails, or screws.

⁵ *i. e.* you are not in the habit of coming—or, you are quite a stranger.

graceless mother, who wished to conceal me because I was lame⁶. Then should I have suffered sorrows in my soul, had not Eurynome, and Thetis received me in their bosom—Eurynome, daughter of the ebbing Oceanus. With them for nine years did 400 I fabricate⁷ many curious things, clasps, and twisted rings, and hair-pins, and necklaces, in the hollow cave; and round us flowed the mighty stream of Oceanus, murmuring with foam: nor did any other either of gods or mortal men know it; but Thetis and 405 Eurynome knew, who preserved me. She now comes to our house; wherefore it much behoves me to pay all the reward for my preservation⁸ to fair-haired Thetis. Set thou then now before her our best hospitalities, whilst I lay aside my bellows and all my tools.”

He said, and, glowing, rose, a huge portent, from his anvil- 410 stock, limping, and his weak legs tottered under him. The bellows then he laid apart from the fire, and all the tools, with which he worked, he collected together into a silver chest. And with a sponge he wiped, all over, his face and both his hands, and his strong neck and shaggy breast; and then put on his 415 coat, and seized his thick staff. And he went limping out of the door, and golden handmaids supported him⁹,—like to living youth, in whose bosom there is understanding, and voice, and strength, and who are instructed in working by the immortal 420 gods¹. These assisted the king at his side; and he hobbling along, sat down upon a shining throne near where Thetis *was*, and clasped her hand, and addressed her and said:

“Why, long-robed Thetis, respected and beloved, comest thou to our abode? Before thou comest not often. Speak what is in 425 thy mind, for my soul prompts me to effect it, if I can effect it, and if it is to be effected.”

And to him Thetis then, shedding tears, replied: “O Vulcan, is there one now of all the goddesses², who are in Olympus, who has endured so many bitter griefs in her mind, as to me above 430 all, Jove, the son of Saturn, has given sorrows? Me, from among the other marine deities, did he make subject to a man, to Peleus, son of Æacus; and I have endured the bed of a man very much against my will. He indeed now lies in his halls, worn out with miserable old age; and *Jove* now *gives me* other *woes*. After 435 he had granted me to bear and to nurse a son, distinguished

⁶ Compare A. 587.

⁷ Work in brass.

⁸ Pay salvage-money.

⁹ Made of gold.

¹ To whom there is understanding in their bosoms, and in their voice and strength, and they knew works from the immortal gods.

² As many goddesses as are.

among heroes, and he grew up like a young tree—him after bringing up, as a plant in a fertile spot of the field, I sent forth in curved barks to Ilium, to combat with the Trojans; but him
 440 I shall not again receive, returning home to the mansion of Peleus. For as long as he lives for me, and beholds the light of the sun, he suffers sorrow; nor am I, by going to him, able to give any assistance. The maid whom the sons of the Achæans
 445 selected as a reward for him—her has king Agamemnon taken back from his hands. Surely grieving for her, has he been consuming his soul; and the Trojans were blockading the Achæans at the ships, nor suffered them to go beyond the gates: and the sires of the Argives intreated him, and offered³ many noble
 450 presents. Then he himself refused to ward off destruction; but clothed Patroclus around with his own armour, and sent him forth to battle, and along with him furnished a large army⁴. And all day they fought round the Scæan gates, and this very day they would have stormed Troy, had not Apollo slain among
 455 the foremost combatants the gallant son of Menætius, while working much mischief, and given glory to Hector. On this account do I now approach thy knees, that thou mayst give to my short-lived son a shield and helmet, and beautiful greaves, joined with clasps, and a corslet: for what were his, his faithful
 460 comrade has lost, subdued by the Trojans; and he (*Achilles*) lies upon the ground, grieving in his soul.”

And her answered then the illustrious Vulcan: “Be comforted, nor let these things be cause of anxiety in thy mind. Would that I could as surely protect him from dire-sounding
 465 death, when severe fate approaches him, as that beautiful arms shall be his—such as any one of many men hereafter shall admire, who beholds *them*.”

So saying, he left her there, and went to the bellows. And then he turned towards the fire, and commanded them to work.
 470 And full twenty bellows blew in the furnaces, exciting a well-raised blast, of all degrees, to be ready for him, at one time busy, at another not⁵, according as Vulcan chose, and the work could be completed. And he cast into the fire impenetrable brass, and
 475 tin, and precious gold and silver; and next he placed the mighty anvil on the stock, and in one hand took his strong hammer, and with the other seized the forceps.

And first of all he made a shield, large and solid, decorating
 480 it all over, and threw round it a shining rim, triple, splendid, and from it *hung* a silver belt. Of the shield itself there were five

³ Named.

⁴ Much people.

⁵ ἀλλοτε δ' αὐτε—*scil. μη σπένδοντι.*

folks; and upon it he made numerous figures with skilful art.

In it he formed the earth, and in it the sea, and in it the unwearyed sun, and the full moon. In it also all the constellations with which the heaven is crowned, the Pleiades, and the Hyades, 485 and the strength of Orion, and the Bear, which likewise they call by the appellation of the Wain, which there turns round, and watches Orion; and it alone is deprived of the baths of Oceanus⁶.

In it likewise he made two beautiful cities of articulate-speaking men. In the one there were marriages and feasts: and they 490 were leading the brides from their chambers through the city, with lighted torches, and many a bridal song arose. And youthful dancers were wheeling around, and amongst them pipes and 495 lyres uttered their sound; and the women, one and all, standing at the portals, admired *the scene*. And there were numerous people in a court of justice, and there a contest had arisen; and two men disputed about the blood-money for a murdered man—the one affirmed that he had given all, declaring it to the people; 500 and the other denied that he had received aught; and both desired to end *the dispute* before the judge. And the people were shouting in favour of both—friends of each party; and the heralds were keeping the people in check, and the old men sat upon polished stones, in a sacred circle, and held in their hands 505 the sceptres of loud-shouting⁷ heralds. Among them then they arose, and gave judgment in turns. And in the midst there lay two talents⁸ of gold, to be given to him, who in their presence should most justly plead his cause⁹.—But round the other city sat two armies of people, glittering in armour. And a plan in 510 two ways was agreeable to them, either to destroy it entirely, or to divide into two parts' all things—the wealth, as much as the pleasant city contained within. They², however, did not yet obey, but secretly armed themselves for an ambuscade³. 515 Their beloved wives and young children kept guard, standing upon the wall, and with them the men whom old age possessed; but themselves marched forth; and Mars and Pallas Minerva led them on, both golden, for they were arrayed in golden robes, beautiful and large, along with their armour, like gods, magnificent from top to toe; but the people were of humbler size. And

⁶ *i. e.* it never sets.

⁷ Heralds whose voices fill the air.

⁸ The amount of the fine, apparently. The sum in question was, as we say, brought into court.

⁹ *i. e.* convince the judges he asked only justice.

¹ *i. e.* apparently—the citizens might purchase their safety by a surrender of half their property.

² The people of the town.

³ To intercept the supplies to the besieging corps.

520 when now they had arrived where it appeared convenient for them to place an ambuscade, by a river, where was a watering place for all cattle, there then they sat down, wrapt in shining brass. Next, apart from the troops, sat down two scouts, watching when they might descry the flocks and horned herds. And they
 525 (flocks and herds) soon came on, and with them followed two herdsmen, amusing themselves with their pipes, for they foresaw not the treachery. Then the foragers, seeing them before them, rushed upon them, and quickly plundered on all sides the
 530 herds of oxen and beautiful flocks of white sheep: and slew the shepherds besides. But the *besiegers*, sitting in the place of assembly⁴, as soon as they heard the mighty tumult among the oxen, mounting their nimble-footed steeds, pursued, and speedily came up with them. Then, standing, they fought a battle by the banks of the river, and smote one another with their brazen
 535 spears. And amongst them mingled Discord and Tumult, and deadly Fate, holding one yet alive, newly wounded, another unhurt, and by the feet dragged another, slain, through the combat; and had the robe round her shoulders quite empurpled with the blood of men. And they turned about like living mortals, and fought and dragged away each other's slaughtered carcases.

On the shield also he placed a soft fallow field, a rich soil, broad, thrice ploughed; and in it many ploughers, driving on all sides, were turning round their oxen. But when, returning, they came to the boundary of the field, then a man approaching
 545 them, gave into their hands a cup of sweetest wine; and they turned to their furrows, eager to reach the boundary of the deep fallow field. And it was black behind, and like to ploughed land, though being golden; which was a miracle beyond *others*.
 550 On it likewise he placed an enclosure of high corn; and there workmen were reaping, holding sharp sickles in their hands. Some handfuls fell thick in swathes upon the ground, and others the binders of sheaves fastened together with cords. And three
 555 binders of sheaves followed *the reapers*; and behind them boys gathering the handfuls, *and* bearing them in their arms, constantly supplied them; and the master stood among them in silence, holding a staff beside the swathes, delighted in his heart. And apart, under an oak, servants were preparing a feast, and, sacrificing a huge ox, were busy about it; and women
 560 sprinkled much white flour *upon it*—a meal for the labourers.

On it likewise he placed a vineyard, very heavy with grapes, beautiful, golden; and the clusters on the vine were black; and

⁴ Before the *ἱεῖα*—i. e. at, or before, the altar, &c.

it stood throughout on silver poles. Round it he drew an azure ditch, and about that a rampart of tin; and there was only one path to it, by which the gatherers went, when they collected the vintage. Little maids and boys of tender minds⁵ bore the luscious fruit in twisted baskets; and in the midst of them a boy sweetly played upon a shrill lyre; and, with tender voice, beautifully sung to it a rustic song⁶: and the rest, beating *the earth* at the same time, with singing and shouts of joy, followed, skipping with their feet. 565 570

Upon it he also formed a herd of cows, with horns erect. And the cows were made of gold and of tin, and rushed out with a lowing from the stall to the pasture, beside a stream, brawling beside the waving reeds. And four golden herdsmen went along with the oxen, and nine dogs, swift of foot, followed them. And two terrible lions were seizing the bull, groaning sadly, among the foremost oxen, and he was dragged away, loudly bellowing; and the dogs and youths followed for his rescue. But they, after tearing open the skin of the huge ox, licked up his entrails and black blood; and the shepherds vainly pressed upon them, urging on their fleet dogs. And they (*the dogs*) refused to bite the lions, but, standing very near, barked at them, and shrunk from them. 575 580 585

And upon it the illustrious Vulcan likewise formed a large pasture in a beautiful glen, full of white sheep, and folds, and covered huts and cottages.

The illustrious Vulcan likewise adorned it with a dance, like to that which, in wide Cnossus, Dædalus once composed for the fair-haired Ariadne. There danced the youths and lovely⁷ virgins, holding each other's hands near the wrist. Of these, the *maidens*, wore fine linen robes, and the *youths* were dressed in well-woven coats, far-radiant, like oil: and the maids also had beautiful chaplets, and the boys wore golden swords *suspended* from silver belts. And sometimes with skilful feet, they nimbly ran *the circle*, as when some potter, sitting, tries a wheel fitted in his hands, if it will run; and sometimes again they run back to their ranks through one another. And a great crowd stood round the pleasing dance, delighted; and beside them, two tumblers⁸, beginning their song wheeled around in the midst. 590 595 600 605

⁵ Thinking puerile things.

⁶ The linen string—of which the ancients formed their harp-strings.

⁷ Maidens who, on account of their beauty, received oxen from their lovers—

⁸ *e.* were purchased by them, as wives, from their parents.

⁸ Dancers on their heads.

Moreover, he placed in it the vast strength of the river Oceanus, near the outer rim of the well-formed shield.

And when he had completed the shield, huge and solid, he
610 next formed for him a corslet, brighter than the splendour of
fire. And he made for him a strong helmet, fitted to his temples,
beautiful and variously wrought, and put upon it a golden crest;
and formed greaves for him of ductile tin.

And when the renowned Vulcan had with toil made all the
615 arms, lifting *them* up, he laid *them* before the mother of Achilles;
and she, like a hawk, shot down from the snow-clad Olympus,
bearing the glittering armour from Vulcan.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles being reconciled to Agamemnon, and clothed in his new armour, leads forth the Myrmidons to battle.

THE saffron-robed Morn was rising from out the streams of Oceanus, that she might bring light to immortals and to mortals; and Thetis reached the ships, bearing the gifts from the god. And her beloved son she found sitting, loudly lamenting, beside Patroclus, and round him his numerous companions mourned. 5
And among them, the august goddess stood near him, and grasped his hand, and addressed him, and said:

“My son, him, grieved though we be, will we let lie, since he was first subdued by the counsel of the gods; but do thou receive from Vulcan this noble armour, very beautiful, such as no man has yet worn upon his shoulders.” 10

Thus having spoken, the goddess laid down the arms before Achilles; and they all, curiously wrought, clashed aloud. Then tremor seized all the Myrmidons, nor did any one dare to look directly at them, but averted *their eyes*. But as soon as Achilles 15 beheld them, rage the more came upon him; and his eyes shone terribly from his eyelids, like a flame; and he was filled with joy, holding in his hands the splendid gifts of the god. And when he had gratified his heart, beholding the curiously-wrought 20 *armour*, forthwith he addressed his mother in these winged words:

“My mother, a god has indeed given this armour, such as is fit to be the work of immortals, and not for mortal man to make. Now then will I arm myself; yet I very much fear, lest, in the mean time, the flies, entering the gallant son of Menœtius, by 25

his spear-inflicted wounds, generate maggots, and defile the corse—for life is destroyed—and all the body¹ grow putrid.”

And him answered then the silver-footed goddess Thetis:
 “My son, let not these things be a cause of anxiety to thy mind.
 30 I will endeavour to drive away from him the fierce swarms, the
 flies, which devour men slain in battle. For even if he lie for
 a complete year, his body shall always be sound as now, or even
 better. But do thou, having summoned the Achæan heroes to
 35 an assembly, *and* renouncing thy rage against Agamemnon, the
 shepherd of the people, arm thyself very speedily to war, and
 put on thy might.”

Having thus spoken, she infused into him the most daring
 courage, and then dropped into Patroclus, through the nostrils,
 ambrosia and the ruddy nectar, that his body might be uncor-
 rupted.

40 And noble Achilles went along the shore of the sea, shouting
 fearfully, and roused the Achæan heroes. And those who were
 before in the habit of remaining at the assemblage of the ships,
 the pilots and *those* who held the rudders of the vessels, and the
 45 pursers, *who* were at the ships, the dispensers of food—even
 these then went to the assembly, because Achilles had appeared
 after he had² long abstained from dire combat. And two servants
 of Mars, brave Tydides and noble Ulysses, went limping, leaning
 upon a spear; for they still had severe wounds; and, proceeding,
 50 they sat down on the first seats. And last came the king of men,
 Agamemnon, having a wound; for him also, in the fierce battle,
 had Coon, son of Antenor, wounded with his brazen spear.
 Then when all the Achæans were collected together, swift-
 55 footed Achilles, standing up amongst them, addressed them:

“Son of Atreus, this³ would doubtless have been better for
 both, for thee and me, when we two, enraged at heart, were
 inflamed to soul-devouring contention about a girl⁴. Would
 that Diana⁵ had slain her with an arrow in the ships, on that
 60 day, when plundering, I took Lyrnessus—in that case so many
 Achæans would not have bitten the mighty soil with their teeth
 under the hands of the enemy, whilst I was nursing my wrath.
 This had been better for Hector and the Trojans; and the
 65 Achæans, I think, will long remember my contention and thine.
 But let us dismiss the past, grieved as we are, subduing from
 necessity⁶ our resentments within our bosoms. And now, I put

¹ As to the whole body.

² δε.

³ *i. e.* what we are now doing—agreeing rather than conflicting.

⁴ Briseïs.

⁵ To whom the premature deaths of women were ascribed.

⁶ *i. e.* the state of circumstances compelling.

an end to my anger, nor is it at all fit that I be always obstinately enraged. Come then, excite more quickly the long-haired Achæans to battle, in order that I may again try the Trojans, going against them—whether they desire to spend the night at the ships; but I think that any of them will very gladly bend his knee⁷, who escapes out of the glowing combat from my spear.”

Thus he spake; and the well-greaved Achæans rejoiced, *on account of* the brave son of Peleus renouncing his anger. And to them the king of men, Agamemnon, likewise addressed himself, out of the same place, from his seat, and not standing in the midst:

“O friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Mars, it is good to listen to me, thus rising; nor is it proper to interrupt me; for it is difficult⁸ even for one that is skilled. And in a great uproar of men, how can any one hear or speak? For he is confounded even though ever so good an orator. I indeed shall direct my speech to Pelides; and do ye, the rest of the Argives, attend, and each be well acquainted with my words. Often have the Achæans uttered these words⁹ against me, and have blamed me; yet I am not to blame, but Jove, and Fate, and Erinnyes, roaming amid the shades, who, in the assembly, threw into my mind a fierce desire to quarrel¹, on that day when I myself took away the prize of Achilles. Yet what could I do? It is a god in all things that accomplishes—the destructive Até, the awful daughter of Jove, who injures all. Light are her feet²; for she comes not near the ground, but she walks over the heads of men, injuring men, and one at least *she* fetters³. For once she duped even Jove—him, who, they say, is the most powerful of men and gods; but even him Juno, being a female, deceived by her crafts, on that day, when Alcmene was about to bring forth the mighty Hercules in the well-walled Thebes. He in truth, boasting, had said among all the gods:

“Hear me, all ye gods, and all ye goddesses, that I may speak those things, which the soul within my bosom urges *me*. This day Eileithyia, the assistant in child-birth, shall show to the light of man, who shall lord it over all his neighbours, one of those men, who are of the blood of my race.”

“And him the august Juno addressed, meditating guiles:

⁷ *i. e.* will be glad to sit down.

⁸ *i. e.* to address an assembly.

⁹ *i. e.* censuring him for his conduct to Achilles.

¹ Injury.

² *i. e.* walking without noise—the mind of man is urged on to evil, by some indwelling fury.

³ *i. e.* if not both—a delicate censure of Achilles.

‘Thou shalt be false, nor shalt thou execute thy purpose⁴. But come, swear now a binding oath to me, O Olympian, that he shall
110 lord it over all his neighbours, who shall this day fall between the feet of a woman, one of those men, who are of the blood of thy family.’

“Thus she spake, and Jove perceived not her crafty design, but swore the mighty oath, and then was much befooled⁵. And Juno, springing forth, quitted the brow of Olympus, and came
115 with all haste to the Achæan Argos, where she was acquainted with the generous spouse of Sthenelus, son of Perseus. And she was pregnant of her beloved son; and the seventh month was at hand. And Juno brought him out to the light, though borne before the proper month⁶; and kept back the delivery of Alcmena, and restrained the Eileithyïæ; and herself coming as
120 the messenger, addressed Jove, the son of Saturn:

“‘Father Jove, hurler of the red lightning, I will put a certain matter in thy mind⁷. A brave man is now born, who shall rule the Argives, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, son of Perseus, thy offspring—it is not improper for him to govern the Argives.’

125 “Thus she spake; but sharp pangs smote him in his deep mind: and immediately he seized Até by her head of shining curls, enraged in his mind, and swore a strong oath, that Até, who injures all, should never again return to Olympus, and the starry heaven.

130 “So saying, he cast her from the starry sky, whirling her round in his hand, and she speedily reached the works of men. On her account he always groaned, when he beheld his beloved son employed⁸ in some unworthy toil under the labours of Eurystheus⁹.

135 “Thus I also, when the mighty, plumed Hector was destroying the Argives at the sterns of the ships, was unable to forget the wrong which I first foolishly committed. But as I acted foolishly, and Jove took away my reason, I am willing again to appease *thee*, and to give infinite gifts. Up then thou to battle,
140 and excite the other troops, and I *am ready* to furnish all the presents, as many as the noble Ulysses yesterday, going to thee, promised in thy tents. Yet, if thou wilt, wait, though hastening to battle; and my servants, taking the presents from my ship, shall bring them, that *thou* mayst see with what propitiating *gifts* I present thee.”

⁴ Put an end, or completion, to thy speech.

⁵ He was thinking of Hercules, and Juno of Eurystheus.

⁶ Defective in months.

⁷ *i. e.* I have something to tell you,

⁸ Having some.

⁹ *i. e.* imposed by Eurystheus.

And to him swift-footed Achilles, answering, said: "Most 145
glorious son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, whether thou
wilt furnish gifts, as it is meet, or keep them, remains with thee¹;
but now let us very quickly be mindful of the contest; for it
becomes us not to waste time in words, remaining here; nor to 150
cause delays, for the great deed is yet to be done. And as each
beholds Achilles again among the foremost, destroying the pha-
lanxes of the Trojans with his brazen spear, so let also each of
you, keeping this in mind, combat with *his* man."

And to him the ever-ready² Ulysses answering said: "Not 155
thus, brave as thou art, O godlike Achilles, urge the sons of the
Achæans towards Ilium, to fight fasting with the Trojans; since
not for a short time will be the contest, when once the phalanxes
of men mingle, and a god breathe valour into both. Command
rather that the Achæans be refreshed³ at the ships with food 160
and wine—for that is strength and vigour. For a man, wanting
food, could not fight against *his enemies* all day till sunset; for
although with his spirit he desires to maintain the fight, still his
limbs insensibly grow languid, and thirst and hunger overtake 165
him, and his knees fail him as he goes⁴. But a man who is
satisfied with wine and food, combats all day with hostile heroes;
the heart within his bosom is daring, nor do his limbs at all
weary before that all retire from battle. Come then, send away 170
the troops, and order a repast to be made ready; and let the
king of men, Agamemnon, bring the gifts into the midst of the
assembly, that all the Achæans may see them with their eyes,
and thou receive pleasure in thy heart. Let him, moreover, 175
swear an oath to thee, standing up among the Argives, that he
has never ascended her bed, nor had connexion with her, as is
the custom, O king, of men and women; and let thine own soul
within thy bosom be appeased. Then let him next entertain
thee with a good feast within his tent, that thou mayst not have 180
aught of thy due incomplete. And thou, Atrides, wilt hereafter
be more just towards another—for it is not derogatory for a royal
personage to conciliate, when he was the first⁵ to do wrong."

And him in return the king of men, Agamemnon, addressed: 185
"I am delighted, O son of Laertes, listening to thy speech, for
thou hast gone through and expressed all with propriety. And
these things will I swear, and my soul urges me; nor shall I,
before God, forswear myself. And let Achilles here remain, 190
meanwhile, though hastening out to battle; and remain all ye

¹ Is with thee—is thy business.

³ Be fed.

⁵ προσηγορος—scil. βασιλευς.

² With many plans.

⁴ To him going.

the rest of you assembled, until they bring the gifts from my tent, and we take our oath⁶. And to thee thyself, Ulysses, I give this charge, and command thee—selecting the principal youths
 195 of all the Achæans, to bring from my ship the gifts, as many as we yesterday promised to give to Achilles, and to lead forth the women. And let Talthibius also prepare for me with speed in the wide army of the Achæans, a boar to sacrifice to Jupiter and the Sun.”

And him swift-footed Achilles, answering, addressed: “Most
 200 glorious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon, at some other period ought ye rather to attend to these matters, when there is some respite from battle, and not so much ardour in my bosom; but at present those lie mangled, whom Hector, the son of Priam, subdued, when Jove gave him the glory. Urge ye the troops,
 205 however, to food. I would myself indeed at once advise the sons of the Achæans, fasting, hungry, to engage; and, with the setting sun, prepare a large supper, after we have revenged our disgrace. For before, neither drink nor food shall descend down my throat
 210 —for the sake of my slain friend, who lies in my tent, mangled with the sharp brass, turned towards the portal, and his comrades mourn around *him*. On that account, not to my mind are these things a care; but slaughter, and blood, and the dire groaning of heroes.”

And him the wise Ulysses, answering, addressed: “O Achilles, son of Peleus, far the bravest of Achæans, thou art stronger than myself, and not a little superior with the spear; but I excel thee much in experience⁷; for I was born before thee, and know
 220 more: therefore let thy mind acquiesce in *my words*. Soon is there with men a satiety of battle, where⁸ the sickle cuts down the greatest crop; and small is the harvest, when Jove, who is the disposer of the battle of heroes, inclines the scales⁹. And it
 225 cannot be of *any use*, that the Achæans lament the dead with fasting¹, for very many and in heaps every day they fall—when could one cease from sorrow? But it becomes us rather to bury the *man* who dies, with firm minds, lamenting him for a day.
 230 And as many of us as survive the hateful combat *ought* to be mindful of drinking and of food, in order that we may ever the more ceaselessly contend with our enemies, having our bodies arrayed² in impenetrable brass: nor let any of the troops hang
 235 back waiting for another exhortation. For badly will that exhortation be for him, who skulks at the ships of the Argives;

⁶ *Strike the victims* in evidence of our *oath*.

⁷ νοηματα.

⁸ Of which.

⁹ ©. 69.

¹ Belly.

² Clothed as to our bodies.

but marching forth in a body, we will stir up the keen battle against the horse-taming Trojans.”

He said, and chose as his companions the sons of the glorious Nestor, and Meges, son of Phyleus, and Thoas, and Meriones, 240 and Lycomedes, son of Creion, and Melanippus; and they proceeded to go towards the tent of Agamemnon, son of Atreus; and then at once was the speech, and the thing was done³. Seven tripods they brought from the tent, which he had promised him, and twenty golden goblets, and twelve steeds; and 245 forthwith they led forth seven women, skilful in fine works, and the eighth was the fair-cheeked Briseïs. And Ulysses, after weighing⁴ full ten talents of gold, led the way, and with him the other youths of the Achæans carried the presents, and placed them in the midst of the assembly; and Agamemnon stood up; and Talthybius, like to a god in his voice, stood beside 250 the shepherd of the people, holding a boar with his hands. Then the son of Atreus, drawing with his hands the knife, which always hung by the great scabbard of his sword—beginning with the forelock of the boar—prayed, lifting up his hands to Jove; 255 and all the Argives sat in silence in the same spot, listening with reverence to the king. And, praying, he spake, looking to the wide heaven:

“Now first let Jupiter be witness, the mightiest and best of the gods,—next let the Earth, and the Sun, and the Furies, who under ground chastise men, whoever swears a falsehood—never 260 have I laid my hand upon the maid Briseïs, making use of her for concubinage, or for any other purpose; but immaculate she has remained in my tents. And if I have falsely sworn aught of these things, may the gods inflict on me those very numerous distresses which⁵ they inflict *on him*, who sins against them by 265 false swearing.”

He said, and cut the throat of the boar with the ruthless knife; and Talthybius, whirling it round, cast into the mighty water of the hoary sea, *to be food for fishes*. And Achilles, rising, said among the war-loving Argives:

“O father Jove, great calamities givest thou to men; for 270 never could Atrides have excited⁶ so thoroughly the indignation in my bosom, nor led away the girl, desperately against my consent⁷—but Jupiter, for some purpose, willed that death should befall many Achæans. Now then go to the repast, that we may 275 begin the battle.”

³ *i. e.* the thing was done forthwith—as soon as said.

⁴ Placing—*i. e.* in the scale.

⁵ As many as.

⁶ *i. e.* of his own will.

⁷ I being unwilling.

Thus then he spake, and dismissed the hasty assembly. The rest then dispersed, each to his own ship; and the brave Myrmidons attended to the presents, and went, bearing them to the ship of the godlike Achilles. These they laid up in the tents, and seated the women; and his brave attendants drove the horses to the stud. And then Briseïs, like to golden Venus, when she beheld Patroclus mangled with the dire spear, throwing herself about him, shrieked aloud, and with her hands
 280 tore her bosom, and her soft neck, and lovely face; and the lady resembling goddesses, weeping, exclaimed:

“O Patroclus, most dear to my wretched soul, alive I left thee, departing from the tent, but now, returning back, I find thee
 290 dead, O prince of the people. How evil upon evil always awaits me. The hero, to whom my father and venerable mother had given me, I saw mangled with the sharp sword before the city; and three beloved brothers whom the same mother bore
 295 with me, all met the fatal day. Nevertheless, thou didst not suffer me, what time the swift Achilles slew my husband, and laid waste the city of the divine Mynes, to weep, but saidest that thou wouldst make me the wedded spouse of the noble Achilles, and take me in the ships to Phthia, and prepare the
 300 marriage feast with the Myrmidons. Therefore do I, without measure, lament thee dead, *who wast ever kind to me.*”

Thus she spake, weeping; and the women groaned around her, in appearance for Patroclus, but *in reality* each for her own ills. And around him (*Achilles*) collected the sages of the Achæans, intreating him to eat; but he, groaning, refused:

305 “I entreat you—if any of *my* beloved comrades be obedient to me—bid me not first satiate my heart with food nor drink: for heavy grief invades me; and I will wait till sunset, and endure it altogether *without food.*”

So saying, he dismissed the other princes; but the two sons of
 310 Atreus remained, and noble Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus, and Phœnix, the aged equestrian, soothing him, constantly sorrowful; nor could his soul be soothed, before he entered the mouth of bloody war. For, remembering Patroclus, he frequently heaved *sighs*, and said:

315 “Once, thou too, O unhappy, dearest of my comrades, wouldst thyself have placed before me a joyful feast within my tent with speed and diligence⁸, when the Achæans made haste to bring tearful war upon the horse-taming Trojans. But now thou
 320 liest mangled, and my heart is without drink and food,—though they are within⁹,—through regret for thee; for I could not

⁸ Quickly and carefully.

⁹ Being within.

suffer aught else more distressing, not even if I were to hear of the death of my father¹, who perchance sheds the tender tear in Phthia for the absence of such a son; and I, in a foreign state, wage war against the Trojans, for the sake of the abhorred 325 Helen; or of him², my beloved son, who is brought up at Scyros, if indeed he still lives, godlike Neoptolemus. For before, the soul within my bosom hoped, that I alone should perish here in Troy, far from horse-feeding Argos, and that thou wouldst return to Phthia, that thou mightest lead back my boy in thy 330 black ship from Scyros, and show him every thing, my property, and my slaves, and large lofty-roofed abode. For now I suppose that Peleus is either quite dead, or, scarcely living, suffers 335 pain from hated old age, and constantly expecting bad news respecting me—that he shall hear that I am dead.”

Thus he spake, weeping; and the sages also groaned, remembering each what he had left in his halls. And the son of Saturn 340 felt compassion, beholding them mourning, and quickly addressed these winged words to Minerva:

“My child, thou entirely now desertest thy brave hero. Is then Achilles no longer at all a care within thy mind? He himself is sitting before his high-beaked ships, lamenting his 345 beloved comrade; and the rest have now gone to a repast, but he is empty and unfed. Go, therefore, instil into his breast nectar and delightful ambrosia, that hunger come not upon him.”

So saying, he urged Minerva, previously eager. And she, in the likeness of a broad-winged, shrill-voiced harp³, sprang down 350 from heaven through the air. Meanwhile the Achæans were just arming throughout the camp; and she instilled into the bosom of Achilles nectar and delightful ambrosia, that disagreeable hunger might not reach his knees. Then she departed to the solid mansion of her all-powerful father; and they poured 355 forth apart from the swift ships. And as when thick snow-showers fly down from Jove, chilling beneath the force of the air-clearing Boreas; so then from the ships were borne out thick helmets, brightly glittering, and bossed shields, and strong⁴ 360 corslets, and ashen spears. And the flash uprose to heaven, and all the earth round laughed beneath the splendour of the brass; and under them a tramping was raised from the feet of the men. And in the midst was armed noble Achilles, gnashing his teeth⁵, 365 and his eyes sparkled like a flame of fire, for intolerable grief entered his heart within him; and, furious against the Trojans,

¹ Of my father, dead.

² τον—understand ἀποφθισθαί, from line 322.

³ A kind of eagle.

⁴ Strong in the hollows.

⁵ In whose teeth there was, &c.

- he put on the gifts of the god, at which Vulcan had toiled in making them for him. First around his legs he put the beautiful greaves, connected with silver clasps; next again he placed the corslet round his breast, and threw round his shoulders the brazen, silver-hilted sword; and then he seized the shield, huge and solid, the splendour of which went afar, as of the moon.
- 375 And as when the flame of a burning fire shines for sailors out at sea, for it blazes high up among the mountains on a solitary spot; and them, against their will, storms have carried away from their friends over the fishy deep; so from the shield of
- 380 Achilles, beautiful, curiously wrought, a splendour reached the sky. And, lifting his strong helmet, he put it upon his head; and the helmet, crested with horse-hair, glittered like a star; and the golden crests, which Vulcan had formed thick round the cone, waved about. Then the noble Achilles tried himself in his arms, if they would fit him, and if his handsome limbs would
- 385 move with ease within⁶; and they were to him as wings, and lifted up the shepherd of the people. And from its case he drew forth his paternal spear, heavy, mighty, strong—that no other of the Achæans was able to brandish, but Achilles alone
- 390 knew how to hurl it—a Pelian ash, which Chiron cut for his father from the top of Pelion, to be a destruction to heroes. And Automedon and Alcimus, caparisoning their horses, yoked them; and beautiful collars were upon them. And in their jaws they put the bridles, and extended the reins backwards
- 395 towards the compact car; and Automedon, seizing the shining lash, *which was* suited to his hand, leaped into the car; and behind him mounted the armed Achilles, glittering in his armour, like the shining sun. And terribly he gave command to the steeds of his father:
- 400 “Xanthus, and Balius, illustrious offspring of Podargos, resolve now in a different manner to bear back your driver in safety to the host of the Danaans, after we quit the battle, nor leave him there dead, like Patroclus.”
- And him, from beneath the yoke, Xanthus, his fleet-footed
- 405 steed, addressed, and instantly hung down his head, and his whole mane, falling down from the collar near the yoke, reached to the ground. And Juno, the white-armed goddess, gave him a tongue⁷.
- “Now⁸, at least we will bear thee safe, O impetuous Achilles: but thy fatal day *draws* near thee; nor shall we be to blame, but a mighty god, and powerful destiny. For neither by our

⁶ Would run in them.

⁷ Made him speaking—*i. e.* capable of speaking.

⁸ *i. e.* this time.

laziness, nor want of spirit, did the Trojans strip the armour from the shoulders of Patroclus; but the best of the gods, whom the fair-haired Latona bore, slew him among the foremost combatants, and gave the glory to Hector. We indeed can run even with the blast of Zephyrus, which they say is most rapid of all; but to thyself is it decreed that thou be violently subdued by a god and a man⁹.”

Of him, then, having thus spoken, the Furies stopt the voice; and swift-footed Achilles, greatly indignant, addressed him:

“Why Xanthus, predictest thou death to me? It does not at all become thee. Well do I likewise myself know, that it is my fate to perish here, far from my beloved father and mother. Nevertheless I will not cease before I have routed the Trojans, and given them enough of war¹.”

He said, and, shouting among the foremost, drove on his solid-hoofed steeds.

⁹ That is, by Apollo in the form of, or by, Paris.

¹ αδην—to satiety.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

The gods are permitted by Jove to join the battle. They take opposite sides and engage. Æneas engages Achilles, and is rescued by Neptune. Hector likewise fights, and is preserved by Apollo. Many Trojans slain by Achilles.

Thus round thee, O son of Peleus, did the Achæans, insatiable of battle, arm beside their curved barks; and the Trojans again, on the other side, on the acclivity¹ of the plain. And Jove commanded Themis to summon the gods to assembly, from
5 the top of the many-valed Olympus; and she, going round in every direction, bade them repair to the mansion of Jove. Nor was there then any one of the rivers absent, save Oceanus, nor of the nymphs who inhabit pleasant groves, and fountains of
10 streams, and grassy meads. For, coming to the mansion of cloud-collecting Jove, they sat down in polished corridors, which Vulcan had made for father Jove with a skilful ingenuity. Thus were they assembled within the house of Jove; nor did Neptune disobey the goddess, but came among them from the sea. And
15 he sat in the midst, and inquired into the design of Jove:

“Why again, O dispenser of the rapid lightning, hast thou summoned the gods to council? Dost thou meditate aught respecting the Trojans and Achæans? For now very close glows their combat, and the battle.”

And him the cloud-compelling Jove, answering, addressed:
20 “Thou knowest, earth-shaker, the design within my breast, and for whose sake I have assembled you; though ready to die, they are a care to me. I will however remain sitting on the brow of

¹ K. 160.

Olympus, whence looking, I shall amuse my mind; and the rest of you depart, that ye may go among the Trojans and Achæans. Give aid to both, according as is the inclination of each. For if 25 Achilles alone shall fight with the Trojans, they will not even for a little sustain the fleet son of Peleus. Even before, on beholding him, they fled in terror; and now when he is deeply enraged in his mind on account of his comrade, I fear lest, even 30 in spite of fate, he overthrow the wall²."

Thus spake the son of Saturn, and he excited a violent contest; and the gods hastened to proceed to the battle, with minds divided³. Juno indeed, and Pallas Minerva *repaired* to the assemblage of the ships, and earth-shaking Neptune, and useful Mercury, who is blessed with a prudent mind; and with them 35 went Vulcan, raging in his might, limping, and his weak limbs moved with all their force. And towards the Trojans *went* plumed Mars, and with him unshorn Phœbus, and Diana, delighting in archery, and Latona, and Xanthus, and laughter- 40 loving Venus. As long then as the gods were apart from mortal men, so long did the Achæans greatly congratulate themselves⁴, because Achilles had made his appearance, after he had so long abstained from the dire battle; and a violent tremor came upon the Trojans, each at the limbs trembling, because they beheld 45 the swift-footed son of Peleus glittering in arms, equal to man-slaying Mars. But when the Olympians came among the throng of men, then arose fierce Contention, exciter of armies; and Minerva shouted, sometimes standing beside the ditch, outside the wall, at other times loudly called along the resounding shores. 50 And Mars yelled aloud on the other side, like to a dark whirlwind, sharply animating the Trojans from the summit of the city, at other times running beside the Simois upon Callicolone.

Thus the blessed gods, animating both sides, engaged, and caused severe contention to burst in among them. And the 55 father of gods and men thundered fearfully from above; and below Neptune shook the unbounded earth, and lofty summits of mountains. And all the base⁵, and all the tops of Ida of many fountains were shaken, and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achæans. And Pluto himself, king of the shades, trem- 60 bled below, and upsprang, appalled, from his throne, and screamed aloud, lest the earth-shaking Neptune should tear open the earth over him, and disclose to mortals and immortals his mansions, terrible, squalid, which even the gods detest. So great a tumult 65

² *i. e.* it was fated to fall—but not by Achilles.

³ *i. e.* some in favour of the Achæans, and some of the Trojans.

⁴ Greatly gloried.

⁵ The feet.

then arose from the gods, closing in combat. For against king Neptune stood Phœbus Apollo with his winged arrows; and
70 against Mars blue-eyed goddess Minerva. And opposed to Juno stood the *goddess* of the golden arrows, shouting, Diana, rejoicing in the bow, sister of the far-darter; and to Latona, the good Mercury *was* a powerful adversary. And against Vulcan also, was the mighty river of deep pools, which Gods call Xanthus, and men Scamander.

75 Thus gods advanced against gods; and Achilles was above all eager to penetrate through the host against Hector, son of Priam; for with his blood his mind particularly urged him to glut Mars, the unconquered warrior. But Apollo, the exciter of the troops,
80 immediately roused Æneas against the son of Peleus, and infused into him strong courage. And he likened himself in his voice to Lycaon, son of Priam, to whom likening himself, he addressed him:

“Where, O Æneas, counsellor of the Trojans, are thy promises, which over thy wine thou didst make to the princes of the
85 Trojans, that thou wouldst fight against Achilles, son of Peleus?”

And to him again Æneas, answering, said: “Son of Priam, why dost thou urge me, against my will, to these things, to fight
90 against brave Pelides. For not now for the first time shall I stand against swift-footed Achilles, but already, even at a former time, did he chase me with his spear from Ida, what time he attacked our cattle, and laid waste Lyrnessus and Pedæsus; but Jupiter preserved me, who invigorated my strength and active
95 limbs. Otherwise I should have been subdued by the hands of Achilles, and Minerva, who, advancing before him, gave *him* glory, and bade him slay the Lelegans and Trojans with his brazen spear. Wherefore it is not *possible* for a man to combat against Achilles, for beside him is always one of the gods, who wards off destruction. Besides also, his weapon flies direct, nor
100 stops until it has pierced the body of the man—though should the deity stretch equally the work of battle⁶, not very easily would Achilles conquer me, not if he boasts to be all over brass⁷.”

And to him again king Apollo, son of Jove, said: “But come,
105 pray thou likewise, O hero, to the everlasting gods; for they say that thou art sprung from Venus, daughter of Jove, while he is from an inferior goddess; for the one is *the daughter* of Jove, and the other of the aged sea-god. Bear then thy ruthless brass right against him, nor let him at all avert thee with fierce words and threatening.”

⁶ i. e. if he would be neutral—or favour each equally. A. 836.

⁷ Or, not if he were made of brass—or entirely covered and protected by it.

So saying, he breathed great courage into the shepherd of 110
the people; and Æneas advanced through the foremost combat-
ants, armed in glittering brass. Nor did the son of Anchises
escape the observation of the white-armed Juno, when going
against Pelides through the ranks of men; but, calling the gods
into one place, she delivered a speech amongst them:

“Ponder now, both of you, O Neptune and Minerva, in your 115
minds how these things shall be. That Æneas, armed in glit-
tering brass, is advancing against Pelides; and Phœbus Apollo
has urged him on. Come then, let us drive him back again
thence; or next, let some one of us stand by Achilles, and give
him great strength, nor let him want aught in courage, that he 120
may know that the mightiest of the immortals love him; and
that those, on the contrary, are of no value, who all along before
avert war and slaughter from the Trojans. For we have all
come down from Olympus to take part in this battle, in order 125
that he may not suffer any thing among the Trojans to-day;
although hereafter he shall suffer those things, as many as fate
spun in his early thread *of life*, what time his mother bore him.
But if Achilles shall not understand these things from the voice
of a god, he will afterwards be afraid when any god comes
against him in battle; for the gods are terrible to be seen man- 130
ifestly⁸.”

And her answered then Neptune, shaker of the earth: “Juno,
be not absurdly enraged; nor is there occasion⁹. I, indeed,
would not desire that we¹ should provoke the other gods to
battle, though we are much more powerful. Rather let us sit 135
down, retiring out of the way, to some height, and let the war
be the care of mortals. But if Mars begin the combat, or Apollo,
or they restrain Achilles, and suffer him not to fight, then at
once on the spot, a strife of battle shall arise even to us; and 140
very speedily I deem that they², driven³ from the field, will go
back to Olympus, to the assembly of the other gods, forcibly
subdued by necessity under our hands.”

Thus then having spoken, the *god* of the azure hair led the
way to the lofty surrounding wall of divine Hercules—that 145
which the Trojans and Pallas Minerva had made, in order that,
when flying from the sea-monster, he might escape, what time
it drove him in pursuit from the shore to the plain. There
then Neptune sat down, and the other gods, and threw an im- 150

⁸ *i. e.* in propria persona.

⁹ Nor does it become thee—or, rather, nor needest thou—*i. e.* be so much en-
raged.

¹ *i. e.* we who are patrons of the Achæans.

² *i. e.* Mars and Apollo—the gods of the adverse party.

³ Separated.

penetrable cloud round their shoulders; and on the other side, upon the tops of Callicolone, satst thou Phœbus⁴, the archer, and Mars, the destroyer of cities. Thus sat they on both sides, 155 meditating plans; and both were unwilling to commence grievous war, though Jove, sitting aloft, instigated them. But with Trojans and Achæans all the plain was filled, and glittered with the brass of heroes and horses, and the earth echoed under the feet of them, rushing together. But two heroes, by far the most 160 valiant, advanced towards *each other* into the midst of both armies, eager to fight, Æneas, son of Anchises, and noble Achilles. And Æneas first, threatening, advanced, waving the crest on his strong casque; and he held before his breast his good⁵ shield, and shook his brazen spear. And on the other side Pelides 165 rushed against him like a destructive lion, which even assembled men, a whole village, keenly seek to kill; and he, at first despising them, walks *on*; but when some one of the warlike youths wounds him with a dart, gasping, he writhes, and the foam rises about his teeth, and his stout heart groans within his breast, and 170 he lashes his sides and haunches on both sides with his tail, and rouses himself to battle; then, with glaring eye, he rushes right on in his might, that he may slay some one of the men, or be himself destroyed in the first throng. Thus his courage and 175 mighty soul impelled Achilles to go against brave Æneas. And when now, advancing, they approached each other, swift-footed noble Achilles first addressed the *other*:

“Why dost thou, Æneas, stand there, coming in front of so great an army⁶? Does then thy soul urge thee to combat with me, hoping that thou wilt govern the horse-taming Trojans with 180 the dignity of Priam⁷? Yet even if thou shouldst slay me, not for that will Priam put *such* a reward in thy hand; for he has sons; and he is himself steady⁸, and not fickle-minded. Or, have the Trojans cut thee out an estate surpassing others, well *adapted* 185 for vines, or for the plough, that thou mayst cultivate it—shouldst thou kill me? Still with difficulty I hope thou wilt do it⁹. For already, I think, have I elsewhere put thee to flight with my spear. Or, dost thou not remember when I impetuously drove thee, alone, from the oxen, with rapid feet down the

⁴ Those around thee, Phœbus and Mars—*i. e.* Phœbus and Mars—unless it may mean, as the phrase usually does, them and their suite.

⁵ A shield which could be wielded with facility—from its construction.

⁶ Or—so much in advance of the army, what is your object?

⁷ *i. e.* in the hope that thou shalt be king instead of Priam.

⁸ *i. e.* a prudent man.

⁹ *i. e.* I am afraid thou wilt have some difficulty.

Idæan mountains? For then thou never turned thyself about 190
whilst flying; but didst escape thence into Lyrnessus; and that
town I laid waste, after storming it, with the *aid of* Minerva
and father Jove. The women also I led away captives, having
taken away their day of freedom; but thee Jove ever rescued,
and the other gods. Not now, however, do I think they will 195
protect thee, as thou deemest¹ in thy mind; therefore I advise
thee, retiring, to go into the throng, nor stand against me, before
thou sufferest some evil; even a fool knows that which is
done².”

Him again, Æneas answered, and said: “Do not expect, son
of Peleus, to terrify me, like a child, with words, since I also 200
myself know very well *how* to utter both threats and taunts.
And we know each other’s race, and we know our parents, hear-
ing the words, heard of old, of mortal men; although by sight,
never hast thou seen mine, nor I thine. They say that thou 205
art the offspring of renowned Peleus, and of Thetis, thy mother
the fair-haired sea nymph; but I boast myself to be sprung from
brave Anchises, and Venus is my mother. Of these, now, one or
other shall this day lament their beloved son; for I think that we 210
shall not return from the battle thus separated by childish words.
But if thou desirest to be instructed in these matters, that thou
mayst be well acquainted with our race—and many men know
it—cloud-compelling Jove then begat Dardanus, our first *ances-* 215
tor. And he founded Dardania; for sacred Ilium, the city of
articulate-speaking men, was not yet built on the plain, and they
still dwelt at the foot of Ida of many fountains. Dardanus,
again, begat a son, king Ericthonius, who was then the wealth- 220
iest of mortal men; three thousand mares of his fed in the
meadows, exulting in their tender foals. With these, when
feeding, was Boreas pleased, and, having assimilated himself to
an azure-maned steed, covered them; whence they, becoming 225
pregnant, produced twelve foals; which, when they frolicked
upon the fruitful earth, ran over the highest fruit of the corn-
stalks, nor snapped them: but again, when they frolicked upon
the broad back of the ocean, they used to run upon the top of 230
the ridge of the hoary sea. And Ericthonius begat Tros, king
of the Trojans. From Tros, again, were descended three illus-
trious sons, Ilus, and Assaræus, and the godlike Ganymede, who
was the handsomest of mortal men; and whom the gods snatched
up into heaven to pour out wine for Jove, that, on account of 235
his beauty, he might dwell among the immortals. And Ilus

¹ Castest.

² *i. e.* your own experience might teach you better than to encounter me.

again begat his renowned son Laomedon; and Laomedon next
 begat Tithonus, and Priam, and Lampus, and Clytius, and Hice-
 240 taon, a branch of Mars; and Assaracus begat Capys, and he next
 begat his son Anchises. And Anchises begat me, and Priam the
 noble Hector. Of this family and blood do I boast myself to be.
 Jove however increases and diminishes valour among men, in
 what manner he chooses; for he is the most powerful of all.
 245 Come then, let us talk of these things no more, like children,
 standing in the middle combat of the strife. For it is *in the*
power of both to utter very many insults; nor could a ship of an
 hundred oars carry the burthen; for the tongue of mortals is
 voluble, and in it are many words of all sorts; and on both sides
 250 is a wide field of words. Whatever word thou speakest, such
 wilt thou hear. But what need is there for us to be disputing,
 and to rail³ at each other like women, who, enraged for some
 255 deadly strife, going into the middle of the road, rail at each other
 abuse just and not just; for rage also urges on those things⁴.
 But with words thou shalt not turn away me from force, resolved
 as *I am* first to fight against thee in arms⁵. Come then, quick
 let us make trial⁶ of each other with brazen spears.”

He said, and hurled his heavy spear against the awful, terrible
 260 shield, and the huge buckler resounded around at the stroke of
 the javelin. And the son of Peleus, alarmed, held the shield
 from him with his strong hand, for he supposed that the long
 spear of the brave Æneas would easily penetrate it—foolishly,
 265 for he did not reflect in his mind and soul, that it is not easy for
 the glorious gifts of the gods to be subdued by mortal men; nor
 to yield *to them*. Nor then did the heavy spear of the war-like
 Æneas penetrate the shield; for the gold stayed it, the gifts of
 a god. Through two folds, however, it past, but there were still
 270 three; for Vulcan had laid five folds over it, two brazen, two
 within of tin, and one golden—that by which the ashen spear
 was stopped. Next Achilles, in turn, launched his long spear,
 and struck against the shield of Æneas, every where equal, at
 275 the utmost verge; where ran the brass thinnest, and the ox-hide
 was thinnest upon it; and the Pelian ash burst right through,
 and the shield rang under it. And Æneas cowered, and held
 the shield from him, alarmed; but the spear *flying* over his
 280 shoulder, stood in the earth eager *to go on*, and it had cut through
 both circles of the mighty shield. He, however, having escaped
 the long spear, stood (and infinite terror spread over his eyes⁷)

³ ἐριδας—scil. ἐριζέειν—βεῖκεα βεῖκειν, to rail railings.

⁴ *i. e.* prompt to utter all sorts of things true and false.

⁵ With brass.

⁶ Taste.

⁷ *i. e.* blinded him—took all perception from him.

panic-struck, that the weapon stuck so near him. And Achilles sprang eagerly upon him, drawing his sharp sword, and shouting fearfully. And Æneas seized in his hand a stone, a huge mass⁸, 285 which not two men could bear, such as are mortals now; and he, even alone, threw it easily. Then would Æneas have smitten him, while rushing on, with the rock, either upon the helmet or the shield, which defended him from dire destruction; and Pelides, close to him, would have deprived him of life with his 290 sword, had not earth-shaking Neptune quickly perceived it, and immediately uttered this speech among the immortal gods:

“Ye gods! there is pity in me for the brave Æneas, who will soon, subdued by the son of Peleus, descend to Hades, persuaded, like a fool, by the words of the far-darting Apollo; nor will he 295 avert from him dire destruction. But why now should that guiltless man suffer sorrows for the sake of others’ enmities⁹—and he always gives acceptable gifts to the gods who possess the wide heaven? Come then, let us take him away from death, 300 lest even the son of Saturn be angry, should Achilles slay this man;—¹for it is his fate to escape, that the family of Dardanus, whom Jove loved above all the children, which were descended from him and mortal women, perish not without offspring, and 305 be extinct. For the son of Saturn has long hated the race of Priam; and now will the might of Æneas henceforth govern the Trojans, and the sons of his sons, who shall be born in after time².”

And him answered then the large-eyed, imperial Juno: “Shaker of the earth, do thou consider within thy mind about 310 Æneas, whether thou wilt defend him or suffer *him* to be subdued, brave as he is, by Achilles, the son of Peleus. For we indeed, I and Pallas Minerva, have sworn many oaths in the presence of all the immortals, that we will never avert the evil 315 day from the Trojans, not even when all Troy lighted up, shall burn with destructive flame, and the warlike sons of the Achæans set it on fire.”

And when Neptune, the shaker of the earth, heard this, he hastened to advance through the battle and the clash of spears; and came where was Æneas, and the renowned Achilles. Im- 320 mediately then he poured darkness upon the eyes of Achilles, son of Peleus, and he drew out the brass-tipped³ ash from the shield of brave Æneas; and it he laid before the feet of Achilles, and forcibly impelled Æneas along, lifting him high from the 325 ground. And over many ranks of men and many *ranks* of

⁸ A great work—or thing.

⁹ *i. e.* those of Apollo.

¹ The possibility of counteracting *fate* is frequently implied. ² *i. e.* for ever.

³ εὐχάλακος.

horses Æneas leaped, urged along by the hand of the god; and he came to the rear of the troubled fight, where the Caucones were arming for war. And very near him came Neptune, shaker
 330 of the earth, and, addressing him, uttered these winged words:

“Æneas, which of the gods bade thee, thus mad, to fight and combat against Achilles, who is at once superior to thee, and
 335 dearer to the immortals? Fall back then, whenever thou shalt encounter him, lest, even in spite of fate, thou arrive at the mansion of Pluto. When, however, Achilles shall have fulfilled his death and destiny, then indeed, with⁴ confidence, fight among the foremost, for no other of the Achæans shall slay thee.”

340 So saying, he left him there, when he had told him all; and immediately then he dispersed the thick darkness from the eyes of Achilles. And he then saw again clearly with his eyes; and, groaning, he communed with his own brave spirit:

“Ye gods! surely a great marvel this⁵ I behold with my eyes.
 345 That spear lies upon the ground, nor do I at all behold the man at whom I threw it, eager to kill him. Undoubtedly Æneas also was dear to the immortal gods; but I thought that he boasted thus idly. Let him go; there will be no heart in him again to
 350 make trial of me, who has now gladly escaped from death. Come then, animating the war-loving Danaans, I will go against the rest of the Trojans, and try them.”

He said, and sprang into the ranks, and animated every man:
 “No longer now stand aloof from the Trojans, ye noble Achæans,
 355 but come, let man advance against man, and burn to engage. For it is difficult for me, even strong as I am, to attack so many warriors, and to fight with them all. Nor could Mars, who is an immortal god, nor Minerva, charge and toil against the front of
 360 so vast an army. Yet whatever I can do with hands, with feet, and with strength, I declare that I will never relax—not the least; but I will go right through their line, nor do I think that any Trojan will rejoice, whoever may come near my javelin.”

Thus he spake, encouraging them. And illustrious Hector
 365 animated the Trojans, upbraiding—and said he would go against Achilles:

“Ye bold Trojans, fear not the son of Peleus. I also could fight with words, even against the immortals⁶; but with the spear it would be difficult, for they are more powerful *than we*.
 370 Nor will Achilles give effect to all his words, but part he shall fulfil, and part leave midway imperfect. But I will go against

⁴ Taking confidence.

⁵ This is a great miracle.

⁶ *i. e.* if words would do, I could fight even with the gods—or, I would challenge the gods.

him, even if his hands were like to fire⁷—if his hands were like to fire, and his might to shining iron.”

Thus he spake, animating them; and the Trojans lifted their spears against the foe; and their might was mingled together, and the shout arose. Then also Phœbus Apollo, standing near, 375 addressed Hector:

“Hector, no more by any means fight in front with Achilles, but await him in the throng, and from among the tumult, lest by some chance he strike thee with a missile weapon, or smite thee close with his sword.”

Thus he spake, and Hector again plunged into the thick column of men, dismayed when he heard the voice of the god 380 addressing *him*. And Achilles leaped among the Trojans with a soul clothed in courage⁸, fearfully shouting; and first slew the gallant Iphition, son of Otrynteus, leader of numerous forces, whom a Naiad bore to Otrynteus, destroyer of cities, at the 385 foot⁹ of snowy Tmolus, in the rich state of Hyda. And him, while eagerly rushing right forward, noble Achilles smote with his spear, in the middle of the head, which was all cleft asunder. And he, falling, gave a sound, and noble Achilles gloried over him:

“Thou liest, son of Otrynteus, most terrible of all men. Here is thy death; but thy birth was at the Gygæan lake, where is 390 thy paternal estate, beside the fishy Hyllus, and eddying Hermus.”

Thus he spake, boasting; and darkness covered his (*Iphition's*) eyes, and the horses of the Achæans crushed him with the tires of the wheels in the front line. And after him Achilles smote 395 Demoleon, son of Antenor, a brave repeller of war, in the temples, through the brazen-studded helmet. Nor indeed did the brazen casque resist it, but through it the rushing javelin broke the bone, and the whole brain within was dispersed. Thus he 400 subdued him, glowing with courage. And next he wounded with his spear, in the back, Hippodamas, in the act of leaping down from his chariot, when flying before him. And he breathed out, and groaned away his soul, as when a bull, forcibly dragged round the Heliconian king¹, groans, whilst the youths are drag- 405 ging it; and the shaker of the earth is delighted with them: so, as he groaned, his fierce soul quitted his bones. And he went with his spear in chase of the godlike Polydorus, a son of Priam; and him his father had not at all suffered to combat, because he

⁷ If he were like to fire as to his hands.

⁸ Clothed in his mind with courage.

⁹ Under.

¹ Neptune; so called, because worshipped on Mount Helicon.

410 was his youngest among all by birth, and was dearest to him, and excelled all in speed. Then indeed, through youthful folly, making a show of the excellence of his speed, he ran among the foremost combatants till he lost his life. The noble, swift-footed Achilles smote him with a spear in the middle of the back as he
 415 rushed by, where the golden buckles of his belt clasped together and the double corslet opposed. And the point of the spear pierced right through his navel, and he fell, groaning, upon his knees; and a black cloud covered him, and, bending down, he gathered his entrails towards him with his hands. And Hec-
 420 tor,—as soon as he perceived his brother Polydorus holding his bowels in his hands, and rolled towards the earth,—a mist immediately spread over his eyes, nor could he longer bear to exert himself² afar off, but advanced against Achilles like a flame, brandishing his sharp spear. On the other hand, Achilles, as soon as he saw him, leaped up, and boasting, uttered this speech:

425 “Near me is the man, who has most stung my soul, who has slain my most beloved comrade; nor shall we longer timidly fly each other in the ranks of war.”

He said, and looking sternly, addressed noble Hector: “Draw nearer, that thou mayst the sooner reach the goal of destruction.”

430 And to him, not alarmed, the plumed Hector said: “Do not hope, son of Peleus, to terrify me now like a child with words: for I can³ myself very well utter both taunts and threats. And I know that thou indeed art brave, and that I am much inferior to thee. But, however, these things lie on the knees of the
 435 gods⁴—whether I, though inferior, may not take from thee thy life, by smiting thee with my spear; for my spear also is sharp at the point.”

He said, and brandishing his spear, hurled it, and Minerva with a breath turned it back from the glorious Achilles, breath-
 440 ing very softly; and it came back to noble Hector, and fell before his feet. And Achilles, eager to slay him, rushed furiously upon him, shouting fearfully; and Apollo, as a god, very easily snatched Hector away, and covered him with a thick cloud. Thrice then sprang swift-footed, noble Achilles after him with his brazen
 445 spear, and thrice struck the thick cloud. And when he rushed upon him, like a god, the fourth time, terribly threatening, he addressed to him *these* winged words:

“Dog, now again hast thou escaped death. But truly evil came very near thee; and Phœbus Apollo now again preserved

² To be turned.

³ I know.

⁴ *i. e.* if the gods please, I, though inferior, may take, &c.

thee, to whom thou art wont to pray when going amidst the 450
 clang of spears. Yet I will undoubtedly finish thee, when en-
 counterings thee another time—if to me also there be any of the
 gods an assistant. But for the present I will attack others of the
 'Trojans, whom I may overtake."

So saying, he smote Dryops with his spear in the middle of the 455
 neck, and he fell before his feet. But him he quitted; and
 wounding Demūchus, the son of Philetor, a warrior brave and
 mighty, in the knee with his javelin, he stopt him; and then
 smiting him with his huge falchion, deprived him of life. And, 460
 rushing at Laogonus and Dardānus, the sons of Bias, both of them
 he dashed from the car to the ground, wounding the one with
 his spear, and striking the other, close, with his sword. Also
 Tros, son of Alastor—he (*Tros*) came towards him, taking him
 by the knees, that he might spare him, and send him away alive,
 nor slay him, taking pity on his age, which was equal to his own 465
 —foolishly, for he knew not this, that he was not likely to per-
 suade him. For he was not a man of tender mind, nor gentle,
 but extremely fierce. He (*Tros*) then clasped his knees with
 his hands, seeking to intreat him, but Achilles smote him in the 470
 liver with his sword; and his liver fell out, and the black blood
 from it filled his bosom, and darkness covered his eyes, deprived
 of life. Then Achilles, standing near Mulus, wounded him with
 his javelin in the ear, and immediately the brazen point went
 through the other ear. And with his large-hilted sword he struck
 Echelus, the son of Antenor, in the middle of the head, and the 475
 whole blade was warmed with gore; and purple death, and power-
 ful fate seized his eyes. And next, where the tendons of the
 arm unite⁵ there he pierced Deucalion through the hand with
 his brazen spear; and he, with a hand weighed down⁶, awaited 480
 him, seeing death before him. And smiting his neck with his
 sword, Achilles struck the head far away along with its helmet,
 and the marrow sprang from the spine; and Deucalion lay
 stretched upon the ground. Then he hastened in pursuit of
 Rigmus, renowned son of Pireus, who had come from fertile 485
 Thrace—him he struck in the middle with his javelin, and the
 brass struck in his belly; and he fell from his car. And Achilles
 wounded in the back, with his sharp spear, Areithoū, the atten-
 dant, while turning back the horses, and thrust him from the car:
 and his steeds were affrighted. And as blazing fire rages through 490
 the deep glens of a dry mountain, and the thick forest burns, and
 the driving wind whirls about on all sides the flame; thus he
 rushed in every direction with his spear, like to a god, pressing

⁵ *i. e.* with the hand—the wrist.

⁶ Rendered heavy as to the hand.

upon those doomed to slaughter⁷, and the black earth flowed with
495 blood. And as when any one yokes broad-fronted bulls to tread
out the white barley on a well-rolled floor, and it soon becomes
empty⁸ beneath the feet of the loud-lowing bulls; so the solid-
hoofed horses, driven by the brave Achilles, trampled down at
once corpses and shields. And the whole axle-tree beneath was
500 splashed with blood, and the panels round the car, which drops
from the horses' hoofs sprinkled⁹, as well as from the felloes.
And the son of Peleus was eager to bear away renown, and
drench his invincible hands with gore.

⁷ About to be slain.

⁸ *i. e.*, the corn gets beaten of the ears.

⁹ Struck.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles, having divided the Trojan army, drives one part to the city, and the other into the Scamander, where he takes twelve youths alive to be sacrificed at the tomb of Patroclus. Lycaon, who had been formerly taken, is now slain by Achilles. The river endeavours to overwhelm Achilles, but is opposed by Vulcan, and desists. The battles of the gods. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, leads Achilles away from the town, and the Trojans in the mean time rush in, and shut the gates.

BUT, when at last they came to the stream of the fair-flowing river the eddying Xanthus, to which immortal Jove gave birth; there dividing them, some¹ he drove to the plain towards the city, where² the Achæans the day before had fled in confusion, 5 when the illustrious Hector raged. By that road flying in terror, they poured along; but Juno, to check them, spread a dense cloud before them. And the other half were driven into the deep-flowing, silver-eddying river. And in they dashed with a mighty clamour; and the deep streams resounded, and the banks 10 echoed all around; and, with an outcry, they swam here and there, driven about in the eddies. And as, when locusts, driven out by the force of the fire, soar into the air, to fly towards a river, but the unwearied flame, suddenly excited, blazes, and they drop, astounded, into the water; so was the resounding 15 stream of the deep-flowing Xanthus, filled pell-mell with horses and men, routed by Achilles. And the Jove-born hero left there his spear upon the banks, reclined against a tamarisk; and he sprang in, like a god, with nothing but his sword³, and meditated

¹ *i. e.* one part—with reference to line 7.

² *i. e.* where Patroclus was repulsed and slain.

³ Having his sword alone.

20 *dreadful* deeds in his mind. In every direction⁴ he smote, and a shocking groaning arose of those who were smitten by the sword, and the water was reddened with blood. And as other fishes, flying from a mighty dolphin, fill the recesses of a safe-anchoring
 25 harbour, frightened—for he devours whichever he catches—so the Trojans hid themselves under the banks along the streams of the rapid river. And when his hands were weary with slaying, he selected twelve youth alive out of the river, as an expiation of the dead Patroclus, son of Menœtius. These he led out,
 30 panic-struck, like fawns; and bound their hands behind them with the well-cut straps⁵, which they themselves wore upon their twisted tunics; and gave them to his comrades to take down to the hollow ships. And he rushed back again, eager to slay.

Then did he encounter Lycaon, the son of the Dardan Priam,
 35 escaping from the river—whom he himself had once carried away, seizing him against his will, at his father's farm, going thither in the night: and he (*Lycaon*), with a sharp weapon, was cutting a wild fig-tree, the young boughs of it, to be the panels of a car⁶. Upon him then came the noble Achilles, an
 40 unlooked-for evil; and then, conveying him in his ships, he took him over to well-inhabited Lemnos; and the son of Jason gave his price⁷. And from thence Eëtion, of Imbros, his friend, redeemed him, and gave him many *presents*, and sent him to the
 45 noble Arisba; whence, secretly flying, he reached his father's house. And returning from Lemnos, he had delighted his soul for eleven days with his friends; but now on the twelfth a god threw him again into the hands of Achilles, who was going to send him to Hades, though unwilling to go. And when swift-
 50 footed noble Achilles beheld him naked, without helmet and shield—neither had he a spear, but had cast all from him on the ground, for the sweat overcame him, flying from the river, and weariness broke down his limbs under him—then enraged Achilles communed with his own brave soul:

“Gods! a great miracle this I behold with my eyes. Without
 55 doubt those bold Trojans whom I have slain will rise again from the pitchy shade—such as even this man has arrived, escaping from his fatal day, though sold⁸ into beautiful Lemnos; nor has the depth of the salt sea restrained him, which restrains many
 60 against their will. Come then, he shall taste the point of my

⁴ Around—right and left.

⁵ These might be *belts*; and the twisted tunics, *chain-mail*.

⁶ ἀστύρες—which were thus, sometimes, a sort of basket-work.

⁷ *i. e.* bought him as a slave.

⁸ *i. e.* transported and sold.

spear, that I may see in my mind, and learn, whether he will in like manner come even thence, or whether the bounteous earth will hold him, which holds under it even the mighty.”

Thus he meditated, standing still; and Lycaon came close to him, panic-struck, eager to touch his knees; for much did he 65 wish in his mind to escape evil death and black fate. Mean while noble Achilles lifted his long spear, eager to strike; but Lycaon ran under it, and, stooping, caught him by the knees, and the spear stood in the earth over his back, eager to be glutted 70 with human blood. And grasping his knees with one hand, he supplicated, and with the other held the sharp spear, nor let it go; and, beseeching, addressed to him these winged words:

“I supplicate thee, O Achilles; and do thou have respect unto me, and pity me. I am to thee in the place of a revered⁹ sup- 75 plicant, O Jove-supported *chief*. For with thee first did I taste the fruit of Ceres on that day, when thou didst seize me in the well-cultivated field, and didst sell me, carrying me far away from my father and friends to beautiful Lemnos; and I brought thee a price of an hundred oxen. And now I have been re- 80 deemed¹, giving thrice as many; and this is but my twelfth morning, since, after suffering much, I came to Troy. And now again has destructive fate put me into thy hands. I seem somehow to be hated by father Jove, who has again given me to thee. Short-lived did my mother Laothoë, daughter of aged Altes, 85 bear me—of Altes, who governs the war-loving Leleges, possessing lofty Pegasus, near the Satnioeis: whose daughter Priam had *in marriage*, as well as many others—of her were we two born, and thou wilt slaughter both. One thou hast already sub- 90 dued among the foremost infantry, godlike Polydorus, when thou didst smite him with thy sharp spear; and now evil will be upon me here; for I expect not that I shall escape thy hands, since a god has brought me near thee. But I will tell thee another thing, and do thou cast it² in thy mind. Kill me not, since I am 95 not of the same womb with Hector, who slew thy companion, both gentle and brave.”

Thus then the illustrious son of Priam addressed him, intreating with words; but heard a rough reply:

“Fool, talk not to me of ransom, nor name it. Before Patro- 100 clus fulfilled his fatal day, then it was more agreeable to me in my mind to spare the Trojans, and many I took alive, and sold. But now there is not *one* of all the Trojans, whom a god shall throw into my hands in front of Ilium, who shall escape death, 105

⁹ *i. e.* entitled to respect—one who flies for refuge, as to an asylum.

¹ *i. e.* from Lemnos.

² *i. e.* attend to it.

and above all the sons of Priam. And die thou also, friend—why lamentest thou thus? Patroclus likewise died, who was much braver than thou. Seest thou not what I am?—both handsome and mighty, and of *how* gallant a father I am, and a goddess mother bore me; yet even upon me death and powerful fate will come, either in the morning, or the evening, or at noon, when some one shall deprive me of life with a weapon, whether wounding me with a spear, or an arrow from a string.”

Thus he spake, and then loosened the knees and beloved heart of him. The spear indeed he left—and the other sat, stretching out both hands. But Achilles, drawing his sharp sword, smote him on the collar bone near the neck. And the whole two edged sword entered in; and, extended at length, Lycaon lay prone upon the ground, and the black blood flowed out, and stained the earth. Then Achilles, seizing him by the foot, threw him into the river, to be carried down; and boasting, addressed to him these winged words:

“Lie there now among the fishes, which will lick up the blood of thy wound without any concern for thee³; nor shall thy mother weep, placing thee upon the bier, but the eddying Scamander shall bear thee even to the wide bosom of the sea. Some fish in the wave, leaping up, will come up to the dark ripple⁴—which will eat the white fat of Lycaon. Perish *Trojans*, till we possess the city of sacred Ilium; ye indeed, flying, and I slaughtering in your rear; nor shall the wide-flowing, silver-eddying river avail you, to which ye have long sacrificed many bulls, and cast in alive solid-hoofed horses in its waves. But even thus shall ye die an evil death, till ye all suffer vengeance for the fall of Patroclus, and the slaughter of those Achæans, whom ye slew at the swift ships, during my absence⁵.”

Thus then he spake; but the river-god was more enraged in his heart, and meditated in his mind how he might cause the noble Achilles to cease from martial toil⁶, and avert slaughter from the Trojans. But mean while the son of Peleus, holding his long spear, sprang upon Asteropæus, son of Pelegon, eager to kill him; and him the wide-flowing Axius begot, and Peribœa, eldest of the daughters of Accessamenus, for with her had the deep river mingled. Against him then Achilles rushed; but he, emerging from the river, stood before him, holding two spears; and Xanthus had sent courage into his heart, for he was filled with anger on account of the youths slain in battle, whom Achilles had slaughtered in his stream, and pitied not. And

³ *i. e.* without concern for thy funeral.

⁵ I being apart.

⁴ When the body floats.

⁶ πονος—repeatedly for μάχη.

when, advancing, they were now near to each other, swift-footed noble Achilles first addressed him:

“Who, of what men⁷ art thou, who ventur’st to come against me? They are sons of unhappy men, who encounter my might.”

And him, in return, the illustrious son of Pelegon addressed: “Brave son of Peleus, why askest thou my origin? I come from fertile Pæonia, a far distant *land*, leading hither Pæonian warriors, armed with long spears; and this is now the eleventh morning since I came to Troy. But my descent is from the wide-flowing Axius—Axius who pours the loveliest water along the earth, who begot Pelegon, renowned *for* the spear; and it is he who, they say, begat me. Now then, illustrious Achilles, let us fight.”

Thus he spake, threatening: and noble Achilles raised the Pelian ash, and the hero Asteropæus, both spears at the same time, for he was ambidexter. With the one spear then he struck the shield, nor did it pierce the shield quite through; for the gold stayed it, the gift of a god; and the other slightly wounded him upon the arm of the right hand⁸; and the black blood sprung out: but the *spear, passing* over him, stuck in the earth, though eager to satiate itself in his body. In his turn, next, Achilles hurled his straight-flying ashen spear at Asteropæus, ardently desiring to slay him. Him, however, he missed, and struck the lofty bank, and drove the ashen spear half way into the bank. Then Pelides, drawing his sharp sword from his thigh, sprang eagerly upon him; and the other was unable to tear out, with strong hand, Achilles’ beam from the bank. Thrice did he shake it, desirous to draw it forth, and thrice did he fail in strength; but the fourth time, he determined within his mind, bending, to break the ashen spear of Æacides; but Achilles first, close at hand, deprived him of life with his sword; for he smote him upon the belly near the naval, and all his bowels poured out upon the ground, and darkness covered his eyes as he expired. Then Achilles, leaping upon his breast, stripped off his armour, and, boasting, uttered *this* speech:

“So lie: it is a difficult thing for thee, thou descended from a river, to combat with the sons of all-powerful Jove. Thou sayest that thou wert of the race of a wide-flowing river, but I boast myself to be of the family of mighty Jupiter. And a man, ruling many Myrmidons, begot me, Peleus, son of Æacus; and Æacus was of Jove: the⁹ more powerful Jove is than seaward-

⁷ Whence of men.

⁸ *i. e.* above, or at the wrist.

⁹ ὅσῳ—by how much, &c.

flowing rivers, the more powerful is his offspring than that of a river. For he too is a great river beside thee, if it can avail thee aught; but it is not possible to fight against Jove, son of Saturn. With him neither does king Acheloüs vie, nor the vast might
 195 of deep-flowing Oceanus, from whom flow all rivers, and every sea, and all fountains, and deep wells: but even he dreads the bolt of mighty Jove, and the dreadful thunder, when it bellows from heaven."

200 He said, and plucked his brazen spear from the bank: and left Asteropæus on the spot, when he had taken away his life, lying among the sand, and the dark water laved him. Round him then were busy the eels and fishes, devouring *and* nibbling
 205 the fat upon his kidneys. But he (*Achilles*) hastened in pursuit of the Pæonian cavalry¹, who were still in flight along the eddying river, when they beheld their chief gallantly subdued in fierce battle by the hands and sword of Pelides. Then slew he
 210 Thersilochus, and Mydon, and Astypylus, and Mnesus, and Thrasius, and Ænius, and Ophelestes. And the swift Achilles would still have slain more Pæonians, had not the deep whirling river, filled with anger, addressed him, in the shape of a man, and sent a voice from its profound stream:

215 "O Achilles, thou art strong beyond other men, and beyond them dost dreadful deeds; for the gods themselves always aid thee. If the son of Saturn has given thee to destroy all the Trojans—driving them out of me, do thy fearful deeds along the plain. For now my lovely streams are filled with corpses, nor
 220 can I longer, obstructed by the dead, pour my water down to the vast sea; for thou killest *all* unsparingly. Come then, now cease—a stupor possesses me, O chief of the people."

And him swift-footed Achilles, answering, addressed: "These things shall be, O Scamander, nourished by Jove, as thou biddest. But I will not desist *from* slaughtering the truce-breaking Trojans,
 225 till I shut them up in the city, and make trial of Hector, hand to hand, whether he shall slay me, or I him."

So saying, he sprang after the Trojans like a god; and the deep-whirling river then addressed Apollo:

230 "Alas! god of the silver bow, son of Jove, thou hast not observed the councils of Jove, who enjoined thee very much to stand by and aid the Trojans, till the late-setting evening came, and overshadowed the fertile earth."

He said; and spear-skilled Achilles leaped into the middle, springing down from the bank. And Xanthus rushed at him, rag-
 235 ing with swollen stream², and, in tumults, stirred up all his floods;

¹ Fighting from horses.

² With a swelling.

and impelled along many corpses—those which were in him in abundance, whom Achilles had slain. These he cast forth, roaring like a bull, upon the shore; and the living he preserved in his beautiful streams, concealing them among his large deep 240 waves. And terrible round Achilles rose the tumultuous wave, and the stream, falling upon his shield, pushed him along, nor could he stand firm on his feet. But he seized with his hands a flourishing large elm; and it, falling from its roots, brought down the whole bank, and choaked the beautiful streams with its thick branches, and made a bridge over the river itself, falling 245 entirely in³. Then leaping up from the flood, Achilles hastened to fly towards the plain with rapid feet, struck with terror. Nor yet, however, did the mighty god desist, but rose to rush after him, blackening over the surface, that he might cause the noble Achilles to cease from warlike toil, and avert destruction from the Trojans. But Pelides leaped from him as far as a 250 spear's cast, with the force of a dark eagle, when darting on its prey⁴, which is at once the strongest and fleetest of birds. Like to it he rushed, and the brass rung awfully upon his breast; and, bending obliquely, he fled, and Xanthus flowing behind, followed 255 with a mighty noise. And as when a ditcher⁵ leads a stream of water from a dark fountain through plantations and gardens, holding a spade in his hands, and casting out the obstructions from the channel; and all the pebbles beneath are shaken as it 260 flows along, and, rapidly descending, it murmurs in a gentle declivity, and overtakes even him who guides it:—so the water of the river always overtook Achilles, though swift; for gods are more powerful than men. And as often as the swift-footed 265 noble Achilles attempted to stand against it, and to know whether all the immortals, who possess the wide heaven, put him to flight, so often did a vast billow of the river flowing from Jove, wash his shoulders above: and he leaped high with his feet, sorrowful 270 in his mind, but the rapid stream subdued his knees under him, and flowing on, pulled away the sand from beneath his feet. And Pelides groaned, looking towards the wide heaven:

“Father Jove, as none of the gods in pity attempts to save me from the river, then must I die⁶. But none other of the 275 heavenly powers is so blame-worthy in my eyes as my mother, who has cheated me with falsehoods—who said that I should perish by the fleet arrows of Apollo under the wall of the armed Trojans. Oh that Hector had slain me, who was brèd here the bravest; then would a brave man have slain me, and he have 280

³ And bridged himself, all falling in.

⁴ The hunter.

⁵ A man digging a water course.

⁶ Suffer something.

slain a brave man. But now is it my fate to be carried off by an inglorious death, overwhelmed in a mighty river, like a swine-herd boy, whom the torrent overwhelms, when crossing in the winter.”

Thus he spake ; and Neptune and Minerva, very quickly approaching, stood near him, (but they had assimilated their bodies to men,) and taking his hand with their hand, confirmed him with words. And Neptune, the shaker of the earth, began to them these words :

“Son of Peleus, neither now greatly fear, nor be at all dismayed ; for so great assistants from among the gods are we to thee, with the approbation of Jove⁷, I and Pallas Minerva—since it is not decreed that thou shouldst be subdued by a river. For it shall soon subside, and thou thyself shalt see it. Nevertheless let us prudently suggest to thee—if thou wilt be persuaded—
 295 not to stop thy hands from destructive war, till thou hast shut up the Trojan army within the renowned walls of Troy, whoever escapes⁸ ; and having taken away the life of Hector, return thou again to the ships ; for we grant thee to carry off glory.”

Having thus spoken, they departed to the immortals. And he proceeded—for the command of the gods strongly impelled
 300 him—towards the plain, and it was all filled with the overflowed water. And many rich coats of armour and bodies of youths, slain in battle, floated along ; but his knees sprang aloft against the course of the direct-flowing *stream*—nor did the wide-flowing
 305 stream check him, for Minerva had cast into him great strength.

And Scamander did not remit his violence, but raged still more around Pelides, and rising into the air, swelled the water of his flood ; and, shouting, animated Simoeis :

“Let us both, at least, my beloved brother, restrain the force of the mortal ; otherwise he will soon overturn the vast city of
 310 Priam, and the Trojans will not await him in battle. Bring me then aid with haste, and fill thy floods from thy fountains of water, and rouse up all thy rills : and lift up a huge wave, and excite a mighty tumult of trunks of *trees* and stones, that we
 315 may repress this furious man, who is now master, and meditates deeds equal to the gods. For I say that neither will his strength avail him, nor his beauty in aught, nor yet his rich armour, which shall lie somewhere in the very bottom of my channel⁹, covered over with mud. And himself will I involve in sand,
 320 pouring vast quantities of mud round him, nor shall the Achæ-

⁷ Jove approving.

⁸ *i. e.* all that escape the sword.

⁹ λιμνης.

ans be able¹ to collect his bones; with so much slime shall I cover him over. There likewise will be his tomb; nor will there be any want to him of a funeral-pile², when the Achæans perform his obsequies.”

He said, and, rushing high, in tumult he pressed upon Achilles, roaring, with foam, with blood, and with corpses. And then the purple water of the river flowing from Jove, stood erected, and bore down the son of Peleus. And Juno cried aloud, fearing for Achilles, lest the mighty deep-flooding river should sweep him away; and immediately addressed Vulcan, her own beloved son:

“Arise, Vulcan³, my son; for against thee do we deem the flooding Xanthus to be equally matched in battle: but assist with all haste, and show forth thy abundant flame. Meanwhile I will go and excite a furious storm of the west wind and rapid south from the sea, which, bringing a destructive conflagration, may consume the heads and armour of the Trojans. And do thou burn the trees upon the banks of Xanthus, and set himself on fire; nor let him at all turn thee away with kind words or with threatening: neither do thou first restrain thy violence; but when I, shouting, shall give the signal, then check thy unwearyed fire.”

Thus she spake; and Vulcan darted forth his fierce-burning fire. And first of all he lighted a fire in the plain, and burnt up the many bodies, which were in it⁴ in abundance, whom Achilles had slain; and the whole plain was dried up, and the bright water restrained. And as when an autumnal north wind immediately dries up a newly-watered garden, and gladdens the person whosoever cultivates it; so was the whole plain dried up, and he consumed the dead; and he turned his bright flame against the river. And the elms were burnt up, and the willows, and the tamarisks; and the lotus was consumed, and the rushes and the reeds, which grew in abundance round the beautiful streams of the river. And the eels, and the fishes, those in the waves, which in the fair streams dived here and there, were harassed, exhausted by the breath of the various artificer Vulcan. And the force of the river was burnt up, and he addressed this speech to him, and said:

“None of the gods, O Vulcan, can oppose thee on equal terms, neither can I contend with thee, thus burning with thy fire. Cease from the strife, and let the noble Achilles at once expel

¹ Know.

² *i. e.* the accumulated sand will be quite enough.

³ *κυλλοποδιον*—with lame or defective feet.

⁴ *i. e.* the plain, which requires *αυτο* (*πεδιον*); but the verse is the same as line 236 of this book, where *ποταμος* is *ιδουα*.

360 the Trojans from their city too⁵—what have I to do with contest or with assistance?"

He spake, scorched with fire; and his fair streams boiled up. And as a cauldron, pressed by much fire, bubbles up within tumultuously on all sides, while melting the fat of a well-fed sow, 365 and split sticks lie beneath it; so were his fair streams heated with the fire, and the water boiled; nor could he flow on, but was stopt, and the vapour, *created* by the power of crafty Vulcan, suffocated him. At length, supplicating much, he addressed Juno in these winged words:

"Why, O Juno, does thy son press upon my stream, to annoy 370 *me* above others? I am not surely so much to blame as are all the others, as many as are aiders of the Trojans. But, however, I will desist, if thou commandest it: and let him also cease; and I will likewise swear this, never to avert the evil day from the 375 Trojans—not when all burning Troy shall be consumed with destructive fire, and the warlike sons of the Achæans light the flame."

And when Juno, the white-armed goddess, heard this, she immediately addressed her beloved son Vulcan:

"Vulcan, my illustrious son, desist; for it is not proper thus 380 to persecute an immortal god for the sake of mortals."

Thus she spake; and Vulcan extinguished his raging fire; and then the reflux water poured downward its beautiful streams. And when the force of Xanthus was subdued, then, indeed they⁶ were quiet; for Juno restrained them, though engaged *with the Trojans*.

385 But among the other gods dire contention fell toilsome; and their minds in their bosoms were borne away in opposite directions. And with a vast tumult they engaged, and the wide earth re-bellowed; and the mighty heaven resounded⁷ around. And Jove heard it, sitting upon Olympus, and laughed within 390 his heart for joy, when he beheld the gods meeting in contest. Then no longer stood they asunder; for shield-piercing Mars began, and rushed first upon Minerva, holding his brazen spear; and uttered this opprobrious speech:

"Why thus, O impudent, with boundless confidence, commit- 395 test thou the gods to battle? Has thy mighty spirit prompted thee? Or, rememberest thou not, when thou didst impel Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, to strike me, and, thyself seizing the spear, in the sight of all, didst drive it right against me, and lacerate my fair flesh? Now, therefore, I think, in turn, that thou shalt pay for all that thou hast wrought against me."

⁵ *i. e.* as well as from me.

⁶ Xanthus and Vulcan.

⁷ Brayed as a trumpet.

So saying, he struck against the Ægis, fringed, terrible, which 400
not the bolt of Jove subdues—on that blood-polluted Mars smote
her with his long spear. But she, retiring back, seized in her
strong hand a stone lying in the plain, black, and rugged, and
huge—one which men of former days had placed to be the 405
boundary of a field. With this she struck fierce Mars upon the
neck, and loosened his knees. And seven acres he covered, fall-
ing, and defiled his hair in the dust; and his armour rang round
him. And Pallas Minerva laughed, and boasting over him,
addressed to him these winged words:

“Fool, hast thou not yet perceived how much I boast myself 410
to be superior to *thee*, that thou opposest thy strength to me?
Thus shalt thou expiate the Furies of thy mother, who plans
mischief against thee, enraged because thou hast deserted the
Achæans, and dost assist the truce-breaking Trojans.”

Thus then having spoken she turned away her shining eyes. 415
And Venus, the daughter of Jove, taking him by the hand, led
him away, groaning very heavily; and with difficulty he col-
lected his spirit. And her, as soon as Juno, the white-armed
goddess, perceived, she immediately addressed to Minerva these
winged words:

“Ah! child of the ægis-bearing Jove, invincible—again that 420
impudent wretch leads Mars, the destroyer of men, through the
throng, from the glowing battle. But follow her.”

Thus she spake; and Minerva rushed after, and rejoiced in
her mind; and, springing upon her, struck her with a strong
hand in the breast, and relaxed her knees and dear heart. Then 425
both of them lay upon the fertile earth; and she, boasting, ad-
dressed to them *these* winged words:

“Would now that all were such, as many as are allies to the
Trojans, when they fight against the armed Argives, and thus
bold and daring, as Venus comes a support to Mars, to encounter 430
my might; in that case indeed should we have long ago ceased
from battle, after destroying the well-built city of Ilium.”

Thus she spake; and the white-armed goddess Juno smiled. 435
Meanwhile king Neptune⁹ addressed Apollo:

“Phœbus, why stand we two apart? It is unbecoming now
the others have begun¹. This were disgraceful, if we return
without fighting to Olympus, to the brass-floored mansion of
Jove. Commence, for thou art younger by birth; for it would
not be becoming in me, since I am the elder, and know more 440
things. Thou fool, how senseless e heart thou possessest; re-
memberest thou nothing of the ills² we alone of the gods suffered

⁸ Earth-shaker.

¹ Neither is it becoming, the others commencing.

² Of those (κακων) evils, as many as, &c.

round Ilium, what time, coming from Jove to haughty Laomedon, we toiled during the space of a year for a stipulated hire, and he commanding, gave directions? I indeed erected a city and wall for the Trojans, extensive and very handsome, that the city might be impregnable; and thou, O Phœbus, didst feed his slow-paced, crumple-horned oxen, among the glens of the many-valed, woody Ida. And when at last the lovely Hours had brought round the period of payment, then did violent Laomedon tyrannically withhold from us all our hire³, and, threatening, send us away. And⁴ besides, he threatened that he would bind our feet and hands above, and sell us for slaves in distant islands; and affirmed that he would cut off the ears of both with brass: and we forthwith returned back with indignant mind, enraged on account of the hire which, having promised, he did not pay. For this then dost thou now favour his people? Nor strivest along with us, in order that the truce-breaking Trojans may basely perish from the root, along with their children and chaste wives?"

And him in reply Apollo, the far-darting king, addressed: "Shaker of the earth, thou wouldst judge me to be by no means prudent, if I should now fight with thee, for the sake of miserable mortals, who, like to the leaves, are at any time very blooming, eating the fruit of the soil, and at another again perish, deprived of life. Rather let us cease from combat, as soon as possible; and let them decide the matter themselves."

Thus having spoken, he turned back; for in truth he feared to join battle with the brother of his father. And his sister, the rural Diana, mistress of wild beasts, severely reprovèd him, and uttered this upbraiding speech:

"Fliest thou, Far-darter? And resignest thou the whole victory to Neptune? And givest thou glory to him without a struggle? Fool, why now dost thou thus hold an useless bow? No longer now let me hear thee boasting in the halls of our father, as heretofore *thou wert wont* among the immortal gods; that thou wouldst combat in opposition against Neptune."

Thus she spake: but the far-darting Apollo addressed her not at all. And the chaste spouse of Jove, inflamed with anger, chid *the fair archeress*⁵ in reprovng words:

"How dost thou now dare, fearless, to stand against me? I am a difficult one to be opposed in my might by thee, who art nothing but an archer; for Jove has made thee a lion among

³ He treated us tyrannically as to our pay.

⁴ *συν*, &c. Together—at the same time.

⁵ Delighting in arrows.

women⁶, and given thee to kill whomsoever of *them*⁷ thou wilt. 485
It is for thee, however, preferable to slay savage beasts among
the mountains, or wild stags, rather than to contend in force with
superiors. But if thou desirest to have a lesson in battle, *come*
on; that thou mayest well know how much superior I am to
to thee, since thou dost oppose my strength.”

She said, and with her left hand seized both her (*Diana's*)
hands at the wrist, and with her right plucked the bow⁸ from 490
her shoulders; and with it, smiling, she beat her, whilst writhing,
about the ears; and the rapid arrows fell out⁹. And then the
goddess fled, weeping, like a dove, which flies from a hawk to a
hollow rock, her hiding place, nor was it decreed that she should 495
be taken by it—so fled Diana, weeping, and left there her bow.

And Mercury¹, the messenger, *thus* addressed Latona: “La-
tona, I will by no means fight with thee; for it is a hazardous
thing to combat with the wives of cloud-compelling Jove; but
thou art very welcome among the immortal gods, to boast that 500
thou hast conquered me by fierce violence.”

Thus indeed he spake; and Latona collected together the
bent bow *and the arrows* which had fallen² here and there amid
the whirl of dust. And she, having taken the bow and arrows
of her daughter, went back; and Diana went to Olympus, to the 505
brass-floored mansion of Jove, and weeping, sat down at the
knees of her father; and around them her ambrosial robe trem-
bled: and her the Saturnian father took towards him³, and
sweetly smiling, interrogated her:

“Which of the heavenly powers, my beloved child, has now
rashly done thee such things, as if thou hadst openly perpetrated 510
some evil⁴?”

And to him in return, the fair-crowned huntress⁵ said: “Thy
spouse has ill-treated me, O father, the white-armed Juno, from
whom contention and strife hang over the immortals.”

Thus they such things spoke to one another. Meanwhile
Phœbus Apollo entered into sacred Ilium: for the wall of the 515
well-built city was a care to him, lest the Danaans, in spite of
fate, should that day destroy it. And the other everliving gods
repaired to Olympus, some, indeed, indignant, and others greatly
boasting; and they sat down beside the dark-clouded Jove. 520
And Achilles slew at once the Trojans themselves, and their
solid-hoofed horses. And as when a smoke, ascending from a

⁶ *i. e.* but not among goddesses. ⁷ *i. e.* obstetrically. ⁸ The arrows.

⁹ *i. e.* of the quiver—as she writhed about.

¹ The Argicide—the inter-messenger. ² Having fallen. ³ Saluted her.

⁴ Having openly perpetrated.—Æ. 374. ⁵ Loving the tumult of huntsmen.

burning city, reaches to the wide heaven—for the anger of the gods has set it on fire—and it gives toil to all, and brings trouble upon many: so Achilles caused toil and troubles to the Trojans.

525 And the aged Priam stood upon a sacred tower, and marked huge Achilles; and the routed Trojans fled in confusion before him, nor was there any might in them⁶. And, groaning, he descended from the tower to the ground, to excite⁷ the noble guards at the gates along the ramparts.

530 “Hold the gates open in your hands until the flying people come into the city—for Achilles is near, putting them to the rout. Now do I fear⁸ there will be deadly deeds. And as soon as they respire, inclosed within the wall, put to again the close-fitted gates⁹, for I tremble lest this destructive man rush within the wall.”

Thus, he spake; and they opened the gates and drew back the bolts; and when opened, they afforded safety. And Apollo sprang out to meet them, that he might ward off destruction from the Trojans. Then they, parched with thirst, and covered with dust, fled from the plain right towards the city and the lofty wall; and he (*Achilles*) furiously pursued with his spear; for fierce madness constantly possessed his heart, and he burnt to obtain glory. Then would the sons of the Achæans have taken the lofty-gated Troy, had not Phœbus Apollo animated Agenor, a hero, son of Antenor, both illustrious and brave. Into his heart he cast confidence, and himself stood near him, leaning against the beech-tree, that he might avert the heavy hands of death; and he was covered with a large cloud. And Agenor as soon as he perceived Achilles, the destroyer of cities, stopt, and his heart debated much as he stood; and, groaning, he thus communed with his own brave spirit:

545 “Ah me! if I fly from the terrible Achilles, where the others, routed, are flying, even thus will he seize me, and cut off my cowardly head¹; and if I leave these to be routed by Achilles, the son of Peleus, and on my feet fly in another direction from the wall towards the Ilian plain, until I come to the glens of Ida, and enter its thickets; and then, after washing myself at evening in the river, I return back to Troy, purified from sweat—but why does my spirit discuss these things *within me*? I fear lest he may observe me departing from the city towards the plain, and hastily pursuing, overtake me with his rapid feet; and then no longer will it be possible to escape death and the fates:

⁶ *i. e.* they could no longer resist.

⁷ Exciting.

⁸ Think.

⁹ *σαινίδες*—the doors, or rather leaves, of the gates.

¹ Cut off the head from me a coward—or, cut my throat.

for he is very powerful beyond all men. And if I go against him in front of the city—for his body too, without doubt, is vulnerable by sharp brass, and one soul only is in it, and men say that he is mortal; but Jove, the son of Saturn, affords him glory.” 570

So saying, prepared, he awaited Achilles; and his gallant heart within him burned to combat and to fight. As a pard advances from a deep thicket against a huntsman, nor is aught troubled in his heart, nor fears, when it hears the hunting cry— 575 for if even he has first² either wounded it from afar, or smitten it close at hand, nevertheless, although tranfixd with a spear, it ceases not from combat, till either it engage at close quarters, or be subdued. Thus the noble Agenor, son of the renowned Antenor, would not fly till he had made trial of Achilles; but, 580 on the contrary, held before him his shield, every where equal, and took aim at him (*Achilles*) with his spear, and cried aloud:

“Thou art, no doubt, in great hopes within thy mind, O illustrious Achilles, that thou shalt this day lay waste the city of the glorious Trojans. Fool, still many woes will yet be effected 585 over it, for we are numerous and brave warriors in it, who will defend Ilium for the sake of our beloved parents, our wives, and our children. Thou, however, shalt here fulfil thy destiny, thus terrible and confident as thou art.”

He said, and hurled the sharp javelin from his heavy hand, and 590 struck his leg below the knee, nor missed: and the greave of newly-wrought tin around it sounded horribly; but the brazen weapon leaped back from it thus struck, nor penetrated; for the gifts of the god repelled it. Then Pelides next attacked the godlike Agenor; yet Apollo permitted him not to obtain glory; 595 but snatched him away, and covered him with a large cloud; and dismissed him to return in peace from the battle.

And by a stratagem he turned away the son of Peleus from the people; for the far-darter, having likened himself in every respect to Agenor, stood before his feet; and Achilles made 600 haste to pursue with his feet. Whilst he was pursuing him, running before a little space, over the fruitful³ plain, turning towards the deep-pool river Scamander—for Apollo drew *him* on with guile, so that he always expected to overtake him with his 605 feet—the other Trojans, in the mean time, put to rout, came delighted in a crowd towards the city; and the city was filled with them shut in. Nor did they any longer dare to wait for each other without the city and the wall, and to inquire who had escaped, and who had fallen in the battle; but they eagerly 610 hurried into the city, whomsoever of them *his* feet and *his* knees pad preserved.

² φθασμενος being beforehand.

³ Bearing barley.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT.

Hector alone remains without, in spite of the intreaties of his father and mother. He flies thrice round Troy, then fights, and is slain by Achilles, who drags his body to the fleet. The lamentation of Andromache.

THUS driven by fright into the city, like fawns, they were refreshing themselves from sweat, and were drinking and slaking their thirst, leaning against the handsome battlements; and the Achæans drew near towards the wall, inclining their shields
5 upon their shoulders¹. But Hector his deadly fate compelled to remain there, in front of Ilium and the Scaean gates. And Phœbus Apollo thus addressed Achilles:

“Why, O son of Peleus, being thyself mortal, dost thou with
10 rapid feet pursue me, an immortal god? Not yet dost thou discover that I am a god, and that thou ragest extravagantly? Why truly thou regardest not the toil of the Trojans, whom thou hast put to flight, and who are already shut up within their city, but thou hast turned aside² here. Thou canst not slay me, for I am not mortal.”

And him, greatly indignant, swift-footed Achilles addressed:
15 “Thou has befooled me, O, far-darter, most destructive of all gods, by now turning me away hither from the wall; *otherwise* many had surely grasped the earth with their teeth, before they had gone into Troy. And now thou hast deprived me of great glory, and hast preserved them easily³, for thou didst not at all

¹ In close column—with their shields so disposed as to form a line of defence.

² *i. e.* instead of endeavouring to prevent the Trojans from getting behind their walls.

³ *i. e.* without regard to consequences—for you knew you were safe from my vengeance.

dread vengeance in after times. Assuredly I would chastise 20 thee, if the power at least were mine."

So saying he departed haughtily towards the city, rushing like a horse⁴, victorious in the contest, with his car—which, when striving, flies swiftly over the plain. So Achilles moved hastily his feet and his knees.

And aged Priam first beheld him with his eyes, rushing along 25 the plain, glittering like a star, which rises in the autumn; and its resplendent rays shine among the other stars in the depth of the night—that which men call *by* the appellation of Orion's dog. Very bright is it; but it is an evil omen, and brings a 30 burning heat upon miserable mortals. So shone the brass round the breast of him as he ran along. Then the old man groaned, and beat his head with his hands, lifting them on high, and, groaning, cried aloud, supplicating his beloved son. And Hector 35 was standing before the Scæan gates, insatiably eager to combat with Achilles; and him the old man piteously addressed, extending his hands:

"Hector, my beloved son, O do not, for my sake, alone *and* without others, await this man; lest thou speedily fulfil thy fate, subdued by the son of Peleus; for he is much more powerful 40 *than thou*. Ruthless *man!* would that he were so dear to the gods as he is to me⁵; soon should dogs and vultures devour him, lying prostrate, *and* dire grief would depart from my bosom,—he, who has made me destitute of many and gallant sons, slaying, and selling them into far distant islands. For even now also, 45 though the Trojans are shut up within the city, I cannot see my two sons, Lycaon and Polydorus, whom Laothoë bore to me, a queen among women. If however they are alive at the camp, assuredly we will hereafter redeem them with brass and with gold; for there is plenty within; for the aged Altes, renowned 50 in story, gave abundance to his daughter. But if they be already dead, and in the abode of Pluto, it will be a grief to my soul, and to their mother, who gave them birth. Yet to the other people will the grief be more tolerable, if thou also do not die, subdued 55 by Achilles. Come then within the wall, O my son, that thou mayst save the Trojan men and women, nor furnish great glory to the son of Peleus, and be thyself deprived of thy beloved life. Moreover, have pity upon wretched me, while I am still alive⁶, 60 *me*, miserable *man*, whom the Saturnian father will destroy with

⁴ Or, rather, a horse running for a prize.

⁵ *i. e.* would that he were not more dear to the gods than he is to me—not dear at all.

⁶ Still thinking.

evil fortune upon the threshold of old age⁷, seeing many calamities—my sons slain, my daughters captives, their bridal chambers
 65 plundered, and infant children dashed against the earth in dire slaughter, and my daughters-in-law dragged away by the destructive hands of the Achæans. And myself also, at last, at the entrance of the gates—when some one with the sharp brass, striking me with a pike or a sword, takes the life from my limbs—will ravenous dogs tear, which, drinking up my blood, will lie
 70 in the vestibule, grown furious in their mind. To a young man indeed, slain in battle, *and* lacerated with sharp brass, it is honourable, in all respects to lie, all of him, though dead; whatever is visible is fair; but when dogs insult the grey head, and the
 75 hoary beard, and the privy parts of a slaughtered old man, that indeed is most pitiable among wretched mortals.”

The old man said; and tore up the hoary locks with his hands, plucking them from his head; yet persuaded not the soul of Hector. And his mother, again, weeping, lamented, baring her
 80 bosom, whilst with the other hand she held her breast; and, shedding tears, addressed to him these winged words:

“O Hector, my son, have respect to these, and have pity on me myself. If ever I afforded thee the grief-lulling breast⁸, remember these things, my beloved child; and repulse *this*
 85 hostile man, coming within the wall, nor stand forth the foremost against him. Unfeeling man! for if he slay thee, neither shall I mourn on thy bier for thee, my beloved offspring, whom I myself bore, nor shall thy rich-dowered wife; but far apart from us both, swift dogs will devour thee at the ships of the Argives.”

90 Thus did they, weeping, address their dear son, intreating him greatly; yet persuaded they not the soul of Hector; but he awaited huge Achilles, coming near. And as a fierce serpent at its den, feeding upon evil poisons, waits for a man, and dire
 95 rage enters into him (*the serpent*), and he glares horribly, coiling around his den; so Hector, possessed of inextinguishable valour, retired not, leaning his glittering shield against a projecting tower; and, full of indignation, thus communed with his own brave spirit:

“Ah me! if indeed I enter the gates and the wall, Polydamas
 100 will be the first to heap reproaches upon me—he who advised me to lead the Trojans towards the city during this disastrous night, when noble Achilles rose to battle. But I was not persuaded; doubtless it would have been much better *if I had*.
 105 And now, since by my rashness I have destroyed the people, I

⁷ At the extremity of age—entrance of extreme age.

⁸ The breast causing forgetfulness of cares.

am afraid of the Trojan men and long-robed⁹ Trojan women, lest some one inferior to me should say, 'Hector, trusting in his own valour has destroyed the people.' Thus they will say; and then it would be much better for me, either to return, after slaying Achilles in the encounter, or gloriously myself to perish in defence of the city. But if I were to lay down my bossed shield and strong helmet, and resting my spear against the wall, *and*, proceeding myself, go to meet the renowned Achilles, and promise him that we will allow¹ the two Atrides to take away Helen, who was the cause of the struggle, and all her numerous treasures along with her, as many as Alexander brought to Troy in his hollow ships, and besides, that we will distribute others, as many as this city possesses, among the Achæans and *if*, moreover, I should exact an oath from the elders of the Trojans², that they would conceal nothing, but divide all things into two portions, as much treasure as this delightful city contains within it.—Yet why does my soul discuss such things within me? Never let me go, and come to him as a supplicant³; for he will not pity me, neither have any respect to me, but slay me thus like a woman, being naked, after I put off my armour. It is not at all a time to be talking with any one from an oak, nor from a rock⁴;—as young man and maiden—a young man and maiden talk with each other. On the contrary, it is better to engage in battle, that we may know as soon as possible to which of us the Olympic god will give glory.”

Thus he meditated, remaining; and Achilles came near him, like to Mars, the helmet-shaking warrior, brandishing upon his right shoulder the terrible Pelian ash; and round him shone the brazen armour, like the splendour either of a blazing fire, or the rising sun. And a tremor seized Hector, as soon as he perceived him, nor any longer had he the courage to remain there, but left the gates behind him, and departed, panic-struck: and Pelides rushed after him, trusting to his rapid feet.⁵ As a falcon, the swiftest of birds, on the mountains easily dashes after a timid pigeon; while she flies low⁶ for fear, and he, close at hand shrilly screaming, frequently assails her, and his desire impels him to seize her:—so, eager Achilles rushed straight on; and Hector fled in terror under the wall of the Trojans, and moved his agile

⁹ Dragging their robes.

¹ Give. ² *i. e.* as an oath more likely to be observed. Compare Γ. 105, 6.

³ Or *I am afraid*, if I should go, he will, &c.

⁴ At full leisure—or upon agreeable matters.

⁵ *i. e.* with full confidence of overtaking him.

⁶ *i. e.* out of the line of his flight.

limbs. Then rushed they past the rising ground and lofty⁷ fig-tree, always under the wall along the public road; and reached the two fair-flowing fountains, where rise two springs of the eddying Scamander. For the one flows with tepid water, and from it a steam rises around, as from a burning fire; but the other flows forth, during the summer, like to hail, or cold snow, or ice from water. And there, near to them, are the wide, beautiful tstone basins, where the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans, formerly, in peace-time, used before the sons of the Achæans arrived to wash their beautiful robes. In this direction they ran past, *the one fleeing*, and the other pursuing behind. A brave man indeed ran before, but a much more valiant rapidly pursued him; for they strove not for a victim or a bull's hide, such as are the prizes for the speed⁸ of men, but they ran for the life of Hector, tamer of horses. And as when solid-hoofed race-horses⁹ run very swiftly round the course¹; and a great prize is staked—either a tripod, or a woman—in *honour* of a hero dead; so these two thrice encompassed the city of Priam with rapid feet. And all the gods looked on. Then the father of men and gods began among them with *these* words:

“Alas! I behold with my eyes a dear hero pursued round the wall; and my heart is grieved for Hector, who has burnt for me numerous legs of oxen upon the tops of the many-valed Ida, and at other times again in the highest *part of* the city; and now noble Achilles chases him, with swift feet, round the city of Priam. Come then, consider, gods, and consult together, whether we shall save him from death, or now subdue him, brave as he is, *by the hands of* Achilles, son of Peleus.”

And him, in return, Minerva, the blue-eyed goddess, addressed: “O my father, hurler of the thunder-belt, *compeller of* the dark clouds, what hast thou spoken? A man, being mortal, long ago devoted to his fate, wouldst thou again free from evil death? Do so; but all we, the other gods, will by no means assent.”

And to her cloud-compelling Jove, answering, said: “Be of good cheer, my beloved child, Tritogeneia; I by no means speak with a resolute² mind, but wish to be indulgent. Do, whatsoever is thy desire³, nor cheeck thyself in aught.”

So saying, he roused Minerva, before eager; and springing⁴, she descended from the summits of Olympus.

And swift Achilles followed Hector, ceaselessly pressing upon

⁷ Windy. ⁸ The feet. ⁹ The bearers away of prizes. ¹ The marks.

² *i. e.* with a mind resolved to execute its own purposes.

³ Where thy mind is.

⁴ Giving herself an impulse.

him. As when a dog in the mountains pursues the fawn of a deer through glens and through thickets, having roused it from its lair, and, although, fear-stricken, it conceal itself behind a brake, still tracking it, he runs without stopping till he catch it;—so Hector eluded not the swift-footed son of Peleus. For as often as he strove to rush in front of the Dardan gates, towards the well-built towers, that if possible they might assist him with missile weapons from above, so often, anticipating him, did he turn him away towards the plain; whilst he himself always flew on the side of the city. And as in a dream one cannot pursue a fugitive; neither can the one escape the other, nor the other pursue: so the one was not able to overtake the other by his speed, nor the other to escape. By what means then could Hector have escaped the doom of death, if Apollo had not, for the last time⁵, come to meet him, and stimulated for him, his courage and swift knees? For the noble Achilles nodded to the people with his head, nor suffered them to throw their dire weapons at Hector, lest some one, wounding him, should obtain glory, and he come but second. But when, for the fourth time, they came to the fountains, then at length the father suspended his golden scales, and placed in them two destinies of death, causing long sleep, the one for Achilles, and the other for the horse-taming Hector. And taking them by the middle, he sustained them, and the fatal day of Hector weighed down, and descended to Hades; and Phœbus Apollo left him. And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva approached Pelides, and, standing near, addressed to him these winged words:

“Now, O illustrious Achilles, beloved of Jove, do I hope that we two shall bear back great glory to the ships of the Achæans, having slain Hector, insatiable of battle though he be. Now it is no longer possible for him to escape us, not even if the far-darting Apollo should labour⁶ ever so much, throwing himself forward at the feet of *our* father, Ægis-bearing Jove. But stand thou now and breathe; and I, approaching, shall persuade him to engage thee face to face.”

Thus spake Minerva, and he obeyed and rejoiced in his soul; and stood, leaning upon his ashen, brass-pointed spear. And she then left him, and overtook noble Hector, like Deiphobus in person and unwearied voice; and, standing near, addressed to him these winged words:

“My brother, swift Achilles without doubt now presses thee greatly, chasing thee with rapid feet round the city of Priam. Come then, let us now stand, and, awaiting, repulse him.”

⁵ For the last and extreme time.

⁶ Should suffer very much.

And her, in return, the mighty plumed Hector addressed :
 “Deiphobus, thou wast indeed to me, before, far the dearest of
 brothers—of the sons whom Hecuba and Priam produced. But
 235 now I think that I honour thee yet more, since thou hast dared
 for my sake,—when thou didst behold me with thine eyes, to
 come out of the city, while others remain within.”

And him again the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed :
 “My brother, indeed by father and venerable mother intreated
 240 me much, my turns embracing my knees, as well as my comrades
 around, to remain there—so much do all above measure fear
 him⁷—nevertheless my mind within was harassed with severe
 grief. Let us now, then, eager *as we are*, combat straightway,
 nor let there longer be a sparing of spears⁸, that we may know
 245 whether Achilles, having slain us both, shall bear our bloody
 spoils to the hollow ships, or be himself subdued by thy spear.”

Thus having spoken, Minerva also with guile led the way.
 And when, advancing towards each other, they were now near,
 the mighty plumed Hector first addressed him :

250 “No longer, son of Peleus, shall I fly thee as before. Thrice
 have I fled round the vast city of Priam, nor ever dared to await
 thee, coming on; now, however, my spirit urges me to stand
 against thee—I shall slay, or be slain. Come then, let us here
 255 take the gods to witness; for they will be the best witnesses
 and overseers of covenants. For I will not horribly maltreat
 thee, if Jove shall give me the victory, and I take away thy
 life; but when I shall strip from thee thy noble armour, O
 260 Achilles, I will give back thy body to the Achæans; and so do
 thou *to me*.”

Then, looking sternly, swift-footed Achilles addressed him :
 “Hector, demon, talk not of covenants to me. As there are not
 sworn treaties between lions and men,—nor have wolves and
 lambs a concordant mind,—but, unceasingly meditate evils
 265 against one another; so it is not possible for thee and me to
 contract a friendship; nor shall there be at all any treaties be-
 tween us two,—first one or other, falling, with his blood shall
 glut Mars, the daring warrior. Be mindful of all thy valour :
 270 now does it greatly behove thee to be both a spear-man and
 a dauntless warrior. No longer is there a retreat for thee,
 for Pallas Minerva at once subdues thee by my spear; and
 thou shalt now give satisfaction for all the sorrows of my com-
 rades collected together, whom, raging, thou didst slay with thy
 spear.”

275 He said, and brandishing it, threw his long spear, and the

⁷ τῶϊον—such—or, so great as he is.

⁸ *i. e.* lose no time in employing them.

illustrious Hector, seeing it coming, avoided it: for, looking forward⁹, he stooped, and that brazen spear flew over him, and 275 fixed in the earth. And Pallas Minerva plucked it up, and gave it back to Achilles; and it escaped the knowledge of Hector, shepherd of the people,—for Hector said to the renowned son of Peleus:

“Thou hast missed, O godlike Achilles, nor art thou yet from Jove acquainted with my fate, though thou saidst *thou* wast— 280 thou art but a prater, and a dissembler of words¹—in order that, dreading thee, I might be forgetful of my courage and might. Not in my back, while flying shalt thou thrust thy spear, but drive it through my breast, rushing directly on, if a god grant *that* to thee. Now in turn avoid my brazen spear—oh that 285 thou mayst receive it all in thy body. Then surely would the war become lighter to the Trojans, for thou art the greatest destruction to them.”

He said, and, brandishing, hurled his long spear, and struck the middle of Pelides' shield, nor missed; but the spear was 290 repelled far from the shield. And Hector was enraged that his swift weapon had escaped useless from his hand; and stood appalled, for he had not another ashen spear. Then called he upon the white-shielded Deiphobus, shouting aloud, and de- 295 manded a long spear; but he was no longer at hand; and Hector recognised *the fact* in his mind, and said:

“Alas! without doubt now the gods summon me to death. For I thought indeed that the hero Deiphobus was near, but he is within the wall, and Minerva has deceived me. Now in truth is evil death near me, nor longer at a distance; nor is there 300 escape. For truly long ago has this been agreeable to Jove, and to the far-darting son of Jove, who, before at least, propitious, defended me; now, on the contrary, fate overtakes me. Yet, let me not, at least, perish cowardly and disgracefully, but acting 305 mightily, to be heard of even by posterity.”

Thus having spoken, he drew his sharp sword, which hung below his loins, both huge and strong, and, turning, rushed *forward* like a high-flying eagle, which descends to the plain through the dark clouds, for the purpose of snatching away 310 either a tender lamb, or a timid hare; so Hector rushed forward brandishing his sharp sword. Achilles also sprang to the attack, and filled his soul with fierce valour. And he held in his defence before his breast his shield, beautiful, curiously wrought; and 315 nodded with his glittering four-coned helmet, whilst the beautiful golden crests, which Vulcan had spread in great abundance

⁹ Or, previously seeing it.

¹ Alluding to Achilles' talk about Minerva.

round the cone, were shaken. And as the star Hesperus, which is the brightest star in heaven, goes among other stars during
 320 the depth of the night; so *splendour* shone from the very sharp spear, which Achilles, meditating evil to the noble Hector, shook in his right hand, examining his handsome body, where it would most readily yield. But the rich brazen armour, which Hector, having slain the mighty Patroclus, had stripped off, completely² covered the rest of his body; yet *that part* of the throat ap-
 325 peared, where the collar-bones divide the neck from the shoulders, and where is the quickest destruction of like. There the noble Achilles, eager, drove into him with a spear, and the point came out³ at the opposite side through the tender neck. Yet the ash, heavy with brass, cut not through the windpipe, so that
 330 he could say to him any thing, replying in words. And he fell among the dust, and the noble Achilles boasted over him:

“Yet Hector, thou didst once suppose, when stripping the dead Patroclus, that thou wouldst be safe, nor didst dread me, whilst away. Fool, I was left behind a much braver avenger for him,
 335 apart at the hollow ships, *I* who have loosened thy knees. Thee indeed shall dogs and birds foully tear, but him the Achæans shall bury with funeral rites.”

And him, the plumed Hector, growing languid, addressed: “I intreat thee by thy life, and thy knees, and thine own parents, suffer not the dogs to devour me at the ships of the Achæans;
 340 but accept thou brass in abundance, and gold, which my father and venerable mother will give thee; and give back my body home, that the Trojans and wives of the Trojans may honour me dead with a funeral pile.”

But the swift-footed Achilles, looking sternly, thus addressed
 345 him: “Dog, supplicate me not by my knees, nor my parents; for I would that my fury and indignation would in any way stimulate me myself, tearing to pieces thy raw flesh, to eat it, for the deeds which thou hast done me. Therefore there is no
 350 one who shall drive away the dogs from thy head—not, if they should lay down ten-fold and twenty-fold ransoms, bringing them here, and promise others also; not even if Dardan Priam should desire to weigh thyself with gold⁴, not even thus shall thy venerable mother weep over *him* whom she bore, placing him upon his bier, but dogs and birds shall entirely tear thee in pieces.”

355 And him the helmed Hector, dying, addressed: “Well knowing thee, in truth, I presage this, nor was I likely to persuade thee; for surely there is an iron soul within thee. But reflect

² Had so much.

³ Came quite through.

⁴ *i. e.* to redeem thee with thy weight in gold.

now, lest I be a cause of divine hatred⁵ to thee, on that day, when Paris and Phœbus Apollo shall slay thee, brave as thou art⁶, in the Scæan gates." 360

The end of death enveloped him, thus speaking; and, quitting vigour and youth, his soul, flying from his limbs, descended to Hades, mourning its destiny. And him, although dead, the noble Achilles addressed:

"Die: for I shall then receive my fate, when Jove wills to accomplish it, and the other immortal gods." 365

He said, and plucked the brazen spear from the body, and laid it aside, and tore the bloody armour from his shoulders. And other sons of the Achæans ran round, who also admired the size and noble form of Hector; nor did any one stand by without inflicting a wound. And thus said they, looking to those *who* were near: 370

"Oh! surely Hector is now much more gentle to be handled, than when he kindled the ships with glowing fire."

Thus said some, and, standing by, wounded him. And when swift footed Achilles had stripped him of his spoils, standing among the Achæans, he addressed to *them* these winged words: 375

"O friends, leaders and chiefs of the Argives, since the gods have granted *me* to subdue this man, who wrought many evils, such as did not all the others—come, let us try the city all around with our arms, that we may gain some knowledge of the Trojans, what mind they have; whether they will leave the high city, now he has fallen, or venture to remain, although Hector be no more. But why does my heart deliberate these things within me? Patroclus lies an unwept, unburied corpse beside the ships; and him I shall never forget, as long as I am among the living, and my dear knees can move; and if even they be forgetful of the dead in Hades, yet will I remember my beloved comrade even there. Come then, Achæans, singing pæans, let us return to the hollow ships and bear him away, for we have obtained great glory: we have slain noble Hector, whom the Trojans throughout the city honoured as a god." 380 385 390

He said, and meditated shocking deeds against the noble Hector. He perforated the tendons of both his feet behind, from the heel to the instep, and fastened in them leathern thongs and tied him to the car; and left his head to be dragged. And then mounting his chariot, and lifting up the noble armour, he flogged *the horses* to proceed, and they, not unwilling, flew. And the dust arose from him, while dragged along, and his azure hair was shaken around, and his whole head, once graceful, lay in the 395 400

⁵ Hatred of the gods.

⁶ Being brave.

dust; for Joye had then granted to his enemies, to insult him in
 405 his own native land. Thus was his whole head defiled with
 dust; and his mother plucked out her hair, and threw off her
 shining veil far from her, and shrieked very loudly, beholding
 her son. And his beloved father groaned piteously, and all the
 people around were occupied in howling and lamentation
 410 throughout the city: and it was most like to this, as if all lofty
 Ilium were consuming from its summit with fire. Hardly in-
 deed did the people detain the old man, swelling with grief, and
 eager to go out from the Dardanian gates; for, rolling in the
 415 mud, he supplicated all, addressing each man by name from
 among the crowd:

“Desist, my friends, and anxious though ye be, permit me,
 alone, going out of the city, to go to the ships of the Achæans.
 I will entreat this destructive man, the perpetrator of dreadful
 420 actions, if perchance he will reverence my years⁷, and have pity
 upon my age; for such as I am is his own father, Peleus, who
 begot and brought him up to be a destruction to the Trojans;
 but particularly on me above all has he inflicted sorrows. For he
 has slain for me so many blooming sons—for all of whom I lament
 425 not so much, grieved though I be, as for this one, Hector, for
 whom my grief will soon bear me down even to Hades. Would
 that he had died in my arms⁸; so should we have been satisfied,
 weeping and mourning *over him*, both his unhappy mother who
 bore him, and I myself.”

Thus he spake, weeping, and the people also groaned. And
 430 Hecuba began her miserable⁹ lamentation among the Trojan
 women:

“My son, why do I, miserable, live, suffering terrible things,
 and thou art dead? Thou who by night and day wast my boast
 throughout the city, and an advantage to the Trojan men and
 435 women throughout the town, who received thee like a god. For
 surely thou wast a very great glory to them, whilst alive; now,
 on the contrary, death and fate hold thee.”

Thus he spake, weeping; and the wife of Hector had not yet
 learned aught; for no sure messenger, going, had informed her
 that her husband had remained without the gates; but she was
 440 weaving a web in the inner chamber of her lofty house, double,
 splendid, and was spreading on it various flowers. And she had
 given directions to her fair-haired attendants in the house, to
 place a large tripod round the fire, that a warm bath might be
 445 *ready* for Hector, returning from battle; foolish *woman*, for she
 knew not, that very far from the baths, the blue-eyed Minerva

⁷ Age.

⁸ Hands.

⁹ Thick.

had subdued him by the hand of Achilles. But she heard the shriek and wail from the tower, and her limbs were shaken, and her shuttle fell to the ground; and she again addressed her fair-haired domestics:

“Hither two of you follow me, that I may see what deeds 450
have been done. I heard the voice of my venerable mother-in-law, and within myself, the heart in my breast leaps to my mouth, and my limbs are torpid under me. Surely some evil is now near the sons of Priam. O that I might never hear it¹. And I very much fear lest the noble Achilles cutting off the brave 455
Hector alone from the city, has driven him to the plain, and put a stop to the fatal valour, which possessed him; for he never remained among the throng of warriors, but sprang far-forward, yielding *in his own valour to none.*”

So saying, she rushed through the mansion like a maniac, with 460
a palpitating heart², and her handmaids went along with her. And when she came to the tower and to the crowd of men, she stood, gazing round upon the wall; and marked him, dragged in front of the city, and the swift steeds dragged him miserably towards the hollow ships of the Achæans. Then gloomy night 465
involved her eyes, and she fell backwards, and breathed out her life. And far from her head fell the admirable head-dresses, the garland, and the net, and the twisted fillet, and the veil which the golden Venus had given to her on that day, when plumed 470
Hector led her from the house of Eëtion, after he had given numerous marriage presents. And around her in great numbers stood her sisters-in-law and sisters, who restrained her among them, eagerly desiring to destroy herself. But when she breathed again, and her mind was collected in her breast, sobbing at intervals, she spake among the Trojan women: 475

“Hector, wretched me! we were both then born to an equal destiny, thou indeed in Troy, in the abode of Priam, and I in Thebes, at the woody Placus, in the mansion of Eëtion; who, 480
himself ill-fated, nourished me, ill-fated, being yet a little child:—Oh! that he had never begotten me. Now, however, thou goest to the mansions of Pluto, below the recesses of the earth, and leavest me, in heavy grief, a widow in *our* halls; and thy 485
boy thus, yet an infant, whom thou and I, unfortunate, begot; nor wilt thou be an advantage to him, O Hector, since thou art dead; nor he to thee. For even if he shall escape the lamentable war of the Achæans, still toil and sorrows will always be his lot³ in time to come; for others will deprive him of his fields

¹ O that the word—*i. e.* the report, the account of it, might be *far* from my ear.

² Palpitating as to her heart.

³ Be to him.

490 by taking away the landmarks; and this orphan-making day has rendered the boy destitute of all companions of his own age, and he is altogether cast down, and his cheeks are wet with tears. And the boy in want shall go to the comrades of his father, seizing one by the cloak, and another by the coat: and one of
 495 these, compassionating him, shall present him with a very small cup; and he shall wash his lips, but not moisten his palate. And him also shall some one blessed with both his parents, push from the feast, striking him with his hands, and reviling him with reproaches: ‘Begone with a curse, thy father in truth
 500 feasts not along with us.’ And then shall the boy Astyanax repair weeping to his widowed mother—he who formerly, upon the knees of his own father, was wont to eat marrow alone, and the rich fat of sheep: and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased *from* childishly crying, was wont to sleep upon a couch
 505 in the arms of his nurse, in a soft bed, having his heart filled⁴ with delicacies. But now, Astyanax, upon whom the Trojans bestowed the surname, (because thou alone didst defend for them their gates and lofty walls,) shall suffer many things, deprived of⁵ his dear father. And now thee shall crawling worms devour,
 510 naked, beside the curved-beaked ships, far from thy parents, after the dogs shall have glutted themselves: and thy garments, fine and graceful, woven by the hands of women, lie in thy halls. Nevertheless all these will I consume with glowing fire, being of no use to thee, for thou shalt not lie in them; yet they will be a glory before the Trojan men and women.”
 515 Thus she spake, weeping, and the women also wailed around.

⁴ Filled as to his heart.

⁵ Erring from.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

The funeral of Patroclus, and the games celebrated on the occasion.

Thus they mourned throughout the city. Meanwhile the Achæans, as soon as they reached the ships and the Hellespont, dispersed each to his own ship; but Achilles suffered not the Myrmidons to disperse, and addressed himself to his war-loving 5 comrades :

“Ye swift-riding Myrmidons, comrades dear to me, let us not yet loose our solid-hoofed horses from our cars, but with the steeds themselves and cars, going near, let us weep for Patroclus; for this is the reward of the dead. And after we have indulged our sad lamentation, then unyoking the horses, we will all sup.” 10

Thus he spake, and they mourned in a body; and Achilles led the way. And three times they drove their beautiful steeds round the body, mourning; and Thetis excited a thirst of lamentation among them. The sands were wetted, and the armour 15 of the men was wetted with tears; for they much regretted so brave a warrior. And among them Pelides led¹ the loud lamentation, laying his man-slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade:

“All hail, Patroclus, even in the mansions of Pluto: for I will now make good all those things which I before promised—that, 20 dragging Hector hither, I would give him to the dogs to be devoured raw; and that before thy pile I would cut off the heads of twelve noble sons of the Trojans—enraged on account of thee slain.”

He said, and meditated foul deeds upon the noble Hector, cast

¹ *i. e.* he was chief mourner.

25 prone in the dust before the bier of Menœtiades; and they stripped off each their brazen glittering armour, and unyoked their high-sounding steeds. Then they sat down in great numbers beside the ship of the swift-footed Æacides; and he furnished to them a refreshing funeral feast. Many white bulls were stretched around by the knife,² having their throats cut, and many sheep and bleating goats. Many swine, also, with white teeth, full with fat, were extended for roasting over the flame of Vulcan; and in every direction around the corpse blood
30 flowed in abundance. And the king, the swift-footed son of Peleus, the princes of the Achæans conducted to the noble Agamemnon, with difficulty persuading him, grieved as he was at his heart for his comrade. And when they, proceeding, had now reached the tent of Agamemnon, he immediately gave orders to the loud-tongued heralds to place a large tripod on the
40 fire, that he might persuade Pelides to wash off from himself the bloody gore. But he steadily refused, and moreover swore an oath:

“No, by Jove, who is both the supreme and best of the gods, it must not be that the bath come near my head, before I lay Patroclus upon his funeral pyre, and pile up his mound, and crop my hair; since never thus will sorrow a second time reach my heart, whilst I am among the living. Nevertheless let us now obey the hateful feast. And to-morrow, O king of men, Agamemnon, give orders to fetch wood and place it near, such as is
50 proper for a dead body, possessing, to repair beneath the gloomy shade; in order that the unwearied fire may consume him more quickly from our eyes, and the people be turned to their labours.”

Thus he spake; and they readily listened to him, and obeyed.
55 Then each, sedulously preparing supper, feasted; nor did their appetite want aught of an equal banquet. And when they had taken out of themselves the desire of eating and drinking, they went for the purpose of sleeping, each to his tent.

But the son of Peleus, on the shore of the far-sounding sea,
60 lay heavily moaning, among his Myrmidons, in a clear spot, where the waves washed in upon the beach; when sleep took possession of him, dissolving the cares of his soul, sweetly poured round him; for he was greatly fatigued in his good limbs, chasing
65 Hector at windy Ilium. And the ghost of the miserable Patroclus came to him, like to him in every respect, in bulk, and beautiful eyes, and voice; and similar garments also were upon his form; and he stood over his head, and addressed to him *this* speech:

² Iron.

“Sleepest thou, and art forgetful of me, Achilles? Thou didst not neglect me when alive, but *now that I am* dead. Bury 70 me, that I may as soon as possible pass the gates of Hades. The spirits, the shades of the deceased, drive me far away, nor at all permit me to mingle with them on the other side of the river; but thus do I wander round the wide-gated abode of Pluto. And 75 give me thine hand, I beseech thee, for I shall not again return from Hades, after ye have made me a partaker of the fire. For not again, alive, sitting apart from our beloved comrades, shall we deliberate upon plans; but that hateful fate, which fell to my share at my birth, has swallowed me up. And to thyself 80 also, O godlike Achilles, it were the doom to perish beneath the wall of the nobly-born Trojans. And I will speak and enjoin thee another thing, O Achilles, if thou wilt obey—not to lay my bones apart from thine: but as we were together brought up in your mansions, ever since Menætius took me from Opeis, while 85 yet a little one, to your house, on account of a sad homicide on that day, when I slew the son of Amphidamus,—foolishly—not intending it, enraged about some cockalls³—there Peleus, receiving me in his abode, carefully brought me up, and named me thy attendant⁴. So also the bones of both of us may the 90 same casket enclose—the golden vase, which thy venerable mother gave thee.”

And him, swift-footed Achilles, answering, addressed: “Why O revered spirit⁵, comest thou to me, and givest me these particular directions? I will, however, readily fulfill all these 95 things for thee, and obey, as thou commandest. But stand nearer me—let us embrace each other, though but for a little while, and indulge our sad lamentation.”

Thus then having spoken, he stretched out *for him* with his friendly hands, but caught him not; for the spirit under the 100 earth like smoke vanished, shrieking. And astounded, Achilles started up, and clapped together his hands, and uttered this doleful speech:

“Alas! there is indeed then, in the abodes of Hades, some spirit and image, but there is no body in it at all; for all night the ghost of the miserable Patroclus stood by me, groaning and 105 lamenting, and gave me particular directions, and wonderfully resembled himself.”

Thus he spake; and excited among them all the desire of lamentation; and the rosy-fingered morn appeared to them while weeping round the wretched corpse. Meanwhile king 110

³ Or pastern-bones, played with as dice.

⁴ Comrade—or, in the chivalric sense, a sort of squire.

⁵ Head.

Agamemnon roused in every direction, from the tents, both mules and men to fetch in wood; and over them rose a brave man, Meriones, the attendant of the valour-loving Idomeneus. 115 And others went, holding in their hands wood-cutting axes and well-twisted ropes; and before them went the mules. And over many ascents and descents, and straight roads and cross ones, they passed. But when at last they arrived at the forests of Ida of many fountains, immediately, making haste, they cut down high-branched oaks with long-edged hatchets⁶. And these, 120 loudly-crashing, fell: and the Achæans, then laying them together, bound *them* upon the mules, which pawed the ground with their feet, anxious to reach the plain through the close thickets. And all the wood-cutters carried trunks of trees; for so Meriones, the comrade of the valour-loving Idomeneus, gave 125 command; and then cast them in order upon the shore, where Achilles had marked out a vast tomb for Patroclus, and for himself.

And when in every direction they had thrown down vast quantities of wood, they sat there in a body, waiting; and Achilles immediately commanded the warlike Myrmidons to gird 130 on their brazen armour, and to yoke each his horses to his car; and they bestirred themselves, and put on their armour. And both the combatants and charioteers ascended into their chariots. First went the cavalry, and a cloud of infantry followed after in immense numbers; and his comrades bore Patroclus in the 135 midst. And they covered all the dead body over with hair, which, clipping off, they threw upon it; but the noble Achilles held his head behind, grieving, for he was sending an illustrious comrade to the grave.

And when they came to the spot where Achilles pointed out to them, they laid him down; and immediately piled up for him 140 in abundance the wood. Then again swift-footed Achilles thought of something else. Standing apart from the pile, he cut off his yellow hair—that which he nourished, blooming, *dedicated* to the river Sphercheius: and, groaning, he spake, looking upon the dark sea:

“In vain, O Sphercheius, did my father Peleus vow to thee, 145 that I, returning to my beloved native land, would there cut off for thee *my* hair, and offer a sacred hecatomb; and that I would on the same spot sacrifice fifty male sheep at the fountains, where there are a grove and a fragrant altar to thee. Thus vowed the old man, but thou hast not fulfilled his purpose. And 150 now since I return not to my dear native land, I will give my hair to the hero Patroclus, to be carried *with him*.”

⁶ Brass

So saying, he placed the hair in the hands of his friend; and excited among them all the desire of lamentation. And the light of the sun would have surely set upon them *still* mourning had not Achilles, standing by, immediately addressed Agamemnon: 155

“Atrides—for to thy words will the people of the Achæans pay most obedience—there may be too much of grief; and now disperse them from the pile, and bid them get their supper. About those matters will we toil, to whom the corpse is most an *object* 160
object of care: and let the chiefs remain with us.”

And when the king of men, Agamemnon, heard this, he immediately dismissed the people to their good ships; but the mourners⁷ remained there, and piled up the wood. And they erected a pyre, an hundred feet *wide* on this side and on that⁸, and laid the body upon the top of the pile, grieving in their 165
heart. And many fat sheep, and slow-footed, crumple-horned oxen they skinned and dressed before the pile; and from them all brave Achilles, taking the fat, covered over the dead body *with it* from head to feet, and heaped round it the skinned carcasses. And leaning over the bier, he placed likewise jars of 170
honey and oil, and, groaning heavily, hastily threw upon the pile four high-necked horses. Nine dogs were companions at table to the king, and, slaying two of them, he cast them upon the pile; and twelve gallant sons of the brave Trojans, killing 175
them with the sword; for he meditated evil deeds in his soul⁹. Next he sent in the invincible force of fire, that it might feed: then groaned; and addressed his beloved companion by name:

“Rejoice with me, O Patroclus, even in the abodes of Hades; for I now accomplish all things for thee which I before promised—twelve gallant sons of the brave Trojans, all these, along 180
with thee, shall the fire devour; but I will not give Hector, son of Priam, to the fire to devour, but to the dogs.”

Thus he spake, threatening; but him the dogs seized not 185
upon; for Venus, daughter of Jove, drove away the dogs by days and nights, and she had anointed him with a rosy ambrosial oil, that, *while* dragging, Achilles might not lacerate him. Over him Phœbus Apollo brought a cerulean cloud from heaven to the plain, and overshadowed all the space, as much as the 190
corpse occupied, that the force of the sun might not previously dry up the body all round with the nerves and limbs.

Yet the pile of the dead Patroclus burnt not. Then again the noble Achilles thought of other things. Standing apart

⁷ Those having care.

⁸ *i. e.* a square of 100 feet.

⁹ *i. e.* the sacrifice of these twelve.

from the pile, he prayed to two winds, Boreas and Zephyrus,
 195 and promised handsome sacrifices; and, pouring out many libations from a golden goblet, he intreated them to come, in order that they might as soon as possible consume the body with fire and the wood might hastily be burnt¹. And the swift Iris, hearing his prayers, came as an inter-messenger to the Winds. They
 200 were then together within *the palace* of the fierce-breathing Zephyrus, celebrating a feast; and Iris, running *in*, stood upon the stone threshold. And when they beheld her with their eyes, they started up, and invited her, each towards himself. But she, however, refused to sit down, and delivered *this* speech:
 205 “No seat *for me*; for I am going again to the streams of Oceanus, to the land of the Æthiopians, where they are sacrificing hecatombs to the immortals, that I also may now have a share in their offerings. But Achilles now supplicates Boreas and tumultuous Zephyrus to come—and promises handsome victims—that ye may stir up the pile to burn, on which lies
 210 Patroclus, whom all the Achæans lament.”

She then, having thus spoken, departed; and they rushed forward with a vast tumult, driving the clouds before them. And forthwith they came to the sea to blow, and the billow rose
 215 under their sonorous blast; and they reached fertile Troy, and fell upon the pile, and the fierce-burning fire loudly roared. And all night indeed did they together toss about the flame of the pile, shrilly blowing; and all night did swift Achilles, taking
 220 a two-eared cup, pour wine upon the ground from a golden bowl, exhausting it, and moisten the earth, calling upon the spirit of the wretched Patroclus. And as a father mourns, while burning the bones of his own son, a bridegroom, who, dying, hath grieved his miserable parents; so mourned Achilles, while burning the
 225 bones of his comrade, stalking beside the pile, frequently groaning. But when Lucifer arrived, bearing news of light to the earth, after whom the crocus-robed Aurora diffuses over the sea, then the pile grew languid, and the flame ceased; and the
 230 Winds departed again, to return home across the Thracian sea; and that groaned, raging with a swell.

And Pelides, removing in another direction from the pile, lay down wearied, and sweet sleep came upon him. The others, however, gathered in a body round Atrides², the tumult and bustle of whom, approaching, awoke him; and raising himself
 235 upright, he sat, and spake to them *this* word:

¹ Make haste to, &c.

² But those about Atrides numerous collected—*i. e.* Atrides and his staff—Atrides and other chiefs.

“Son of Atreus, and ye others, the bravest of all the Achæans, first quench the whole funeral pile, as much as the force of fire occupied, with dark wine; and then let us collect the bones of Patroclus, the son of Menœtius, correctly distinguishing them; 240 and they are easily distinguishable, for he lay in the middle of the pyre, and the others, horses and men, mixed together, lay apart at the extremity; and let us place them in a golden vase, and with double tallow, till I myself be hid in 245 Hades. And a tomb I have directed to be made, not very large, but a moderate sort of one; and do you, Achæans, afterwards, render it both broad and lofty, who may be left after me in the many-benched ships.”

Thus he spake; and they obeyed the swift-footed Pelides. 250 First they extinguished the funeral pile with dark wine, as much as the flame came upon, and the deep ashes sank down; and, weeping, collected the white bones of their gentle comrade into a golden vase, and *into* double fat; then laying it in the tent, covered it over with fine linen. Next they marked out 255 the tomb, and threw the foundations round the pile; then cast upon it the dug-up earth; and having piled up the tomb, returned again. Meanwhile Achilles detained the people there, and caused a large assembly to sit down; and brought from the 260 ships, *as* prizes, goblets, and tripods, and steeds, and mules, and strong heads of oxen, and women with beautiful zones, and splendid iron. First he staked *as* prizes for fleet horsemen³, a woman to be taken home, beautiful and accomplished; and a tripod, with handles⁴, of two-and-twenty measures for the fore- 265 most; and for the second, again, he staked a mare, six years old, unbroken, heavy with a mule foal; for the third, again, he staked a tripod that had not felt the fire, beautiful, containing four measures, still bright⁵; for the fourth he staked two talents 270 of gold; and for the fifth he staked a double vase that had not felt the fire. And he stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives:

“Atrides, and ye other well-armed Achæans, these prizes lie in the circus, awaiting the charioteers. If now, in honour of 275 another, we were celebrating games, surely would I, taking the first *prizes*, bear them to my tent. For ye know how much my steeds surpass in excellence; because they are immortal; and Neptune presented them to my father Peleus, and he again delivered them to me. But, however, I will remain *quiet*, and 280 my solid-hoofed horses; because they have lost the gallant strength of so kind a charioteer, who very frequently poured

³ *i. e.* for a car-race.

⁴ Eared—with ears.

⁵ *i. e.* as it came from the maker.

the moist oil over their manes for them, washing them with pure water. Him do they, standing, mourn, and their manes hang down upon the ground, and they stand grieved at heart.
 285 But the rest of you, make ready, throughout the army, whosoever of the Achæans has confidence in his steeds and well-compacted chariots.”

Thus spake the son of Peleus; and the swift horsemen collected. By far the first rose Eumelus, king of men, the beloved son of Admetus, who was conspicuous for his horsemanship.
 290 After him rose the son of Tydeus, brave Diomedes, and led to the yoke the 'Trojan horses, which he once took from Æneas, but himself Apollo saved alive⁶; and next to him rose the nobly-born son of Atreus, yellow-haired Menelaus, and led to the yoke
 295 fleet coursers, Agamemnon's Æthe, and his own Podargus. Her, Echepolus, the son of Anchises, had presented as a gift to Agamemnon, that he might not accompany him to windy Ilium, but, remaining at home⁷, enjoy his ease; for Jupiter had given him
 300 great wealth, and he dwelt in spacious Sicyon. Her, eager for the race, Menelaus led to the yoke. And Antilochus, the fourth harnessed his beautiful horses,—the illustrious son of the brave king Nestor, son of Neleus—and swift-footed Pylus-bred steeds bore his chariot for him; and his father, standing near, spake for
 305 his good, advising him, though he was himself intelligent:

“Antilochus, certainly both Jupiter and Neptune loved thee, when very young, and taught thee all kinds of horsemanship; and therefore there is no great need to teach thee. For thou
 310 knowest well how to turn the goals; but thy horses are very slow in running, and therefore I am afraid there will be mischief⁸. But though their horses are more fleet, yet they themselves know not how to make use of more stratagems than thyself. Come then dear, lay thou up all sorts of devices within
 315 thy mind, that the prizes may not escape thee. By skill is the wood-cutter much more powerful than by strength; and by skill again does the pilot upon the dark sea direct the swift ship, tossed about by the winds; and by skill does charioteer excel charioteer. One relying on his steeds and his car, rolls unskil-
 320 fully here and there over much *space*, and his steeds wandering along the course, nor does he control them. But he who is acquainted with stratagems⁹, *though* driving inferior horses, looking always towards the goal, turns it close, nor does he neglect,

⁶ Saved by snatching away.

⁷ There.

⁸ That there will be some accident—and that you will not succeed.

⁹ *i. e.* who knows how to take advantage of circumstances.

from the first, to tighten his leathern reins¹; but he keeps 325
steadily on, and watches him who precedes. Now I will describe
thee the goal very distinctly, nor shall it escape thee. There
stands a dry stake, as much as a cubit, above the ground, either
of oak, or of larch, what is not rotted with rain; and two white
stones are placed on each side of it, in the narrows of the road;
but *there is* a level horse-road on both sides—either it is the 330
monument of a man long since dead, or perhaps it has been a
turning-post among the men of old, and now the swift-footed
noble Achilles has made it a goal. Approaching this very
closely, drive thou thy chariot and horses near; but incline
thyself a very little towards the left of them in the well- 335
wheeled chariot; and cheering² thy right-hand horse with a
shout, flog *him*, and yield to him the reins in thy hands. Let
thy left-hand horse, however, be moved close upon the post
so that the nave of thy good wheel may appear to touch
the top of the post; yet shun to strike upon the stone, lest 340
thou both wound thy horses, and break in pieces thy car, and
thou be sport to the others, and disgrace to thyself. But, dear,
mind and be on thy guard; for if at the turning-post thou couldst
drive past, there is no one who could overtake thee in pursuit, 345
nor pass thee by; no, not if at thy heels he drive the noble
Areion, Adrastus' fleet steed, which was of race divine; or those
of Laomedon, which also, *of good breed*, have here been reared."

So saying, the Nelian Nestor again sat down in his place, after
he had told the chief parts of each thing to his own son. And 350
Meriones, the fifth, harnessed his well-maned horses. Then
they ascended their chariots and cast in their lots. Achilles
shook *the helmet*, and the lot of Antilochus, son of Nestor,
sprang out; and after him king Eumelus obtained his lot; and
after him was the spear-skilled Menelaus, son of Atreus, and 355
after him Meriones obtained his lot to drive; and last the son of
Tydeus, far the bravest, obtained his lot to drive his coursers.
Then they stood in order; and Achilles pointed out the goal,
far away in the level plain; and placed beside *them*, as an ob- 360
server, godlike Phœnix, the armour-bearer of his own father,
that he might pay attention to the race, and report the truth.

Then at once all raised their lashes over their steeds, and
struck them with the reins, and cheered them on with their
words ardently; and they swiftly flew across the plain, soon far 365
away from the ships; and beneath their chests the dust stood—
raised, like a cloud or a whirlwind; and their manes were waved

¹ Nor does it escape him, that at first he should pull with his reins.

² ὁμοκλήσας, cheering with a shout.

about by the breath of the wind. Sometimes indeed the char-
 370 iots touched the fruitful earth, and at other times leaped up
 aloft: but the drivers stood erect in their chariots, and the
 heart of each of those, eager for victory, palpitated; and each
 animated his own coursers, and they flew along, stirring up dust
 from the plain. But when at last the fleet horses were accom-
 375 plishing the last part of the course, back towards the hoary deep,
 then was the excellence of each apparent, and the speed of the
 horses immediately put to its stretch³; and the swift-footed
 mares of the son of Pheres, (Eumelus) quickly borne him before
 the others. And after them the Trojan stallions of Diomede,
 carried him; nor were they at all far apart, but very near; for
 they were always like horses just going to mount into the char-
 380 iot. The back and broad shoulders of Eumelus grew warm
 with their breathing; for they flew along, leaning their heads
 close to him. And now Tydides would have either passed, or
 made *the victory* doubtful, had not Phœbus Apollo been enraged
 with him, and⁴ thrown out of his hands the shining lash. And
 385 from his eyes, indignant fell the tears, because them he beheld
 getting along even faster, and his own were retarded, running
 without a scourge. Neither did Apollo, thus craftily injuring
 Tydides, escape Minerva; for she very quickly overtook the
 390 shepherd of the people, and gave to him his lash, and put new
 vigour into his steeds. And to the son of Admetus, angry the
 goddess advanced, and broke for him the yoke⁵ for his horses;
 and his mares ran on each side of the road, and the pole fell to
 the earth. And he himself was cast out of the car beside the
 395 wheel, and was lacerated all round in his arms, and his mouth,
 and nostrils, and his forehead was bruised near the eyebrows;
 and his eyes were filled with tears, and his liquid voice was
 checked. Then Tydides, passing him, guided his solid-hoofed
 horses, leaping forth far before the others; for Minerva had
 400 sent vigour into his steeds, and gave to him glory. And then
 next to him, the son of Atreus, the yellow-haired Menelaus,
 held *his course*; and Antilochus exhorted the steeds of his
 father:

“Push on! and exert yourselves, both of you, as fast as pos-
 sible. I do not indeed bid you contend with those coursers of
 405 the warlike Tydides, to which Minerva has now supplied speed,
 and given glory to himself; but quickly, overtake the steeds of
 Atrides,—nor be left behind—lest Æthe, though a mare, pour
 disgrace upon you both. Why be left *behind*, good *steeds*? For

³ And their running to the horses stretched.

⁴ ος *εα*—he who, &c.

⁵ His equestrian yoke.

thus I tell you, and it will surely be accomplished; no care will 410
there be for you with Nestor, shepherd of the people, but he
will immediately slay you with sharp brass, if lazy, we bear
away the more unworthy prize. But get up with them then,
and hasten as speedily as possible. These things I shall myself 415
contrive and see—to pass him in the narrowest road; nor shall
it escape me⁶.”

Thus he spake; and they, fearing the threat of their master,
ran faster, a little while; and immediately after the stout war-
rior Antilochus beheld the narrows of the hollow way. It was
a cleft of the earth, where the wintry water, collected, had 420
broken away *part* of the road, and deepened all the place;
thither Menelaus drove, avoiding a concussion of wheels. But
Antilochus, turning out of the road, directed his solid-hoofed
horses, and deviating a little, pursued him. Then Atrides was 425
afraid, and shouted to Antilochus:

“Antilochus, thou drivest⁷ madly; but check thy steeds—for
the road is narrow, and thou wilt soon drive past in a wider—
lest thou damage both, by running foul of *my* chariot.”

Thus he spake: but Antilochus still drove even much faster,
impelling *them* on with the lash, like one who did not hear⁸. 430
As far as are the casts of a quoit, hurled from the shoulder, which
a vigorous man throws, making trial of his strength⁹; so far they
ran together; but the *mares* of Atrides fell behind; for he him-
self, of his own accord, ceased to urge, lest the solid-hoofed horses
should run foul of *each other* in the road, and overturn the 435
well-compacted chariots, and they themselves fall amid the dust,
while contending for victory. The yellow-haired Menelaus also
addressed him, reviling:

“Antilochus, none other among mortals is more pernicious
than thou. Begone, for we Achæans have untruly said thou 440
wert a prudent person. Yet not even thus shalt thou bear away
the prize without an oath¹.”

So saying, he animated his coursers, and spake to them: “For
my sake do not dally, nor stand, grieving in your hearts: the
feet and knees of them will be sooner weary than yours; for
they have both lost their vigour.” 445

Thus he spake; and they, respecting the exhortation of their
lord, ran more fleetly, and were soon near to them.

And the Argives, sitting in assembly, looked towards the

⁶ *i. e.* the opportunity.

⁷ Guidest thy horses.

⁸ As like to *one* not hearing.

⁹ Of his youth.

¹ *i. e.* you shall take an oath that you had no malicious designs—that it was not
your purpose to gain your object by overturning me.

steeds; and they flew along, raising dust, over the plain. And
 450 first Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, distinguished the horses;
 for he sat out of the ring, very high upon a watch tower; and
 hearing him², though afar off, animating *his steeds*, knew him.
 He distinguished also a remarkable horse taking the lead, which
 455 in every other place indeed was *of a chesnut colour*, but in its
 forehead there was a white circular spot, like the moon. And
 he stood upright, and delivered *this* speech among the Argives:

“O friends, leaders and princes of the Argives, do I alone
 observe the coursers, or do ye also? Other steeds appear to me
 to be the foremost, and there seems another charioteer; and his
 460 mares, which were there superior, have been impeded somewhere
 upon the plain: for assuredly, I saw them passing round the
 turning-post first, but now I am no longer able to see them,
 though, gazing, my eyes look in all directions over the Trojan
 465 plain. Surely the reins have dropped³ from the charioteer, and
 he could not well check *his horses* round the turning-post, and
 was unfortunate⁴ in turning. There I am afraid he fell out, and
 at the same time broke the car, and the mares bolted, when fury
 470 seized their souls. But look ye also, rising⁵, for I do not well
 distinguish; yet it appears to me to be an Ætolian by birth, who
 rules over Argives, the son of the horse-taming Tydeus, gallant
 Diomedes.”

And him the swift Ajax, son of Oïleus, sharply reprovèd:
 “Idomeneus, why chatterest thou prematurely? Those high-
 475 galloping⁶ mares scour the vast plain far away. Neither art
 thou so much the youngest among the Argives, nor do thine
 eyes see the sharpest from out thy head; but thou always talkest
 too fast. Nor does it become thee to be prating, when others,
 480 thy superiors, are by. But the same mares—those of Eumelus,
 are *still* foremost, which were before, and he himself is advancing,
 holding the reins.”

And to him, in reply, the leader of the Cretans, indignant,
 spake: “Ajax, best at abuse, reviler—in all other things thou
 art inferior to the Argives—because thy disposition is sour;
 485 come, let us bet⁷ a tripod or a goblet, and appoint Agamemnon,
 son of Atreus, umpire, as to which horses are foremost; that thou
 mayst learn *modesty* by paying⁸.”

Thus he spake; and swift Ajax, son of Oïleus, instantly
 490 started up to reply in angry words. And the strife would have

² Diomedes.

³ Fled.

⁴ Did not obtain.

⁵ *αναστραδον*, in an upright position.

⁶ Lifting their feet into the air.

⁷ Bind ourselves with.

⁸ *i. e.* pay the penalty of your insolence.

now proceeded farther with both, had not Achilles himself stood up, and delivered *this* speech :

“No longer now, O Ajax and Idomeneus, reply in harsh and angry words; for it is not becoming, and ye also would blame another, who did such things: but, sitting down in the ring, look 495 ye to the horses; they will, contending for victory, soon come here themselves; and then ye will know each of you, the steeds of the Argive, which *are* second, and which are first.”

Thus he spake; and Diomedes, dashing along, came very near, and always urged on *his coursers*, with the lash over the 500 shoulders: and his steeds rose high into the air, rapidly making their way, and clouds of dust kept falling on their charioteer. And the chariot, ornamented with gold and tin, rolled along close to the swift-footed, horses, nor was there a deep track of the tires behind in the fine dust, for they flew, hastening. And 505 he stood in the middle of the course, and much sweat sprang out from the steeds from their crests and chests to the ground. And he himself sprang to the ground from his glittering car, and lent his scourge against the yoke; nor was the gallant Sthenelus idle, but eagerly took the prize, and gave the lady to his brave 510 comrades, to take away, and the handled tripod to bear off: and he himself unyoked the horses.

And next to him Neleian Antilochus drove his steeds, outstripping Menelaus by guile,—not certainly by speed. Yet even thus Menelaus kept his fleet coursers near him; but as 515 distant from the wheel as is a horse, which, stretching along with its chariot, drags its master over the plain, and the last hairs of its tail touch the wheel-tire, for it runs very near, nor is there 520 much space between, as it scours the vast plain⁹; so far was Menelaus left behind by noble Antilochus; though at first he had been left behind as much as a quoit's cast, he speedily overtook him; for the good vigour of Agamemnon's mare, the beautiful-maned Æthe, was increased. And if the race had been 525 yet farther to both, in that case he would have passed him by, nor left *the victory* doubtful. And Meriones, the active comrade of Idomeneus, was left behind a spear's cast by the illustrious 530 Menelaus; for his steeds were the slowest, and he himself the worst at driving a car in contest. But the son of Admetus came last of all¹, dragging his handsome chariot, and driving his horses before him. And beholding, swift-footed noble Achilles pitied 535 him, and standing among the Argives, uttered these winged words:

“The best man drives his solid-hoofed horses last. But come,

⁹ It running over much plain.

¹ Of the others.

let us give him, as is fitting, the second prize : and let the son of Tydeus bear away the first."

Thus he spake ; and all approved as he commanded. And
540 now he would have given him the mare—for the Achæans approved—had not Antilochus, son of brave Nestor, rising, answered Achilles, the son of Peleus, with justice :

"I shall be very angry with thee, O Achilles, if thou givest
545 effect to that speech ; for thou art going to deprive me of my reward, thinking these² things, that his car and fleet horses met with an accident, and himself was a good *driver* ; but he ought to have prayed to the immortals, so he would not have come driving last. But if thou pitiest him, and it be agreeable to thy mind, there is in thy tent much gold, and there is brass, and
550 there are cattle, and handmaids, and solid-hoofed steeds. Taking from these, by and bye, give him even a greater reward, or even now at once, that the Achæans may praise thee. But this *mare* I will not give up, and let *him* among the warriors strive for her, who chooses to contend with me in battle³."

555 Thus he spake ; and swift-footed noble Achilles smiled, congratulating Antilochus, because he was a comrade dear to him ; and, answering, addressed to him these winged words :

"If now, O Antilochus, thou dost advise me to give to Eumelus something else from my house, that will I do. I will give
560 him the corselet, which I took from Asteropæus, brazen, and around which runs a rim of shining tin ; and it will be of great value to him⁴."

He said ; and commanded his beloved companion Automedon to fetch it from the tent ; and he went, and brought it to him ;
565 and he put it into the hands of Eumelus, and he received it rejoicing. And Menelaus also rose among them, grieving in his mind, vehemently enraged with Antilochus. Then a herald placed the sceptre in his hands, and commanded the Argives to be silent ; and the godlike hero then spake among *them* :

570 "Antilochus, heretofore prudent,—what hast thou done ? *Thou* hast disgraced my skill, and wronged my steeds, pushing on before them thine, which are very much inferior. Come then, ye leaders and princes of the Argives, judge ye between
575 us both⁵, and not for favour ; lest some of the brazen-mailed Achæans should say : ' Menelaus, having oppressed Antilochus with falsehoods, is going to carry off the mare, because, though his horses were much inferior, he himself is superior in dignity
580 and power.' But come, I will myself judge, and I am not afraid⁶

² *i. e.* on this ground.

⁴ It will be worth—or equivalent to much.

⁶ I do not think.

³ With hands.

⁵ In the middle to both.

that any others of the Danaans will blame me, for the *sentence* will be just. Come, if thou wilt, noble Antilochus, as it is proper, standing before thy horses and car, and holding in thine hands the pliant lash, with which thou didst drive before, touching the steeds, swear by earth encircling Neptune, that thou didst not 585 designedly impede⁷ my car by guile."

And to him, in reply, the prudent Antilochus said: "Bear with me now, for I am much younger than thou, O king Menelaus, and thou art elder and superior to me. Thou knowest what are the follies of a young man; for *his* temper is hasty, and 590 his wisdom weak. Therefore let thy heart bear *with me*, for I will myself give thee the steed, which I have received. And if thou demandest aught else of greater *value* from my house, I would prefer immediately to give it, rather than fall forever, O noble *prince*, from thy good will⁸, and be a sinner⁹ against the 595 gods."

He spake; and the son of brave Nestor, leading the mare, placed it in the hands of Menelaus; and the soul of *Menelaus* was cheered, as the dew on the ears of growing corn refreshes them, what time the fields are bristling *with grain*. So indeed, O Menelaus, was thy soul in thy breast cheered; and, speaking, 600 he addressed him *in* these winged words:

"Now indeed, Antilochus, will I myself give way, angry as I was, for thou hast been before neither foolish nor hair-brained; though now, on the contrary, *thy* youth conquered *thy* reason. 605 Avoid, a second time, over-reaching¹ thy superiors; for another of the Achæans might not easily have appeased me. But as² thou hast already suffered much, and performed much, as well as thy good father and brother, for my sake—therefore will I 610 be persuaded by thee, *thus* supplicating, and likewise will give the mare, though she is mine; that these also may know, that my soul is never unjust and ungentle."

He said; and gave the steed to Noëmon, the comrade of Antilochus, to lead away; and then took the glittering goblet *himself*. And Meriones, the fourth, *just* as he drove *his* car, took up the two talents of gold; and the fifth prize was left, a double 615 vase, which Achilles, carrying through the assembly of the Argives, gave to Nestor, and, standing by him, said:

"Accept it now, and let this gift be *preserved* by thee, to be a memorial of the burial of Patroclus, for never more shalt thou behold him among the Argives. And I present thee with this 620

⁷ Entrap, entangle.

⁸ From the mind to thee.

⁹ *i. e.* by violating the respect due to elders and superiors.

¹ To over-reach.

² *ἄλλα γὰρ—γὰρ* refers to *τῷ* in line 609.

prize thus; for thou wilt not fight with the cæstus, nor wrestle, nor take part in the hurling of the javelin, nor run with thy feet, since afflictive old age now presses thee."

So saying, he placed it in his hands; and he received it re-
625 joicing, and, addressing him, uttered these winged words:

"Assuredly, my child, thou hast said all these things with propriety; for no longer, dear, are my limbs firm, nor my feet; nor yet do my hands move light on both sides from my shoulders.
630 Would that I were as young, and my strength as firm to me, as when the Epeians buried king Amorynceus, at Buprasium, and his sons staked the prizes of the king. Then no man was a match for me, neither of the Epeians, nor of the Pyliaus themselves, nor of the brave Ætolians. With the cæstus I conquered Clytomedes, son of Enops; and, in wrestling, Anceus, the
635 Pleuronian, who stood up against me; and on foot I outstripped Iphiclus, though a good *runner*; and with the spear I threw beyond Phyleus and Polydorus. The two sons of Actor outdrove me with their steeds alone³ by number⁴ overcoming me,
640 eager for victory, because the greatest prizes were left for that struggle. And they were two; the one steadily guided the reins, and the other urged on *the steeds* with the lash. Thus was I once, but now, in turn, let younger *men* undertake such deeds; for it becomes me now to obey sad old age, though I then
645 excelled among heroes. Go then, and celebrate thy comrade's obsequies with *other* games. This, however, I willingly accept, and it delights my soul, that thou art ever mindful of me, who am kindly disposed to thee—nor am I forgotten by thee—on
650 account of this honour, with which it is right for me to be honoured among the Achæans. And for these things may the Gods give thee an ample return⁵."

Thus he spake; and the son of Peleus went down the large assembly of the Achæans, after he had heard all the praise of Nestor. And he stated the prizes for a laborious boxing-match.
655 Leading a mule, patient of toil, six years old, unbroken, one most difficult to be tamed; he tied it down in the circus; and for the conquered, again, he staked a double cup: and then stood upright, and delivered *this* speech among the Argives:

"Ye sons of Atreus, and other well-greaved Achæans, for these prizes we invite two men, who art the most expert, most enduring, to strike with their fists; and to whichever Apollo give
660 victory, and all the Achæans approve, let him, taking the mule,

³ *i. e.* it was only in the car-race I was beaten.

⁴ *i. e.* by there being two of them.

⁵ Becoming favour.

patient of labour, conduct it to his tent; and the vanquished shall bear away *this* double cup."

Thus he spake; and immediately rose a brave man and huge, skilful in boxing, Epeios, the son of Panopeus; and he touched 665 the mule, patient of labour, and said:

"Let him draw near, who shall bear away the double cup; but I say that no other of the Achæans, conquering with his fists, shall lead away the mule; since I profess myself to be the best *boxer*. Is it not enough that I am inferior in battle⁶? It 670 is by no means *possible* for a man to be skilled in all works. For thus I declare, and it shall also be accomplished, I will, in the presence of you all⁷, lacerate his body, and break his bones. And let his friends⁸ remain here assembled, who shall carry him out, 675 subdued by my hand."

Thus he spake; and they all became mutely silent. And Euryalus alone stood up against him, a godlike hero, son of king Mecisteus, a descendant of Talaïon, who once came to Thebes at the funeral of the fallen Œdipodes⁹, and there overcame all the 680 Cadmeians. Him the spear-skilled Tydides attended, encouraging him with words, for he greatly wished him victory. And first he threw round him his girdle, and then gave him the well-cut¹ thongs *made of the hide* of a wild bull. And they, having girded themselves, advanced into the middle of the circus, and 685 both at once, lifting their strong hands in opposition, fell to, and their heavy hands were mingled together. And there was a dreadful crashing of jaws, and the sweat flowed in all directions from their limbs. And noble Epeios rushed in, and struck him 690 on the cheek while looking around, nor was he able longer to stand; for his good limbs sunk under him. And as when, under the breeze of the north wind, a fish leaps out upon the weedy shore, and the black billow covers it; so leaped he up² *when* struck. And the brave Epeios, taking *him* in his hands, raised 695 him up; and his dear comrades stood round, who led him through the circus with his feet dragging, spitting out clotted blood, and dropping his head on one side; and then, loading him, placed him among them, insensible³; and, departing, they took the double cup.

And the son of Peleus quickly proposed other prizes—the 700 third—for sharp wrestling, showing *them* to the Danaans; for the conqueror a large tripod, fit for the fire, and the Achæans

⁶ *i. e.* is it not enough, that though I am inferior in battle, I am superior in boxing?

⁷ Or, entirely.

⁸ Those who care for him.

⁹ *i. e.* Eteocles.

¹ These are *cæstus*—or boxing-gloves.

² *i. e.* and fell.

³ Delirious.

valued it among themselves at twelve oxen; and for the vanquished man he placed a female in the midst. And many works
705 she understood, and they valued her at four oxen. And he stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives:

“Arise, ye also who will attempt this contest.” Thus he spake; and up then the mighty Telamonian Ajax arose, and the sagacious Ulysses stood up, skilful in wiles. And these, having
710 girded themselves, advanced into the middle of the circus, and seized each other in an embrace⁴ with their strong hands: as when the rafters of a lofty house *are interwoven*, which a skilful builder has fitted, warding off the violence of the winds. Then
715 their backs cracked, forcibly dragged by their powerful hands, and the copious sweat ran down; and many welks, purple with blood, started up upon their sides and shoulders. Yet always eagerly sought they the victory, for the sake of the well-wrought tripod. Neither could Ulysses overthrow, nor at all bring him
720 to the ground, nor could Ajax, for the firm strength of Ulysses hindered him. But when the well-armed Achæans were now growing weary, then at length the mighty Telamonian Ajax addressed him:

“Most noble son of Laërtes, wily Ulysses, either lift thou me up, or I thee, and the consequences will be a care to Jove⁵.”
725 So saying, he lifted him up; but Ulysses was not forgetful of a stratagem. Aiming at his ham, behind, he struck him, and loosened his limbs, and he fell backwards; and Ulysses fell upon his breast; and the people, again, gazed in admiration, and were
730 amazed. Next noble Ulysses resolute, raised him in turn, and moved him a little from the ground, and yet did not lift him up; but twisted round his knee; and both fell upon the ground near one another, and were covered with dust. And a third time, springing up, would they have wrestled, had not Achilles himself stood up and restrained them:

735 “No longer contend, nor weary yourselves with evils. Victory *belongs* to both, therefore depart, taking equal rewards, that other Achæans also may contend.”

Thus he spake; and they very readily listened to him, and obeyed; and, brushing away the dust, put on their tunics. And
740 the son of Peleus immediately stakes other rewards—those of speed,—a wrought silver cup, and it contained six measures, and in beauty greatly excelled every one upon the whole earth, for the ingenious Sidonians had skilfully wrought it, and Phœni-
745 cians had brought it over the dark sea, and placed it in the har-

⁴ *αγκας*—within their arms.

⁵ *τα αυ*—thing then, or after—leave the rest to Jove.

bours, and given *it as* a present to Thoas. And Euneus, son of Jason, had given it to the hero Patroclus, as a ransom for Lycaon, son of Priam. This also Achilles put as a prize to be contended for, *in honour* of his comrade, by *him* who was most active with rapid feet; for the second again he proposed an ox, large and flourishing with fat; and for the last he staked half a talent of gold. And he stood upright and delivered this speech among the Argives:

“Arise, ye who would make trial of this contest also.” Thus he spake; and immediately swift Ajax, son of Oileus, rose, and wily Ulysses; and then Antilochus, son of Nestor, for he indeed excelled all the youths in speed⁶. And they stood in a row, and Achilles showed the bounds; and their course was marked out by a turning post. Then the son of Oileus swiftly took the lead; but the noble Ulysses pressed very close upon him; as when a shuttle is *near* the breast⁷ of a well-zoned woman, which she throws very skilfully in her hands, drawing out along the shuttle-thread, and holds it near her breast; so Ulysses ran near him; and with his feet struck his foot-marks behind, before the dust was sprinkled about. Moreover noble Ulysses, always running swiftly, poured his breath upon his head; and all the Achæans shouted for him, eager for victory, and animated him, hastening rapidly. And when now they were completing the end of their race, Ulysses immediately prayed within his mind to the blue-eyed Minerva:

“Hear *me*, O goddess, and come a kind assistant to my feet.”

Thus he spake, praying; and Pallas Minerva heard him; and she made his knees light, his feet, and his hands above. And when at last they were just going to spring upon the prize, then Ajax slipped, whilst running—for Minerva did the mischief—where the dung was scattered about of the slaughtered lowing oxen, which swift-footed Achilles had slain *in honour* of Patroclus; and his mouth and his nostrils were filled with cow-dung. Then brave, noble Ulysses took up the goblet, as he came in first; and the illustrious Ajax received the ox. And he stood, holding the horn of the wild bull in his hands; and, spitting out the dung, said among the Argives:

“Alas! it is a goddess that has injured my feet, who ever of old, like a mother, stands by and assists Ulysses.”

Thus he spake; and they all then laughed heartily at him. And Antilochus now took away the lowest prize, smiling, and delivered *this* speech among the Argives:

⁶ With his feet.

⁷ στρηθεος governed by αγχι.

“I speak to you all, who know it, my friends, that still even now the immortals honour the aged. For Ajax, indeed, is a
790 little older than I; but this^s *man* is one of a former generation, and of former men; yet they say that he is of a green old age, and it is difficult for the Achæans to contend with him in speed, excepting Achilles.”

Thus he spake; and complimented the swift-footed son of Peleus. And Achilles, answering, addressed him in *these* words:
795 “Thy praise, O Antilochus, shall not be spoken in vain—but I will add half a talent of gold for thee.”

So saying, he placed it in his hands; and he received it, rejoicing. And the son of Peleus, carrying them into the circus, laid down a long spear, and a shield, and an helmet, the arms of
800 Sarpedon, which Patroclus had taken from him: and stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives:

“For these prizes we invite two, who are the bravest, clothing themselves in armour, *and* grasping the body-piercing brass, to make trial of each other in presence of the assembly. Which-
805 ever is first in aiming with the spear at the fair body, and touches the viscera through the armour and black blood⁹, to him indeed shall I give this silver-studded beautiful Thracian sword, which I once took from Asteropæus. But let both bear away this
810 armour in common; and I will set before them a good feast in my tents.”

Thus he spake; and then the mighty Telamonian Ajax arose, and also the son of Tydeus, the gallant Diomedes, sprang up. And when they had armed, apart on each side from the throng, both came together into the midst, eager to fight, looking fierce-
815 ly; and amazement seized all the Achæans. And when, advancing towards each other, they were near, thrice they sprang forward, and thrice charged hand to hand. There then Ajax smote *his adversary* upon the shield, every where equal, but reached not the body, for the corslet within defended him. And
820 Tydides next, with the point of his glittering spear, cut even to his neck, over his large shield. And then at last the Achæans, fearing for Ajax, commanded them, desisting, to receive¹ equal rewards. And the hero gave the huge sword to Tydides, bring-
825 ing *it*, with both its scabbard and well-cut belt.

Then the son of Peleus laid down a rough iron-quoit, which the vast strength of Eëtion was formerly wont to throw. Him however, swift-footed noble Achilles slew; and he brought this

^s Ulysses.

⁹ *i. e.* in one sentence—whichever first wounds the other through his armour.

¹ To lift up.

also, with other spoils, into his ships. Then he stood upright, and delivered this speech among the Argives: 830

“Arise, ye who would make trial of this contest also. If the rich fields of any one be of ever so great extent, using this, he will have enough for even five revolving years²; for neither his shepherd nor plowman shall go to the town in want of iron, but 835 *this shall supply it.*”

Thus he spake; and then up sprang the brave Polypætes, and up the gallant might of the godlike Leonteus; up also the Telamonian Ajax, and the noble Epeiös. Then they stood in a row; and the noble Epeiös seized the quoit, and whirling *it* round, hurled it; and all the Achæans laughed at *him*. Then Leon- 840 teus, a branch of Mars, threw second; third, again, threw the mighty Telamonian Ajax from his strong hand, and cast beyond the marks of all. But when now stout Polypætes had seized the quoit,—as far as some cow-herd hurls his crook, and it, 845 whirling, flies through herds of oxen, so far he cast beyond the whole field³, and the Achæans shouted aloud; and the comrades of the gallant Polypætes, standing up, carried the prize of the king to the hollow ships.

Next, for the archers, he laid down black⁴ iron, and placed on 850 the one hand ten battle axes, and on the other ten half-axes. And he set upright the mast of a cerulean-beaked ship, at a distance on the sand; from *which* he fastened a timid dove with a small cord, by the foot, at which he ordered *them* to shoot: 855 “Whosoever shall strike the timid dove, let him lift up all the battle-axes, and bear⁵ *them* to his tent; and whosoever shall hit the string, missing the bird—for he is inferior—let him carry off the half-axes.”

Thus he spake; and then up sprang the might of king Teucer, and up Meriones, the active comrade of Idomeneus; and, 860 seizing the lots, shook them in a brazen helmet. And Teucer first gained the lot; and immediately sent an arrow forcibly, but did not promise to sacrifice a noble hecatomb of firstling lambs to king *Apollo*. The bird he missed, for *Apollo* grudged him 865 this, but he hit, near *the bird's* foot, the string with which the bird was fastened; and the bitter arrow cut the string quite through. Then the bird mounted towards heaven, and the string dropt towards the earth; and the Achæans shouted applause. And then Meriones, making haste, snatched the bow 870 from his hand; and already was holding the arrow for some time

² It—*i. e.* so large was the mass.

³ *i. e.* beyond all the other competitors—*αγων* used for *αγωνιστης*.

⁴ *i. e.* apparently—weapons, or tools of iron.

⁵ Lifting—bear, &c.

as he had aimed; and immediately he vowed to sacrifice to the far-darting Apollo a noble hecatomb of firstling lambs. And
 875 high up, under the clouds, the timid dove he beheld; and her, as she was wheeling round, he hit in the middle, below the wing, and the arrow went quite through. It indeed was fixed again in the ground before the foot of Meriones; but the bird alighting upon the mast of cerulean-beaked ship, hung down its neck, and its thick wings were at the same time distended. And
 880 its fleet soul flew from its members, and it fell far from the mast; and the people wondered at the sight, and were astonished. And then Meriones lifted up all the ten battle-axes, and Teucer bore away the half-axes to the hollow ships.

Then the son of Peleus, carrying them into the circus, laid
 885 down⁶ a long spear, and also a cauldron, untouched by fire, of the value of an ox, adorned with flowers; and forthwith the spearmen arose. Up *sprang* the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, and up Meriones, the active comrade of Idomeneus: and to them also swift-footed noble Achilles addressed *himself*:

890 “Son of Atreus—for we know how far thou surpassesst all, and how much thou art the best in power and in darting⁷—do thou then take⁸ to the hollow ships this prize: and we will give the spear to the hero Meriones, if, at least, thou wilt consent in thy mind; for so I advise.”

895 Thus he spake; nor did the king of men, Agamemnon, refuse; and Achilles gave the brazen spear to the hero Meriones; and the hero himself gave the splendid prize to the herald Talthybius.

⁶ *κατα*, 883, belongs to *ἔθηκε*, 885.

⁷ *ἵμασιν*—in thongs—with which the javelins were thrown.

⁸ Go, having.

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter commands Thetis to repair to Achilles, and require the restoration of Hector's body. Mercury, by his desire, also repairs to Priam, whom he guides through the Grecian camp to the tent of Achilles. The interview between Achilles and Priam. The body is ransomed, brought back to Troy, and honoured with a funeral; for the celebration of which a truce of twelve days had been granted.

THE meeting was now dissolved, and the people were dispersed to go each to the hollow-ships. They indeed were careful to indulge in the feast and in sweet sleep; but Achilles wept, calling to mind his beloved comrade, nor did all-subduing sleep take possession of him, and he turned on this side and on that, 5 mourning the loss¹ of the vigour and mighty courage of Patroclus. Whatever things, also, he had accomplished with him, and *what-ever* labours suffered, both in the battles of heroes and in crossing the dangerous waves—recalling these things, he poured down the warm tear, lying sometimes upon his sides, sometimes again 10 on his back, and at other times on his belly; and then, starting upright, wandered about, in sadness, by the shore of the sea; nor did the morn, appearing over the sea and shores, escape his observation². And when he had yoked his fleet horses to the car, he fastened Hector to be dragged behind his car; and hav- 15 ing drawn him thrice round the tomb of the dead son of Men-cætius, again rested in his tent; and left him, having stretched him (*Hector*) prone in the dust. But Apollo kept away all pollution from his body, pitying the hero, even although dead; and covered him all round with *his* golden Ægis, that, in drag- 20 ging *him*, he (*Achilles*) might not lacerate him."

¹ Desiring or wishing for the vigour, &c.

² *i. e.* he was still awake.

Thus he indeed, raging, insulted noble Hector; but the blessed gods, looking towards him, felt compassion, and stirred 25 up the watchful Argiphontes³ to steal him. Then indeed that pleased all the rest, but by no means Juno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid (*Minerva*); but they were obstinate, as sacred Ilium was from the first hateful to them, as well as Priam 30 and his people, on account of the insult of Paris, who affronted the goddesses⁴, when they came to his cot, and favoured her who gratified his sad lust. But when the twelfth morning from that had arisen, then also Phœbus Apollo spake among the immortals:

“Ye are cruel, O gods, and injurious. Did Hector never burn for you the legs of bulls and of choice goats? And will ye 35 now not venture to rescue him, a corpse, for his wife, and mother, and his son, and his father Priam, and the people to behold; who would quickly burn him with fire, and perform for him his funeral obsequies? But ye desire to bestow favour, O ye gods, upon the destructive Achilles, in whose bosom there 40 is neither a just mind, nor a flexible disposition; and who is as savage⁵ as a lion, which, when yielding to his great strength and haughty spirit, rushes upon the flocks of men, that he may take *his* repasts. Thus Achilles has destroyed compassion, nor is 45 there in him respect for others—a *quality* which both greatly injures men, and benefits them. For a man may lose another even more dear, either an own brother, or even a son, but he desists from weeping and lamenting, for the fates have into men 50 put an enduring mind. Whereas this man drags Hector round the tomb of his beloved comrade, fastening him to his car, after he has deprived him of valued life; although that is not proper, nor better for himself. *Let him beware*, lest we be avenged on him, brave as he is—for raging, he insults even the insensible earth.”

55 And to him white-armed Juno, indignant said: “This might indeed be thy speech, god of the silver bow, if ye *gods* were to give equal honour to Achilles and to Hector. Hector is a mortal, and sucked a woman’s breast; but Achilles is the offspring of a goddess, whom I myself brought up and nursed, 60 and gave as a wife to the hero Peleus, who is dear to the immortals at heart: and ye were all present at the nuptials, O ye gods; and thou among them didst feast, holding thy lyre, O companion of the worthless, ever faithless.”

And to her cloud-compelling Jove, answering said: “Juno, be

³ Slayer of Argus—Mercury

⁴ Juno and Minerva.

⁵ Knows savage things.

not now altogether enraged with the gods; for their⁶ honour 65 shall not be one; but even Hector was to the gods the dearest of the mortals who are in Ilium; for so *he was* to me; because he never failed in agreeable gifts. For my altar never wanted an equal feast, frankincense, nor odour: and that honour is 70 ours by fate. Nevertheless we will have nothing to do with stealing brave Hector—nor indeed can it *possibly* be done without the knowledge of Achilles—for he always watches him, as well by night as by day, *like* a mother. But I wish one of the gods would call Thetis near me, that I may speak to her a prudent 75 word, in order that Achilles may accept gifts from Priam, and set Hector free.”

Thus he spake; and Iris, swift as the storm, arose to carry the message. And midway between Samos and the rugged Imbrus she sprang into the dark sea, and the water echoed again. And she sank to the bottom like a leaden bullet, which, put into the 80 horn of a wild bull, descends, bearing death to carnivorous fishes. And Thetis she found in her hollow cave, and around her sat the other sea goddesses, collected together; and she, in the midst, was weeping the fate of her own illustrious son, who was soon to 85 perish at fertile Troy, far from his native land. And swift-footed Iris, standing near, addressed her:

“Rise, Thetis, Jove, skilful in eternal counsels, calls thee.”

And her answered then the silver-footed goddess, Thetis:

“Why does that mighty god summon me? I am ashamed 90 to mix with immortals, for I have innumerable woes in my soul. But I must go; nor will the word be in vain, which he speaks.”

Thus then having spoken, the noblest of the goddesses took her dark veil, and there was not a blacker robe than it. And she set out to go, and the wind-footed, fleet Iris led the way be- 95 fore; and the water of the sea retired on each side of them. And next, ascending the shore, they rushed up⁷ to heaven. And they found the far-sounding son of Saturn; and all the other blessed ever-living gods sat assembled round him; and she then sat down beside father Jove, and Minerva gave place to her. 100 And Juno placed a beautiful golden cup in her hands, and consoled her with words; and Thetis, having drunk, returned it. And the father of men and gods began among them in *these* words:

“Thou hast come to Olympus, though grieved, O goddess Thetis, having in thy mind a sorrow not to be forgotten; and 105 I myself know it. But even so must I speak, and for this have

⁶ Hector and Achilles.

⁷ They were impelled up.

I called thee hither. Nine days already has a contest been excited amongst the immortals respecting the body of Hector, and
 110 Achilles, destroyer of cities; and they have urged the watchful Argiphontes to steal him. But I rather give this glory⁸ to Achilles, preserving for the future thy respect and love. Go with all speed to the camp, and enjoin thy son. Tell him that the gods are offended, and that I above all the immortals am displeased, because with furious mind he detains Hector at the
 115 beaked ships, nor releases *him*: and see if he will respect me, and restore Hector. And I will dispatch Iris to noble Priam, for him to repair to the ships of the Achæans, and ransom his beloved son, and carry gifts to Achilles, which will soothe his soul.”
 120 Thus he spake; nor did Thetis, the silver-footed goddess, disobey; but, leaping, descended from the summits of Olympus. And she came to the tent of her own son, and in it she then found him, incessantly groaning; and round him his beloved comrades
 125 were busily employed, and cooking a repast, for a large thick-fleeced sheep had been slain by them in the tent. And his august mother sat down very near him, and caressed him with her hand, and addressed him, and called *him* by name:

“How long⁹, O my son, grieving and lamenting, wilt thou thus consume thy heart, having no remembrance of either food or the
 130 couch? Yet it is good to mingle in love with woman; and thou wilt not live long for me, but death and powerful destiny already stand close to thee. But quickly learn from me, for I am a messenger to thee from Jove. He says that the gods are offended
 135 with thee, and that himself above all the immortals is displeased, because with furious mind thou detainest Hector at the hollow ships, nor releasest him. Come then, restore, and accept the ransom of the corpse.”

And to her swift-footed Achilles, answering, said: “Let him come hither, who brings the ransom, and carry away the corpse,
 140 if the Olympian himself now command it with a mind disposed to it!”

Thus they, the mother and the son, at the assemblage of the ships, spake many winged words to one another.

And the son of Saturn urged Iris towards sacred Troy:—
 145 “Haste—away, rapid Iris, quitting the seat of Olympus, bear a message to brave Priam to Ilium,—that repairing, to the ships of the Achæans, he ransom his beloved son, and carry gifts to Achilles, which will soothe his mind—himself alone, nor let any other of the Trojans go with him. Let some herald, advanced

⁸ *i. e.* which he is going to mention—selling the body.

⁹ Up to what time.

¹ *i. e.* seriously.

in years accompany him, to guide his mules and well-wheeled 150
waggon, as well as to bring back again to the city the corpse,
which the noble Achilles has slain; nor let death be a trouble to
his mind²; nor any dread—such a conductor we shall give him,
the Argicide, who shall lead him, guiding him until he place him
beside Achilles. And when he has led him within the tent of 155
Achilles, Achilles will not himself slay him, and will keep off all
others; for he is neither foolish, nor improvident, nor impious,
but will very humanely spare a suppliant man.”

Thus he spake; and Iris swift as the storm, hastened to de-
liver her message. And she came to Priam's, and found wailing 160
and lamentation. His sons, sitting round their father in the
hall, were drenching their robes with tears; and the old man, in
the midst, *was* wrapt closely up in a cloak, and around on the
head and neck of the old man was much filth; which, while 165
rolling on the ground, he had heaped on with his own hands.
And his daughters and daughters-in-law throughout the houses
were lamenting, remembering those, who, many and brave, lay, de-
prived of life by the hands of the Argives. And the messenger
of Jove stood beside Priam, and addressed him, speaking low, 170
and a tremor seized his limbs³.

“Be confident, O Dardan Priam, in thy mind, nor fear aught:
for this is not an evil I come announcing to thee, but designing
good; for I am to thee the messenger of Jove, who, though far
off, greatly cares for, and pities *thee*. The Olympian commands 175
thee to ransom the noble Hector, and to carry gifts to Achilles,
which will soothe his soul,—thyself alone, nor let any other
man of the Trojans go with thee. Let some herald, advanced
in years, accompany thee, to guide thy mules and well-wheeled
waggon, as well as to bring back to the city the corpse, which 180
noble Achilles has slain. Nor let death be a care in thy mind,
nor any dread; for such a conductor shall accompany thee, the
Argicide, who shall lead thee, till, guiding thee, he shall place
thee near Achilles. And when he shall have conducted thee 185
within the tent of Achilles, he (*Achilles*) will not slay thee him-
self, and will keep away all others; for he is neither foolish, nor
improvident, nor sinful, but will very humanely spare a suppliant
man.”

Thus then having spoken, swift-footed Iris departed. And
Priam enjoined his sons to make ready his good-wheeled car,
drawn by mules, and to bind upon it a coffer; and he himself 190
descended into a scented chamber made of cedar, lofty-roofed,

² *i. e.* Let no fear of death trouble him.

³ But a tremor seized him as to the knees.

which contained many treasures, and called to *him* his spouse Hecuba, and said:

“My dear *spouse*, an Olympian messenger has come to me from Jove, to go to the ships of the Achæans and ransom my
195 beloved son, and to carry gifts to Achilles, which will soothe his soul. Come then, tell me this, how seems it to thy mind? For my spirit and wishes strongly impel myself to go there to the ships, to the wide camp of the Achæans.”

200 Thus he spake; and his wife shrieked, and answered him in *this* speech: “Ah me, where now is gone thy common-sense, for which formerly thou wast celebrated among strangers, as well as those over whom thou reignest? Now wilt thou go to the ships of the Achæans alone, to the eyes of the man, who has slain
205 many and gallant sons of thine? Iron must be thy heart⁴. For if this cruel and faithless man shall seize thee, and behold thee with his eyes, he will not pity thee, nor will he have any respect for thee. But let us now mourn him apart, sitting in the hall; for so⁵ at his birth powerful fate thus spun his thread,—what
210 time I brought him forth,—to glut the light-footed dogs, far from his own parents, beside that fierce man, the middle of whose liver I would that I held—clinging to it I would devour it. Then would the deeds against my son be avenged; for he
215 slew not a coward, but one standing in defence of the Trojan men, and deep-bosomed Trojan women, mindful neither of flight nor avoidance.”

And to her, again, the godlike aged Priam said: “Detain me not, when desirous to go, nor be thyself an evil omen⁶ within my
220 halls; nor shalt thou persuade me. For if indeed any other—any of mortals had commanded me, whether they were prophets, soothsayers, or priests, we might have pronounced it a falsehood, and been the rather averse *to it*. But now—for I my-
225 self heard the goddess, and saw her before me—I will go, and her word shall not be vain; and if it be my fate to die beside the ships of the brazen-mailed Achæans, I am willing; for I would that Achilles instantly slay me, after I, taking my son in my arms, have expelled the desire of weeping⁷.”

He said; and opened the beautiful lids of the chests; thence
230 he took out twelve splendid mantles, twelve single cloaks, and as many rich carpets, and as many tunics; and took full ten talents of gold—weighing them. Out also he took two glittering tri-

⁴ *i. e.* insensible to fear—not to pity.

⁵ τω—by that.

⁶ Bird.

⁷ For I could wish that Achilles would kill me at once, when having taken my son in my arms, I have taken out of myself the desire of grief—*i. e.* when I have embraced my son, and given vent to my sorrow.

Pods, and four bowls, and a most beautiful cup, which the Thracian men had given to him, *when* he went there on an embassy, a 235 mighty gift. Not even this did the old man then spare in his halls; for he wished above *all things* in his mind to ransom his beloved son. And he drove away all the Trojans from his portal, reviling them in opprobrious words:

“Begone, infamous and vile; is there not now lamentation enough for you at home, that ye come to trouble me? Or are 240 ye pleased that Jove, the son of Saturn has sent sorrows upon me, to lose my bravest boy? But ye too will yourselves know them^s; for ye will be much easier for the Achæans to destroy, now, he is dead. I shall, however, before I behold with my eyes 245 the city plundered and laid waste, descend to the abode of Hades.”

He said; and chased away the men with his staff, and they rushed out, the old man driving *them*. And he threatened his own sons, reviling them—Helenus, and Paris, and godlike Agathon, and Pammon, and Antiphonus, and gallant Polites, and 250 Deiphobus, and Hippothous, and noble Dios. These nine, the old man, reviling, commanded thus:

“Hasten from me, ye base children, scandals, would that ye had altogether been slain at the swift ships, instead of Hector. Oh, every way unfortunate! for I begot the bravest sons in wide 255 Troy, and I say none of them is left; godlike Mestor, and equestrian Troilus, and Hector, who was a god among men, nor was like the son of a mortal man, but of a god. Those has Mars de- 260 stroyed for me, but all these wretches are left, liars, and dancers, and excellent at choral feasts, and public plunderers of lambs and of kids. Will ye not with all speed, make ready for me my car, and lay all these things upon it, that we may perform our journey.”

Thus he spake; and they then, respecting the chiding of their 265 father, lifted out the well-wheeled waggon, drawn by mules, beautiful, newly built, and bound upon it the coffer. They took likewise the yoke made of boxwood for the mules from the peg, bossed, well-fitted with collars; and they brought out the traces, 270 nine cubits in length, alone with the yoke. And this they duly fastened to the pole at its outward part, and threw a small ring over the hook of the pole. And thrice on each side they tied it to the boss; and when they had successively made it fast, they bent it under the angle; then, carrying the invaluable ransom of 275 Hector's head from the chamber, they heaped it upon the well polished car. Next they yoked the strong-hoofed mules, accus-

^s scil. αλγέα.

tomed to the yoke, which the Mysians once gave to Priam, splendid gifts. And they led under the yoke also, for Priam, the steeds, which the old man, possessing, fed himself at the well
 280 polished manger. These the herald and Priam⁹ themselves made ready in the lofty palace, having prudent counsels in their minds. And near to them came Hecuba, with a sorrowful mind, holding in her right hand sweet wine, in a golden cup, that,
 285 having made libations, they might depart. And she stood before the horses, addressed him, and said :

“Take *this*, and offer a libation to father Jove, and pray that thou mayest return back home again from those hostile men; since thy mind impels thee to the ships, against my will. And
 290 pray thou then to the dark cloud-collecting, Idæan, son of Saturn, who looks down upon all Troy; and ask for the bird, *his* swift messenger, which is the most beloved of birds to himself, and whose strength is the greatest, on thy right hand—that, marking
 295 him thyself with thine eyes, thou mayest go, confident in him, to the ships of the fleet-horsed Danaans. But if the far-seeing Jove will not give thee his own messenger, then I would not, urging, advise thee to go to the ships of the Argives, though *thou art* very eager.”

And to her the godlike Priam, answering, said: “O woman,
 300 surely I will not disobey thee, advising this; for it is good to lift up *my* hands to Jove, that he may pity *me*.”

The old man spoke; and he exhorted a diligent handmaid to pour pure water upon his hands; for the handmaid stood by, holding in her hands a basin, and with it an ewer; and, washing
 305 himself, *he* took the cup from his wife. Then he prayed, standing in the middle of the court, and poured out a libation of wine, looking towards heaven; and, speaking, delivered *this* speech:

“O father Jove, ruling from Ida, most glorious, most great, grant that I may come to Achilles' tent, as a friend, and an
 310 object of pity¹; and send the bird, thy swift messenger, which is the most beloved of birds to thyself, and whose strength is greatest, on my right hand; that I myself, marking him with mine eyes, may go, confident in him, to the ships of the fleet-horsed Danaans.”

Thus he spake, praying; and wise Jove heard him, and im-
 315 mediately sent the eagle, the surest augury of birds, the black hunter, which also they call Percnos². As large as *is* the well-closed, neatly-fitted door of the chamber of an opulent man, so wide on each side were its wings; and it appeared by them,

⁹ τω—refers to κηρυξ και Πριαμος.

¹ Pitable.

² Φ. 252.

rushing on the right-hand over the city. And they, beholding 320
it, rejoiced, and the soul was gladdened in *all* their bosoms.

Then the old man, making haste, mounted his polished car,
and drove out of the vestibule and resounding portal. Before,
the mules dragged the four-wheeled waggon, which the skilful
Idæus drove; and behind, *were* the horses, which the old man 325
animated, driving *them* quickly through the city with his lash;
and together followed all his friends, loudly mourning him, as if
he were going to death. But when they had descended from
the city, and reached the plain, the sons and sons-in-law 330
returned back to Ilium. Nor were these two, proceeding for-
ward upon the plain, unobserved by the far-seeing Jove; for,
beholding the old man, he felt compassion, and immediately ad-
dressed himself to Mercury, his beloved son:

“Mercury—for to thee is it particularly agreeable to com-
panion with man, and thou listenest to whom thou wilt—away 335
then, and so conduct Priam to the hollow-ships of the Achæans,
that neither any one may see him, nor yet any of the other Da-
naans observe him, till he come to Achilles.”

Thus he spake; nor did the inter-messenger, the Argicide,
disobey. Forwith then he bound under his feet his beautiful 340
sandals, ambrosial, golden, which bore him as well over the sea
as over the immeasurable earth, along with the blasts of the
wind. And he took his rod, with which he charms the eyes of
those men whom he chooses, and again rouses those *that are* 345
asleep—holding this in his hands, the powerful Argicide flew
along. And he came forthwith to Troy and the Hellespont, and
proceeded to go like to a princely youth, first growing into man-
hood³, whose bloom⁴ is very graceful. And they, when they had
driven past the large tomb of Ilus, stopt their mules and horses, 350
that they might drink in the river; for darkness had already
come over the earth. And the herald, looking, marked Mercury
a little way off, and spake to Priam, and said:

“Mark, O descendant of Dardanus; there is occasion for a
prudent mind⁵. I see a man, and I am afraid he will soon de- 355
stroy us. Come then, let us escape on the horses⁶; or let us
now, clasping his knees, intreat that he will pity us.”

Thus he spake; and the old man's mind was confused, and he
very much feared; and the hair stood upright on his flexible
limbs. And he stood panic-struck; but Mercury himself com- 360

³ First coming to the age of puberty.

⁴ Youth.

⁵ Works of a prudent mind are made—*i. e.* are at hand,—or there is occasion
for them.

⁶ *i. e.* on Priam's car—leaving the waggon and mules.

ing near, taking the old man's hand, interrogated and addressed him:

“Whither, O father dost thou thus direct thy steeds and mules in the ambrosial night, when other mortals sleep? Fearest thou not the valour-breathing Achæans, who hostile and implacable to thee, are near? If any one of these should see thee in the fleet ambrosial night, carrying so many treasures, what would be thy feelings then? Thou art not young thyself—and this *is* an old man *who* attends thee—to repulse a warrior, should one first attack thee. But I will do thee no harm, and will repel any other that would; for I liken thee to my own dear father.”

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man: “Surely these things are so, my dear son, as thou sayest. But one of the gods still holds his hand even over me, who has sent such a favourable conductor to meet me as thou art—admirable in thy form and countenance—prudent also art thou in thy mind, and sprung of blessed parents.”

And him again the inter-messenger, the Argicide, addressed: “All these things, old man, thou surely hast said with propriety. Come then, tell me this, and tell me truly; art thou now taking away many and valuable treasures to foreign men, that these at least may remain safe for thee? Or are ye all now quitting sacred Troy alarmed? For so great *was* that very brave man, thy son, *who* perished: for he was not at all inferior in combat to the Achæans.”

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man: “And who art thou, O most excellent, and of what parents art thou, who speakest honourably to me of the death of my ill-fated son?”

And him again the inter-messenger, the Argicide, addressed: “Thou triest me, old man, and inquirest about noble Hector—him I have very often seen with my eyes in the glorious battle, and when, driving the Argives, he slew them at the ships, cutting through *them* with his sharp spear; and we, standing, wondered; for Achilles, enraged with Atrides, permitted us not to combat. For I am his servant, and one well-built ship brought us. I am one of the Myrmidons, and my father is Polyctor; he is wealthy, but now old, as thou art. There are six sons *belonging* to him, and I am his seventh, with whom casting lots, I obtained the lot to follow hither. And I am now come to the plain from the ships, because in the morning the noble Achæans will stir up battle for the city⁷. For they are grieved with sitting

⁷ *i. e.* will attack it.

still, nor can the princes of the Achæans restrain them, eager for the combat."

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man: "If thou 405
in truth art a comrade of Achilles, son of Peleus, come now, relate to me all the truth—is my son still at the ships, or has Achilles, tearing him limb from limb, already cast him before his dogs."

And the Argicide, the inter-messenger, again addressed him: 410
"Old man, not yet have the dogs eaten him, nor the fowls of the air; but he still lies beside the ship of Achilles, in the same state⁸ at his tents; and *this is* the twelfth morning to him thus lying, nor is his body at all putrid, nor do the worms devour him—those which eat heroes slain in battle. He indeed drags him 415
piteously round the tomb of his own beloved companion when the divine morning appears; yet he insults him not⁹. Coming to *him*, thou wouldst thyself admire how fresh he lies, and *how* the blood is washed away *all* round, nor *is he* any where polluted. Moreover all his wounds are closed, as many as were inflicted; 420
for many thrust a spear into him. Thus do the blessed gods care for thy son, though being a corpse; since he was dear to their hearts¹."

Thus he spake; and the old man rejoiced, and answered in this speech: "O my son, assuredly it is a good *thing* to give to 425
the immortals the gifts *which are* due; for never did my son, whilst he yet was my son², neglect the gods which possess Olympus; therefore are they mindful of him, even though in the condition³ of death. Come then, accept from me this handsome 430
cup; rescue him for me, and, with the gods, conduct me, until I come to the tent of Achilles."

And him again the inter-messenger, the Argicide, addressed: "Old man, thou temptest me, younger *than thyself*; but *thou* wilt not persuade me; thou who biddest me accept thy gifts, without the knowledge of Achilles. Him I fear and respect at my heart too much to plunder, lest some evil afterwards come 435
upon me. Nevertheless I would be thy conductor even to renowned Argos, willingly accompanying thee, in a swift ship, or on foot⁴; nor, in truth, would any one fight with thee, through contempt for thy guide⁵."

Mercury said, and, leaping upon the car and horses, instantly 440
seized the lash and reins in his hands; and breathed great vigour

⁸ *i. e.* as he was—untouched.

⁹ *i. e.* does not mangle him—or spoil his appearance.

¹ πῆξι—very much—beyond others.

² If ever he was—Cf. Γ. 180.

³ Fate.

⁴ *i. e.* by land.

⁵ Despising thy guide.

into the horses and mules. And when they had now come to the ramparts and trench of the ships, the guards were then
 445 newly employed about their repast; but upon all of them the inter-messenger, the Argicide, poured sleep; and instantly he opened the gates and pushed back the bars, and let in Priam, and the splendid gifts upon the waggon. And when they reached the lofty tent⁶ of Pelides, which the Myrmidons had made for
 450 their prince, cutting down timbers of fur; and they covered it above with a thatch roof, mowing it from the meadow, and made a large court around, with numerous stakes, for their king: one fir bar alone held the door, which three Achæans put to, and
 455 three removed the strong bar of the gates—of other Achæans; but Achilles even alone put it up. Then indeed the good Mercury removed it for the old man, and brought in the noble gifts to the swift-footed Achilles; and descended from the car to the ground and said:

460 “Old man, I, Mercury, an immortal god, have in truth come; for my father gave me to thee as a guide. Nevertheless I shall now go back, nor be present to the eyes of Achilles; for it would be truly an unbecoming *thing* for an immortal god thus openly to favour mortals. But do thou, going in, clasp the
 465 knees of the son of Peleus, and intreat him by his father, and fair-haired mother, and his son; that thou mayst awake his sympathy.”

Thus then having spoken, Mercury departed to lofty Olympus; and Priam leaped from his car to the ground, and left Idæus
 470 there. And he remained, keeping there the steeds and mules; but the old man went straight to the abode, where sat Achilles beloved of Jove. And himself he found within; and his comrades sat apart; but two alone, the hero Automedon, and Alcimus, a branch of Mars, very near, attended on him. And, eating
 475 and drinking, he had just ceased from a repast, and the table still stood near. And the mighty Priam, entering, was unseen by them; and then, standing near him, he clasped the knees of Achilles with his hands, and kissed *those* terrible man-slaying hands, which had slain many of his sons. And as when a severe
 480 calamity seizes a man, who, having slain a man in his native country, comes to another state, to *the house* of an opulent man, and stupor possesses the beholders; so Achilles wondered, seeing the godlike Priam; and the others also wondered, and looked at one another. And Priam, supplicating, addressed to him *this*
 485 speech:

“Remember thine own father—O Achilles, who resemblest

⁶ The tents were, we see, huts.

the gods—of the same age as myself, upon the sad threshold of old age. And him perhaps his neighbours, around, are harassing, nor is there any one to repel war and destruction. Yet he, hearing of thee, being alive, both rejoices in his soul, and every day hopes to behold his beloved son, returning from Troy. But I *am* every way miserable, for I begot the bravest sons in wide Troy, and of them I say none are left. I had fifty, when the sons of the Achæans arrived; nineteen were from one womb, and the rest, women bore to me in my halls. Of the greater part fierce Mars hath loosened the knees under them; and Hector, who was my favourite⁷, and defended the city and ourselves, hast thou lately slain, fighting for his native land; for his sake I now come to the ships of the Achæans, and bring a precious ransom, to redeem him from thee. And respect the gods, O Achilles, and pity myself, remembering thy own father; and I am even more wretched, for I have dared, what never any other earthly mortal *has done*, to put to my mouth the hand of a man, the slayer of my son.”

Thus he spake; and excited in him the desire of mourning for his father; and then, touching him by the hand, he gently pushed away the old man. And recalling to mind—the one, prostrate at the feet of Achilles, plentifully wept for Hector, the homicide; and Achilles now wept for his own father, and now for Patroclus in turn—and their lamentation rang throughout the house. And when noble Achilles had indulged his grief, and the desire of it had gone away from his breast and limbs, he rose quickly from his seat, and raised up the old man with his hand, pitying both his hoary head and hoary beard: and, addressing him, said these winged words:

“Ah! unhappy *man*, thou hast indeed endured many evils in thy mind. How hast thou ventured to come alone to the ships of the Achæans, to the eyes of him, who has slain for thee many and gallant sons? Iron must be thy heart. Yet come now, sit down upon a seat; and we will let our sorrows repose in our mind, grieved although *we be*; for not any use is there in sad sorrow. For so have the gods doomed miserable mortals, that they should live wretched; whilst themselves are without care. For two vessels of gifts, such as they give, stand at the threshold of Jove, *the one* of evil, and the other of good. To whom Jove, the thunderer, gives, mixing,—he falls sometimes into evil fortune, and at others into good; but the man to whom he gives of the bitter, he makes miserable; and a fatal calamity pursues him upon the blessed earth; and he roams, honoured

⁷ Alone to me—*i. e.* regarded above others.

neither by gods nor mortals. So also to Peleus have the gods
 535 also given their splendid gifts from his birth; for he was con-
 spicuous among all both for happiness and wealth, for he governed
 the Myrmidons, and the gods made a goddess his wife, *though* he
 was a mortal. Yet even upon him also has the god inflicted
 540 evil, because there was not in his halls a number⁸ of princely
 sons; but one short-lived boy only he begot, nor in truth do I
 take care of him in his old age⁹; for I sit in Troy, very far from
 my native country, causing sorrow to thee and to thy sons.
 Thou also, old man, we hear, wast once wealthy—*possessing* as
 much as Lesbos above, the seat of Macar, contains within it, and
 545 Phrygia below, and the boundless Hellespont. With the wealth
 of these, old man, they say that thou wert adorned, and with
 sons. But since the powers of heaven have brought this misfor-
 tune upon thee, battles and the slaughtering of men are ever
 round thy city—bear with it, nor grieve without ceasing in thy
 550 mind; for thou wilt not profit aught, afflicting thyself for thy
 son, nor wilt thou raise him up, before thou suffer even another
 misfortune¹.”

And him then answered Priam, the godlike old man: “Place
 me not upon a seat, O Jove-supported *prince*, whilst Hector lies
 555 unburied in thy tents; but release him as soon as possible, that
 I may see him with my eyes; and receive thou the numerous
 presents which we bring for thee; and mayst thou enjoy them,
 and arrive at thine own native land, since thou sufferest me first
 to live, and to behold the light of the sun.”

And to him the swift-footed Achilles, looking sternly, then
 560 said: “Stir me no more, old man; I myself intend to restore
 thee Hector; for the mother who bore me, the daughter of the
 aged sea-*god*, came to me *as* a messenger from Jove. And as to
 thyself, I know, O Priam, in my mind, nor does it escape me,
 that one of the gods led thee to the swift ships of the Achæans;
 565 for a mortal would not have ventured to come into the camp,
 not even in the vigour of youth², for he could not have eluded
 the guards, nor yet pushed back the bolts of our gates. Where-
 fore now stir no more my mind already in sorrows, lest I endure
 570 thee not, old man, in my tents, though a suppliant, and violate
 the mandates of Jove.”

Thus he spake; and the old man, feared, and obeyed the
 command. And Pelides sprang like a lion from the door of the
 house—not alone, for with him followed two attendants, the hero

⁸ γωνη—a brood—or family.

⁹ Being old.

¹ *i. e.* sooner wilt thou suffer new misfortunes.

² Not even very youthful.

Automedon, and Alcimus, whom Achilles honoured most of his 575
 comrades, after the death of Patroclus³. These then loosed the
 horses and mules from the yoke, and led in the vocal herald of
 the old man; and placed him upon a seat. And from the well-
 polished waggon they took down the invaluable ransom of Hec-
 tor's head; but they left two cloaks and a well-woven tunic, in 580
 order that covering the body with them, he might give it to be
 carried home. And having summoned his female domestics, he
 commanded them to wash and anoint *it* around, taking it up
 apart, that Priam might not behold his son; lest, seeing his boy,
 he might not contain the anger in his sorrowing heart, and the
 soul of Achilles be stirred up, and he slay him, and violate the 585
 mandates of Jove. When then the domestics had washed and
 anointed him with oil, and thrown round him a handsome cloak,
 and a tunic, Achilles himself, raising, placed him upon a bier,
 and with his comrades lifted him upon the well-polished waggon. 590
 And then he groaned, and addressed by name his beloved com-
 panion: "Be not angry with me, O Patroclus, shouldest thou
 hear, though in Hades, that I have freed the noble Hector to his
 beloved father, since he has given me no unworthy ransom. 595
 And besides, even of these I will give thee a share, as much as
 is fitting."

The noble Achilles said, and went back into the tent, and sat
 down on a curiously-wrought couch, whence he had risen, at the
 other⁴ wall, and addressed *this* speech to Priam:

"Thy son is now freed to thee, as thou hast desired, and lies
 upon a bier: and with the appearing morning thou shalt thyself 600
 see him, and take⁵ *him away*: but now let us think of supper;
 for even the fair-haired Niobe was mindful of food, although
 twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six
 blooming sons; these Apollo slew from his silver bow, enraged 605
 with Niobe; and those Diana, delighting in arrows,—because,
 that is, she had deemed herself equal to the beautiful-cheeked
 Latona. She said that *Latona* had borne *only* two, but she her-
 self had borne many *children*; nevertheless those, though but
 two, exterminated all *these*. Nine days indeed they lay in *their* 610
 gore, nor was there any to bury them, for the son of Saturn
 had made the people stones; but upon the tenth day the hea-
 venly gods buried them. But still she was mindful of food, after
 she was exhausted *with* weeping. And now somewhere among
 the rocks in the desert mountain in Sipylus, where, they say, 615
 are the beds of the goddess Nymphs, who dance around the
 Achelous—there, though a stone, she sighs over the sorrows

³ After Patroclus being dead.

⁴ *i. e.* opposite to Priam.

⁵ Taking.

sent upon her from the gods. Come then, O noble old man, let thou and I likewise pay attention to food, and hereafter thou
 620 mayest again weep for thy beloved son, carrying him into Troy : and he will be mourned by thee with many tears."

The swift Achilles said, and, starting up, slew a white sheep, and his comrades skinned it, and prepared it well in the usual manner⁶, and then skilfully cut it in pieces⁷, transfixed them with spits, and carefully cooked, and pulled them all off. Then
 625 Automedon, taking bread, distributed it over the table in beautiful baskets; and Achilles dispensed the flesh; and they stretched out their hands to the prepared victuals lying before them. And when they had removed the desire of food and drink, the Dardan Priam, in truth, beheld with admiration
 630 Achilles, so great and such as he was; for he was to look on like the gods; and Achilles admired the Dardan Priam, seeing his good countenance, and hearing his conversation. And when they were satisfied with gazing at one another, Priam, the god-like old man, first addressed him :

635 "Send me now to repose as soon as possible, O Jove-supported prince, in order that, lying down, we may now enjoy sweet sleep ; for never have the eyes beneath my eyelids been closed, from the time when my boy lost his life by thy hands : but I always
 640 groan and nourish my numerous woes, prostrate in the dirt within the fences of my palace⁸. Now, however, I have both tasted food, and sent the sweet wine down my throat—before, certainly I had not tasted aught."

He said; and Achilles commanded his comrades and hand-
 645 maids to place couches under the portico, and to cast upon them beautiful purple mats, and to strew over them blankets, and to lay on them wollen cloaks to be drawn over all. And the maidens went out of the hall, having a torch in their hands, and, making haste, quickly spread two couches. And swift-footed Achilles, jocularly addressed him :

650 "Lie thou now without, dear old man; lest some prince of the Achæans come hither—any of those, who, sitting with me, always consult upon measures in the customary way. If any of these should see thee in the swift black night, he would immediately tell it to Agamemnon, shepherd of people, and there
 655 might be a delay in the liberation of the corpse. Come then, tell me this, and tell me truly; how many days dost thou desire to employ in performing the obsequies of noble Hector, that so long I may myself remain quiet, and restrain the people?"

⁶ Skinned it, and attended to it well, according to order.

⁷ *i. e.* no joints—as a butcher would say.

⁸ Hall.

And him answered then Priam, the godlike old man: "If thou be now willing *that I* celebrate the funeral of noble Hector,—so 660 doing, O Achilles, thou wilt do me a favour. For thou knowest how we are shut up within the city, and the wood is far off to fetch it from the mountain; and the Trojans are greatly afraid. Nine days will we lament him in our halls, and on the tenth we 665 will bury him, and the people shall feast, and upon the eleventh we will erect a tomb for him; and on the twelfth we will fight, if there be a necessity."

And him the swift-footed Achilles again addressed: "And these things shall be to thee, O aged Priam, as thou desirest: for I will stop the war as long a time as thou biddest me." 670

Thus having spoken, he grasped the right hand of the old man at the wrist,—that he might not fear in his mind. Then the herald and Priam went to recline there in the vestibule of the house, having many cares in their hearts; and Achilles slept in 675 the interior of the well-built tent, and beside him lay the beautiful-cheeked Briseïs.

The rest of the gods, and the warriors, who fight from chariots, reposed all night, overcome with soft sleep; but sleep occupied not good Mercury, revolving in his mind how he should 680 send out king Priam from the fleet⁹, without the knowledge of the sacred warders¹. And he stood over his head, and addressed to him *this* speech:

"Old man, thou hast now no thought of evil—so² thou still sleepest among hostile warriors, because Achilles has left thee unharmed. And now thou hast ransomed thy beloved son, and 685 hast given many things: yet the sons *which are* left behind to thee would *have to* give three times as many ransoms for thee alive³, should Agamemnon, son of Atreus, know thee, and all the Achæans recognise thee."

Thus he spake; and the old man feared, and roused the herald. And for them Mercury then yoked the horses and mules, and 690 quickly drove them himself through the camp, nor did any one know it.

And when they now reached the ford⁴ of the fair-flowing river, the eddying Xanthus, to which immortal Jove gave birth, then Mercury departed to lofty Olympus; and the saffron-veiled morning diffused over the whole earth. And they drove the 695 horses towards the city, with groaning and lamentation, and the

⁹ The ships. ¹ The keepers of the gates. ² *i. e.* with such confidence.

³ *i. e.* they would seize thee, and thy sons would have to ransom thee at a still higher price.

⁴ *i. e.* the point where there was a ford—it does not appear that they crossed it.

mules bore the corpse; nor did any other of the men and beautiful-zoned women previously know it; but Cassandra, resembling golden Venus, ascending the Pergamus, recognised her beloved father standing in the car, and the herald who cried through the city⁵. Him (*Hector*) also she beheld upon the mules, lying on the bier; and then she shrieked, and exclaimed through the whole city:

“Go, Trojans and Trojan women, and you will see Hector, if ever ye rejoiced even for him returning alive from battle; for he was a great joy to the city and to the whole state.”

Thus she spake; nor was there then any man left in the city, or woman; for intolerable grief came upon all; and they crowded near the gates to meet him (*Priam*), bringing in the corpse. And for him his wife and venerable mother, first rushing to the well-wheeled waggon, tore out their hair, embracing *his* head; and the people stood around, weeping. And surely now for the whole day till sunset would they have mourned before the gates, weeping for Hector, had not the old man addressed the people from his chariot:

“Give me way, to pass through with the mules; and ye shall afterwards indulge your weeping, when I have carried him home.”

Thus he spake; and they stood apart, and made way for the waggon. And when they had brought him into the noble mansion, they then laid him upon splendid⁶ couches, and stationed beside him the leaders of funeral dirges, who then chanted a mournful strain, and the women also groaned in addition. And white-armed Andromache began the lamentation among them, holding between her hands the head of Hector the man-slayer:

“O my husband, thou hast fallen from life a youth, and leavest me a widow in *our* halls. Thine infant boy too thus, whom thou and I, ill-fated, produced—nor do I think he will reach *the years of youth*; for before that will this city be overthrown from its summit. For thou, indeed, its guardian, hast perished, who didst defend it, and *protect its* chaste wives and infant children—they (the women) now will be soon carried away in the hollow ships, and I also among them. Thou, again, my child wilt either follow me myself, where thou shalt toil *at some* disgraceful works, labouring for an ungentle master⁷: or some one of the Achæans, seizing thee by the hand, shall cast thee, enraged, from a tower, to a bitter death—one of whom perchance

⁵ *i. e.* whose business it is to cry through the city—to assemble the citizens to council.

⁶ Perforated, probably of net-work.

⁷ King.

Hector slew, a brother, or a father, or even a son—since by the hands of Hector very many of the Achæans grasped the vast earth⁸ with their teeth. For thy father was not gentle⁹ in the bitter fight; and therefore do the people mourn him throughout 740 the city. But thou hast caused execrable woe and sorrow to thy parents, O Hector; and to me, most, severe sorrows are left. For thou didst not stretch out thine hands to me from the bed when dying; nor speak any wise word, of which I might be ever mindful, when weeping nights and days.” 745

Thus she spake, mourning; and then the women also groaned; and Hecuba, in turn, began among them her vehement lamentation:

“O Hector, far the dearest to my soul of all my sons—whilst alive, indeed, thou wert beloved by the gods, and they in truth have taken care of thee, even in the condition of death. For 750 the rest of my sons, whichever he took, the swift-footed Achilles sold beyond the unfruitful sea, in Samos, and in Imbrus, and the inhospitable¹ Lemnos. But from thee when he had taken away the life with his long-pointed spear, he frequently dragged thee 755 round the tomb of his own comrade Patroclus, whom thou didst slay; but not thus did he raise him up. And now thou liest for me in the halls, dewy and fresh², like to one whom Apollo of the silver bow, attacking, has slain with his own gentle³ weapons.”

Thus she spake, weeping; and raised a violent lamentation. 760 Next Helen, the third, began her wail among them:

“O Hector, far the dearest to my soul of my brothers-in-law—for indeed the godlike Paris is my husband, who brought me to Troy; and Oh! that I had perished first. For now is this the twentieth⁴ year to me, from the time that I came from 765 thence and quitted my native land; and never did I hear from thee an evil or reproachful word: and if any other of my husband’s brothers, or his sister’s husbands, or beautifully-robed wives of his brothers, upbraided me in these halls, or my mother- 770 in-law (for my father-in-law was always kind as a father)—him then admonishing with words, didst thou check with thy gentleness and thy gentle words. Wherefore grieving in my heart, I wail at once for thee, and for my unhappy self; for there is no other tender and kind to me in wide Troy; but all detest me.” 775

⁸ ἀσπετον—a general expression for the earth—*God’s earth*.

⁹ *i. e.* was unsparing.

¹ Without a harbour.

² As if just killed.

³ Mild—for a swift death is without pain.

⁴ The Achæans were ten years in collecting, and remained ten years at the siege.

Thus she spake, weeping; and again the unnumbered crowd groaned. And aged Priam delivered this speech among the people:

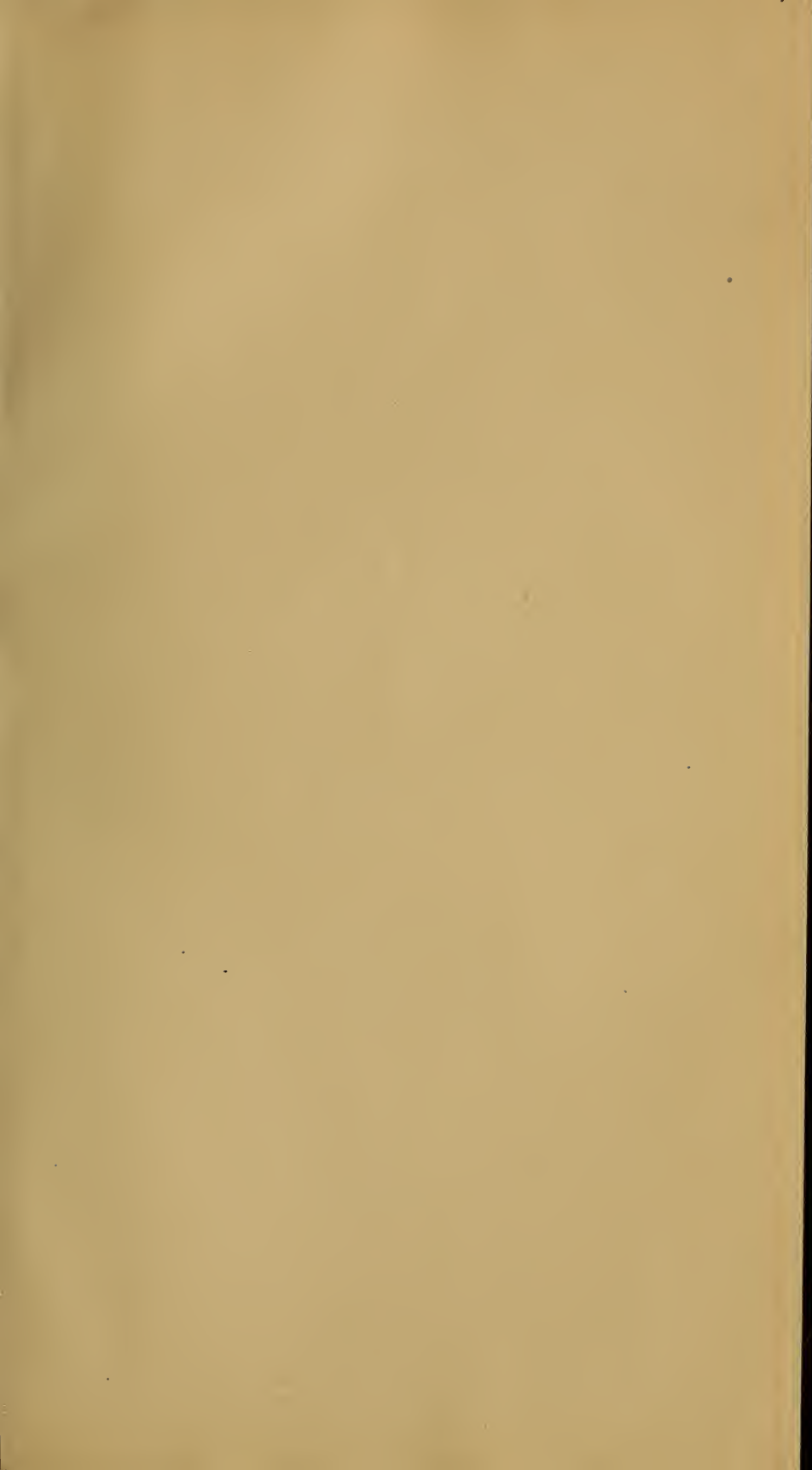
“Ye Trojans, bring wood now to the city, nor at all fear in your mind a close ambuscade of Argives; for Achilles thus surely promised, sending me away from the black ships, that he would not commence hostilities, before the twelfth morning should arrive.”

Thus he spake; and they yoked the oxen and mules to the waggons; and immediately after assembled in front of the city. Nine days indeed they brought in immense *quantities* of wood, but when at length the tenth morning had appeared, bringing light upon mortals, then also they, weeping, bore out the gallant Hector, and laid the corpse upon the high funeral pile, and cast in the fire.

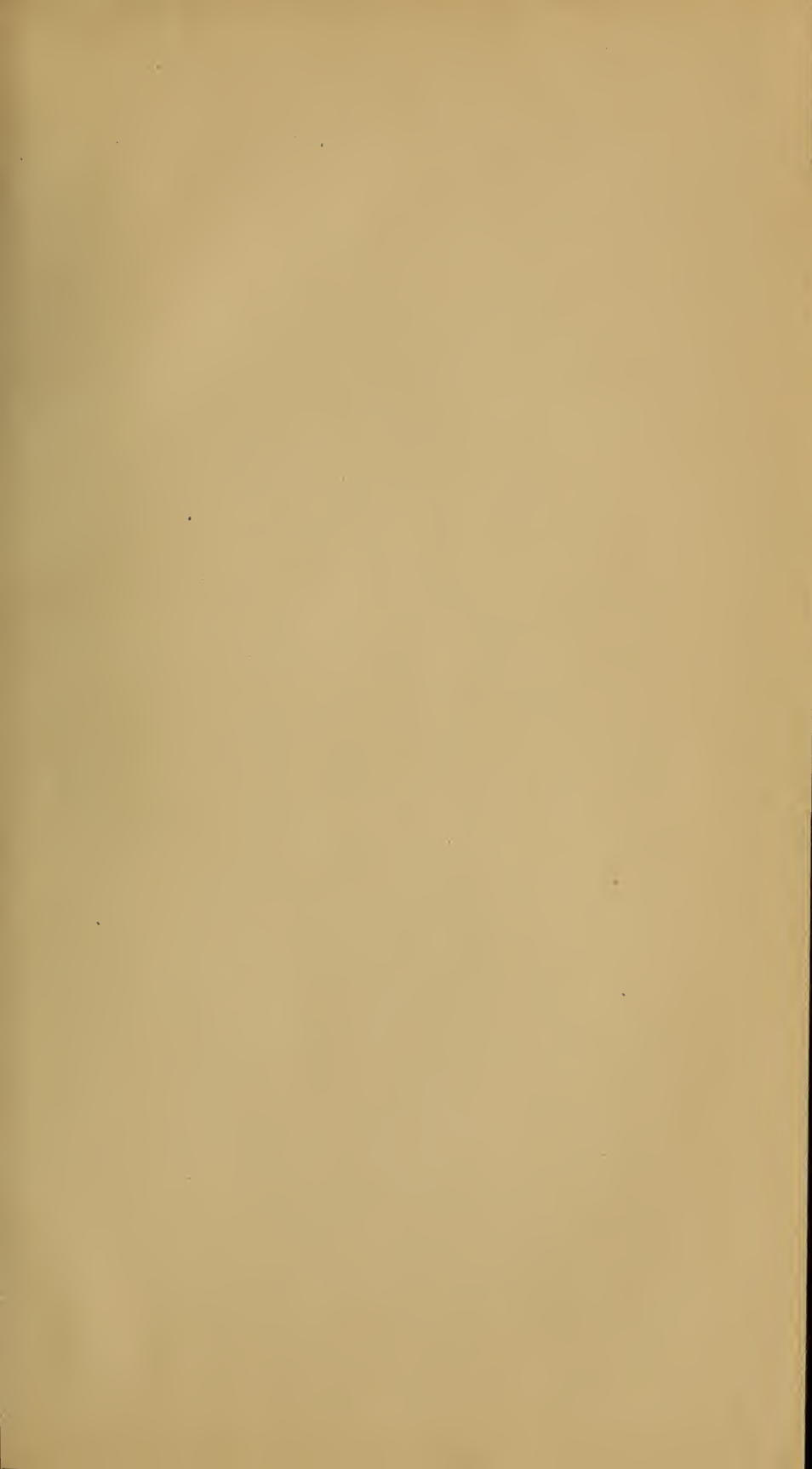
And when the early-born, rosy-fingered morn appeared, then were the people assembled round the pile of the illustrious Hector. And when they assembled, and were collected together, first indeed they extinguished all the pile, as much as the force of the fire had occupied, with dark wine; and then his brothers and comrades gathered his white bones, mourning, and hot tears poured down their cheeks. And taking them, they placed them in a golden urn, covering it with fine purple robes, and presently laid it in a hollow grave; and then strewed it above with many large stones. The tomb, however, they hastily threw up, whilst spies sat round in every direction, lest the well-armed Achæans should too soon make an assault. And after heaping up the tomb, they returned again; and then assembling in order together, they partook of a splendid feast in the mansions of Priam, Jove-supported king.

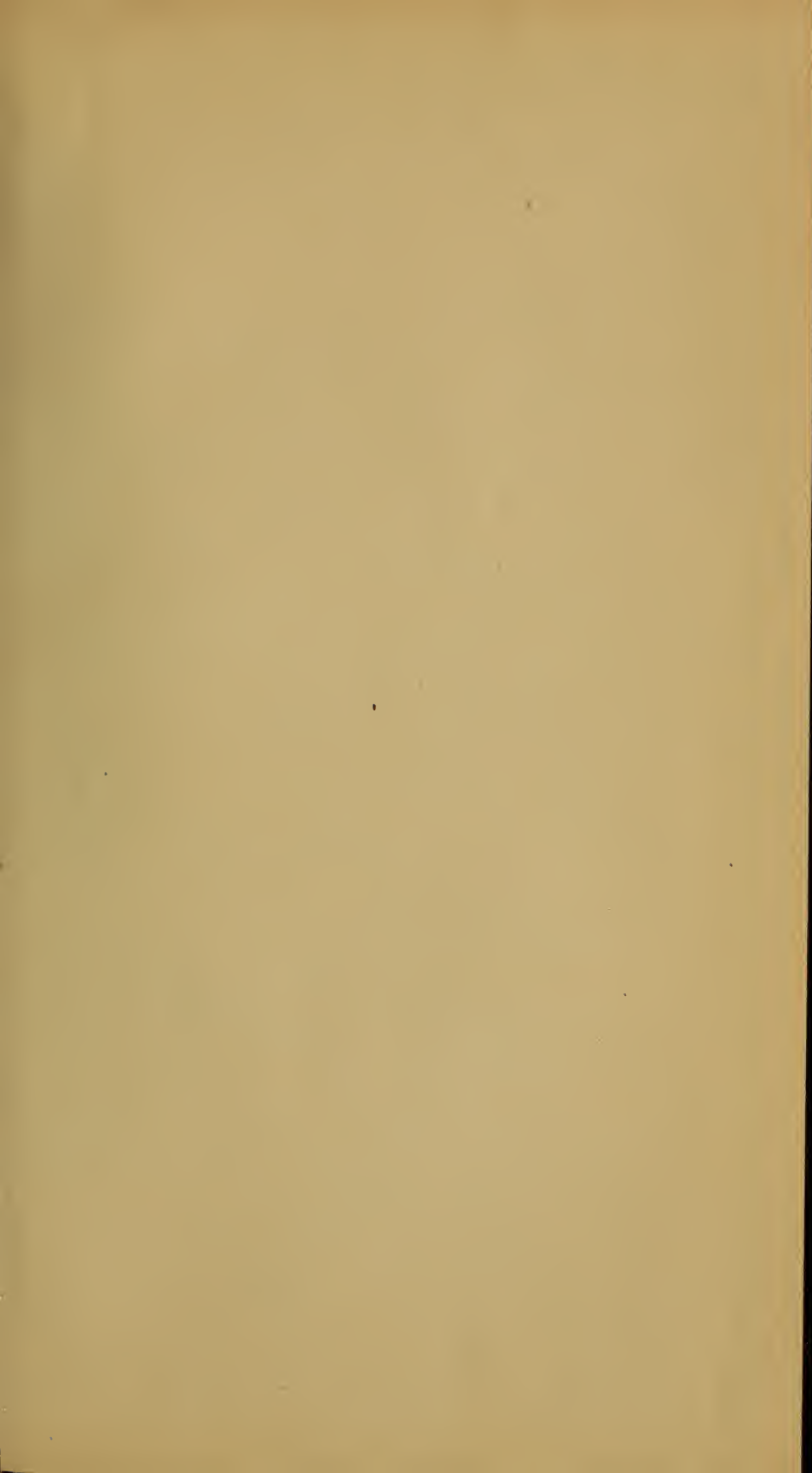
Thus they celebrated the funeral of Hector, the tamer of steeds.

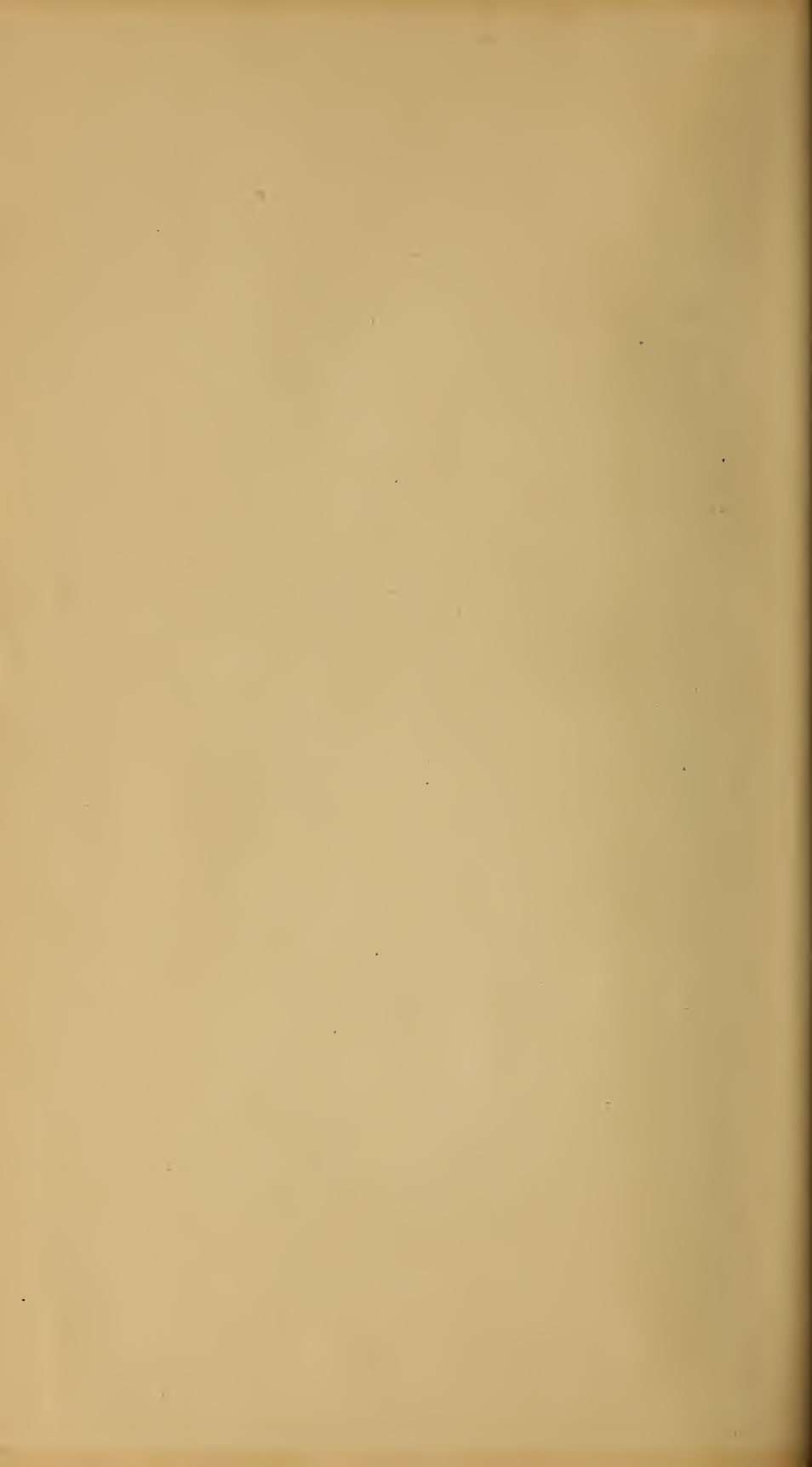
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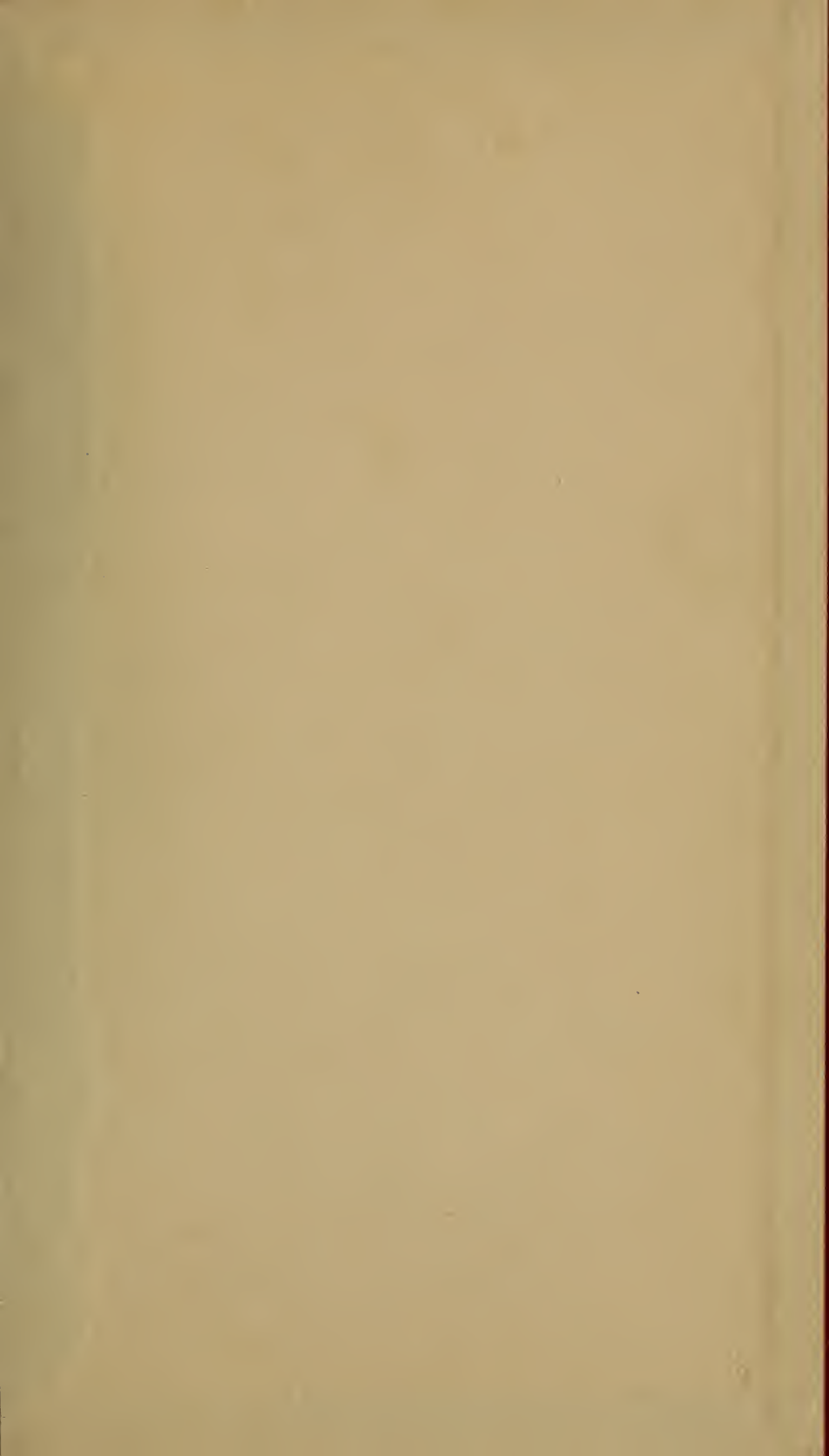












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